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The Cambridge Edition of the Poets

MILTON

EDITED BY

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY



114

John Milton

THE
COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF
JOHN MILTON

Cambridge Edition



Printed in this country for the Author

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge

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The Riverside Press
CAMBRIDGE · MASSACHUSETTS
PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

EDITOR'S NOTE

THE text here given follows in general the edition of 1645 for the poems covered by that edition, that of 1667 for *Paradise Lost*, that of 1671 for *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*. Occasional readings from the other early editions have been preferred. In the matter of spelling and capitalization a compromise has been attempted between complete modernization and complete adherence to the originals. Generally speaking, the old spelling has been retained where the frequency of its occurrence entitled it to the rank of usage, or where it may be judged to have some special value in the verse.

In regard to the prose translations of the Latin poems a word may be prefaced. With the verse translations of Cowper, Strutt, and Masson already in existence, the chief justification of a prose rendering is naturally to be looked for in its literalness. The present translator has nevertheless taken occasional liberties with the original, in order to make clear, without resort to notes, the allusive passages. Here and there, also, an epithet has been omitted, or an unimportant phrase suppressed, in order to avoid a cumbersome effect in the prose.

The dates attached to each poem are in some cases certain, in others conjectural. An attempt has been made to justify the assumption of dates only in the few cases where the usual and accepted chronology has been departed from. In the English poems, the chronological order of arrangement has been followed, except in the case of the *Nativity Ode*, which has been given a more conspicuous position than it is chronologically entitled to, and in the case of two or three short poems of the Horton period, transposed for mechanical reasons. In the Latin poems, the arrangement made by Milton has been preserved; but several short pieces of minor interest, and three bits of Greek verse, have been transferred to the Appendix.

Much of the matter usually given in notes has been incorporated in the introductions and headnotes. The notes proper have been made as brief and as strictly explanatory as possible. No notes have been furnished for the Latin poems, as an effort has been made in the prose renderings to meet all important difficulties of interpretation.

Milton has been so much written about that it is next to impossible for an editor to acknowledge specifically the aid which he has received from his predecessors in the field. No editor or biographer, however, can well omit mentioning his indebtedness to the researches of Professor Masson, though to do so is to be guilty of obviousness. ■

EDITOR'S NOTE

The portrait which fronts the title-page is that known as the Onslow portrait, from its having belonged to Speaker Onslow, but it has disappeared since the sale of Lord Onslow's pictures in 1828. It had originally belonged to Milton's widow. This photograph is after Vertue's engraving made in 1731 from the portrait then in Speaker Onslow's possession.

W. V. M.

NEW YORK, February 13, 1899.

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THE LIFE OF MILTON

I

YOUTH AND COLLEGE LIFE, 1608-1632

WE are aided in the study of Milton's life by the sharpness of line which separates the three main epochs of his history: his life of student ease, during which he was preparing himself with consecration for his poetic vocation; his life of public service, when he put behind him his poetic ambitions and threw himself with fanatical ardor into the struggle for liberty; and his old age, when, blind and discredited, he sat down amid the wreck of everything for which he had given his best twenty years, to write the poem which from early youth he had felt it his mission to leave to the nation.

Milton's youth was singularly sweet and sheltered. / He was born in London on the 9th of December, 1608, the son of John Milton, a scrivener or solicitor doing business at the sign of the Spread Eagle in Bread Street. It is worth noting that for two generations at least the Miltons had exhibited intense partisanship in the religious disputes which agitated the nation. Richard Milton, the poet's grandfather, had been a stubborn Catholic recusant under Elizabeth, and John Milton, the poet's father, had broken with his family in order to join the Puritans. The Puritanism of the home in Bread Street was not, however, of an ascetic or unlovely type. The father was an accomplished musician, of some note as a composer, and could even on occasion try his hand at poetry. This mellow atmosphere of taste and cultivation, spiritualized by a sincere piety, united with larger circumstances to enrich life for the young poet. / We must remember that in Milton's childhood Shakespeare was still alive, that at the Mermaid Tavern, probably in the very street where the scrivener's house stood, Ben Jonson held his "merry meetings," and that most of the stalwart figures which had made the reign of the Virgin Queen illustrious were still to be seen about the streets of London. There was as yet hardly a hint of the passing away of those "spacious times," of the spirit of romance and adventure, which had filled Elizabethan England. His nature, therefore, was in no danger of being starved at the outset, as it must have been if his birth had fallen a few decades farther on in the struggle between the old and the new, when Puritanism had narrowed and hardened itself in order to project itself more forcibly against its enemies.

Yet perhaps it is not fanciful to see an adumbration of the new spirit soon to darken over England, in the unchildlike devotion with which the boy Milton gave himself to his studies. First under a private tutor, one Thomas Young, a Presby-

terian curate, whom he reverenced tenderly in later life, and afterwards at St. Paul's School, he applied himself so eagerly to his studies that, as he himself says, from his twelfth year on he rarely left his books before midnight. Besides reading the classical authors necessary for admission to the university, he was allowed to wander freely through the literature of his own tongue; the poets who have left the most distinct trace on his early work are Spenser and Sylvester, the latter in his translation of the *Divine Weeks and Works* of the French moralistic poet Du Bartas. In Milton's earliest verses, the paraphrases of Psalms cxiv and cxxxvi, written at fifteen, commentators have discerned traces of reading from such diverse authors as Chaucer, Drayton, Drummond, Fairfax (the translator of Tasso) and Buchanan. A portrait by the Dutch painter Jansen which has been preserved to us, painted, it is true, before this passion for study began, but doubtless representing faithfully enough the features which Milton retained through boyhood, shows a reassuringly healthy little face. The gaze is frank and level, though with a sweet after-seriousness; the form under the black braided dress betrays a delicate vigor, and the firm lines of the head are emphasized by the close-cropping of the auburn hair.

The one event worth chronicle in his school life is his friendship with Charles Diodati, a young Anglo-Italian whom he met at St. Paul's school. It was full of boyish generosity and emulation, and was perhaps the warmest human relationship which Milton ever experienced. It continued to grow in spite of their separation. Diodati went to Oxford, and Milton, at the age of sixteen, entered Christ's College, Cambridge.

The routine of a seventeenth-century college, with its fixed tasks and small tutorial methods, could hardly fail to be irksome to a spirit like Milton's, just awakening to the first arrogant consciousness of power. He complains that he is "dragged from his studies," and compelled to employ himself in "composing some trivial declamation." Whether on this or some other score, he got into trouble with his tutor Chappell, was rusticated for a time, and on his return was transferred to another tutor. A Latin verse-epistle (Elegy I) addressed to Diodati, recounting gaily his visits to the theatres and parks of London, marks the date of his temporary suspension. The same epistle contains a rapturous eulogy of the girls of London, the tone of which, with its youthful hyperbole and ardor, is particularly pleasant in his case.

For already he had begun to lay the foundations of that "conscious moral architecture" which was to be the dominant ideal of his life and to mark him out sharply among the spontaneous and desultory race of poets. His college companions, noting his fresh-colored oval face, his flowing auburn hair, his slender frame, his fastidiousness in manners and in morals, nicknamed him, with the happy off-hand criticism given to undergraduates, the "Lady of Christ's." What they interpreted as feminine in him was really the expression of a deep conviction on his part, — a conviction virile enough, since it was to determine his whole conscious existence, but so far removed into the realm of ideality that it may well have seemed

a little wan to his boisterous companions, even if they had taken the trouble to understand it. This conviction was that he was appointed to some great work of poetic creation, and that such a work could come only as the outgrowth of a life of austerity. As yet it was merely the delicate austerity, the fastidious abstention, of an Elizabethan; but it was of a kind to turn easily into something sterner. That this double conviction had taken complete possession of Milton's mind before he left college, two passages from his verse of this period testify. One we find imbedded in a Latin epistle to Diodati (Elegy VI), who, sending him some verses, has excused himself for their lightness of tone by the fact that they were composed in the midst of country merry-making. Milton accepts the excuse, but declares that the poet who would sing of great themes, "of wars, and of Heaven under adult Jove, and of pious heroes, and leaders half-divine, singing now the holy counsels of the gods above, and now the realms profound where Cerberus howls, — such a poet must live sparingly, after the manner of the Samian teacher. Herbs must furnish him his innocent food; clear water in a beechen cup, sober draughts from the pure spring, must be his drink. His youth must be chaste and void of offence; his manners strict; his hands without stain. He shall be like a priest shining in sacred vestment, washed with lustral waters, who goes up to make augury before the jealous gods. . . . Yea, for the bard is sacred to the gods: he is their priest. Mysteriously from his lips and breast he breathes Jove." There is in this perhaps an element of convention and of boyish bombast, but it is nevertheless the same thought which he expressed twenty years later, when he declared his early belief that "he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem . . . not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men or famous cities unless he have in himself the experience and practice of all that which is praiseworthy."

Again, in the fragment entitled *At a Vacation Exercise in the College*, after singing the praises of English speech, he goes on to speak of the kind of subject upon which he longs to try its powers. He would take his hearers,

"Where the deep transported mind may soar
Above the wheeling pole, and at Heaven's door
Look in, and see each blissful deity
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie
List'ning to what unshorn Apollo sings." . . .

It is a side illustration of the remarkable unity of Milton's purpose, that, translating the pagan terms ~~were~~ given into Biblical ones, this subject is the one to which, in old age, he reverted for his supreme effort.

He did not content himself with theory alone. During the seven years which he spent at Cambridge, he wrote, besides much Latin verse, a number of English poems. Of these only three or four are remarkable enough to have singled Milton out from the crowd of young poets and poeticales who then swarmed at the universities. First among these is of course the *Hymn on the Nativity*, written in the fifth year of his college residence, when he was twenty-one years old. The

opening stanzas are disfigured by the conceits and ingenuities which had been made fashionable in England by the extraordinary poems of John Donne, seconded by the example of the Italian poet Marini. But as the poem progresses, Milton's imagination takes fire, the images gain in majesty and richness, and the language gathers a kingly confidence of rhythm and phrase, a shadowed but triumphant music, like the chanting of young seraphs awe-struck at their theme, — which were altogether new in English verse. One has to know with some minuteness what poetry had been under Elizabeth and James, to realize the unique quality of voice in this Hymn. Taking the poem as a whole, one can scarcely agree with Hallam that it is "perhaps the finest ode in the English language," but again and again in its unequal lines Milton sends a herald voice into the wilderness, announcing in no dubious tones the advent of a master of song.

Clearly as we can now see Milton's gift announced in these early college efforts, they by no means stilled their author's restless desire to make that announcement more signal. The sonnet on his twenty-third birthday breathes deep dissatisfaction with his accomplishment up to that time. He grudges the "hasting days" which leave him songless, and — thinking perhaps, as Mr. Gosse suggests, of young Abraham Cowley, whose marvellously precocious productions had already made him famous in his thirteenth year — he speaks enviously of those "more timely happy spirits," the blossoming of whose genius had been seasonable. From this grudging mood he rises at the end into a tone of large resignation to the conditions under which he shall be called to work out his desires. When we consider what those conditions were to be, the words fall upon the ear with a special accent: —

" Yet, be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven.
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-master's eye."

It was in such a mood that Milton left Cambridge, after seven years' residence there. His father had intended him for the church, but such a career, although not yet rendered impossible by his broadening opinions, was distasteful because of the trammels it imposed. An academic career was no more alluring, even if it had been possible without taking orders. His discontent with the Cambridge tons comes out several times in his Latin verses and elsewhere. In his first elegy, alluding to his rustication from college, he exclaims, "How ill does that place suit with poets!" and in one of his pamphlets he makes disdainful allusion to the young graduates who "flutter off all unfeudged into theology, having gotten of philology or philosophy scarce so much as a smattering," and who for theology "are content with just what is enough to enable them to patch up a paltry sermon." Upon Cambridge, therefore, and its "turba legentium prava" he turned his back, not however, to return to the house in Bread Street. His father, having acquired a competency, had retired to the little village of Horton in Buckinghamshire, seven-

teen miles to the southwest of London ; here, amid rural sights and sounds, Milton was to spend the next five years, the happiest of his life.

II

HORTON PERIOD, 1632-1638

IT was fortunate for the harmonious development of Milton's genius that during the critical years between youth and manhood, years which in most men's lives are fullest of turmoil and dubiety, he was enabled to live a life of quiet contemplation. His nature was fiercely polemical, and without this period of calm set between his college life and his life as a public disputant, the sweeter saps of his mind would never have come to flower and fruitage. It was particularly fortunate, too, that this interim should be passed in the country, where the lyric influences were softest, where all that was pastoral and genial in his imagination was provoked. The special danger of men of his stamp, in whom will and doctrine are constantly president over impulse, is the loss of plasticity, the stiffening of imagination in its bonds. His "long holiday" at Horton left Milton free to capture in verse the ductile grace of youth, to have his leafy season. Afterward his work was to be less a sylvan growth, and more a monumental thing builded with hands.

The narratable facts of these five years are naturally few. Milton says himself that he "spent a long holiday turning over the Latin and Greek authors," and some volumes annotated by him have been preserved to show the wide range of reading indicated. The most notable additions to his treasury of thought were contributed by Euripides and Plato. He made occasional visits to London, for instruction in music and mathematics, to purchase books, to visit the theatres, and to call upon his married sister Anne Phillips or his younger brother Christopher, now entered as barrister at the Inner Temple. The facts of real significance, however, are the ones which cannot be chronicled, — the drama which goes on in every sensitive life between the individual soul and the spirit of nature. The episodes are nothing, — a ramble by starlight along a piece of water, a nesting bird surprised in the hedge, a speaking light at dawn, — but the results, when the one actor is young enough to meet the eternal youth of the other, are not to be measured. In the beautiful Sonnet to the Nightingale we see the habitual seriousness of Milton's nature invaded by the tenderness and soft vague passion of spring in the country ; it has a troubadour grace and wistfulness discernible nowhere else among his utterances. More characteristically and with equal beauty, these new influences found expression in the twin poems *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, named from the two typical moods of mind in which the poet confronts the pageantry of nature, the mood of joyous receptivity and the mood of sober contemplation. In the studied symmetry of these poems, their contrapuntal answering of part to part, as well as in the objective standpoint from which they are written, there is a self-consciousness alien to the born nature poet. Such a poet indeed Milton was not.

He sees nature neither with the spiritual insight of Wordsworth nor with the childlike absorption and awe of his contemporary Henry Vaughan. Standing outside nature, he uses its spectacles as text and illustration of a mood which has its origin within. He does not even draw illustration exclusively from those sights which met his eye in the landscape about Horton, but borrows eclectically, wherever in visible nature or in scenes remembered from books he finds matter to his purpose. In any exact sense, therefore, these poems are not personal. In a larger sense they are profoundly so. They are the record of a serious, scholarly mind suddenly invaded in a propitious moment of youth by the beauty of external existence, — a beauty gay or sober, as chance may determine, but always richly soliciting. In a letter to Diodati, written from Horton, Milton says: "God . . . has instilled into me, if into any one, a vehement love of the beautiful. Not with so much labor . . . is Ceres said to have sought her daughter Proserpina, as it is my habit day and night to seek for this idea of the beautiful . . . through all the forms and faces of things." Such pure aestheticism has on his lips a somewhat alien sound. We seem to be listening to the author of *Endymion*, rather than to the author of *Comus*.

Mark Pattison was the first of Milton's biographers to give sufficient emphasis to the pathos which these poems derive from the fact that in them, for the first and last time, Milton spoke in the free, joyous spirit of the time which was passing away forever. Even here, to be sure, the mood is chastened and objectified; but taken broad and long, in their lightness, their grace, their eager response to sensuous beauty, these poems are of the great lyric age inaugurated by Spenser, though they show a sense of form and an economy of expression which Spenser's diffuser muse could not attain. When we look forward fifteen years and see Milton grimly seconding the movements of a party whose fanaticism crushed out the joy and poetry of life in England, cut down the Maypoles, closed the theatres, broke the stained-glass windows, and tore out the organ-pipes, the lines which celebrate the "jocund rebeck," the "well-trod stage," and the "storied windows richly dight," take on a peculiar significance. The man who was to be the pamphleteer champion and the bard of Puritanism is living here in the world of romantic charm which Cromwell's armies were to sweep away. The man who had written the *Sonnet to the Nightingale* was to turn that "small lute" into a trumpet whence he might blow soul-animating strains of strenuous applause.

Either shortly before or shortly after Milton left college he had been asked, probably by young Henry Lawes, at that time gentleman of the Chapel Royal and one of the King's private musicians, to furnish a portion of the words for an entertainment to be presented before the Countess Dowager of Derby, at her country-seat of Harefield, by the younger members of her family. The libretto which Milton furnished is the fragment known as *Arcades*, or the Arcadians. Harefield lay only ten miles from Horton, and it is possible that Milton may have been present on the night when the actors in the little masque, disguised as shepherds and sylvan deities, and carrying torches in their hands, approached the aged countess, seated

in state at the end of the historic avenue of elms known as the Queen's walk. The aged dowager had in her youth been Spenser's friend; and it is pleasant to dwell, with Professor Masson, upon the possibility that the eyes which had seen the first saw now also the last of the great line of Elizabethan minstrels. In any case, Lawes was so well satisfied with Milton's words that three or four years later he applied for a more elaborate piece of work of the same sort, this time to celebrate the inauguration of the countess's son-in-law, the Earl of Bridgewater, into his duties as Lord President of Wales. Lawes had under his instruction the Lady Alice, youngest daughter of the earl, as well as her sister and two brothers; he desired to put their accomplishments to service in the production of a masque gorgeous enough to suit the august occasion. The heartiness with which Milton threw himself into his part of the project is evidenced by the rich and rounded beauty of the result. He never gave his work a definite title, but it is named in modern editions from the chief *dramatis persona*, Comus, the god of revelry. All efforts to discover whether or not the young author was present when his masque was given in the banqueting-hall of the historic castle of Ludlow, on the Welsh border, have been futile.

The main motive of the poem, the power of chastity to subdue the forces of evil, is a conventional one in the literature of the time. It is only in occasional passages of deeper conviction that we can see the growth of Milton's mind away from the idyllicism of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, toward the polemic sternness which, after announcing itself in golden adumbrations of melody in *Lycidas*, was to go on gathering intensity and losing beauty until its ugly culmination in the *Reply to Salmagius*. In the light of Milton's later development, the very fact of authorship in the masque form shows the irony of events. These poem-pageants summed up all that was most gorgeous, extravagant, and pleasure-loving in the court life of the Tudors and the Stuarts. They had always constituted a covert protest against the Puritan barrenness and strictness of life, and shortly before *Comus* was written, this protest had become overt. The attack made by the Puritan barrister Prynne upon the stage, in his *Histriomastix*, had given offence to the court; a passage of ponderous invective against women-players was interpreted as an insult to the Queen, who had shortly before taken part in a masque at Whitehall. The result was a revival of the masque by court sympathizers, on a scale of unprecedented splendor, and the masque became a kind of rallying point for cavalier feeling. *Comus* belongs certainly by date and probably by intention to this demonstration against the Puritan party. It is indicative of the quiescence of Milton's mind at this time with respect to the political situation, that he should have lent his powers unwittingly to such a task.

The next three years of Milton's life at Horton were unproductive. He continued that elaborate course of intellectual and spiritual preparation which he had marked out for himself, fortifying himself in all ways for the greater task which vaguely beckoned. To Charles Diodati he writes, in response to an inquiry as to what he is thinking of, "Why, may God help me, of immortality! I am growing

my wings for a flight." For broad flight he was not yet ready, and for lesser ones the sting of occasion was lacking, until the autumn of 1637. Then news came of the sinking of a ship in the Irish Sea, and the loss of all on board, including Edward King, a fellow of Christ's and an old college-mate of Milton's. King's Cambridge friends determined to issue a little volume of commemorative verse, to which Milton, as a recent graduate, was asked to contribute. It is an odd experience now to turn over the pages of this little volume, and, after reading the well-meaning heaviness of which it is mainly composed, to come suddenly at the end upon the large threnodic rhythm of the opening lines of *Lycidas*. *Lycidas* has been called by so competent a critic as the late Mr. Pattison, the highwater mark, not only of Milton's genius, but of English lyric poetry. Superlatives are dangerous, and never more so than when dealing with work of a commanding order. It is perhaps more to our purpose to note what the same critic has suggestively pointed out, that in this poem the world of Milton's youth and the world of his manhood meet. The general tone of the lament is indistinguishable from that of the ordinary pastoral threnodies of the school of Spenser. There is the same air of deliberate convention, the same pensive beauty, the same delicious melancholy grace in the wearing of the rue. But once past the induction we come upon lines which apprise us that we are in the presence of a sterner moral conception than ever troubled the smooth pipes of the early pastoralists. In the passage beginning

"Last came and last did go
The pilot of the Galilean lake,"

there is a "smothered and suspended menace," a passion of purification, which was soon to wreak itself upon everything in Church and State for which the House of Stuart stood, and to sweep away in its blind zeal much that was beautiful and desirable. It was to take, among other good things, that very gift of pure melody which was given to Milton's youth. He was to come out of the struggle strengthened to grapple with a vast theme, but stiffened and shorn of grace. He was to live to build language into large harmonic masses, intricate and solemn fugues, but never to recapture that simple singing voice which charms us in the poems written during his "long holiday" at Horton.

III

ITALIAN JOURNEY, 1638-1639

TOWARD the end of his fifth year at Horton, Milton began to feel the cramping intellectual conditions of life in the country and to think of taking chambers in London. This project he soon abandoned for the wider one of foreign travel. The expenses of the trip were borne by his father, with that generous acquiescence which he had always shown in his son's plans of self-improvement. After a short stay in Paris Milton proceeded to Italy, then the seat of a decaying but still splendid civilization, and even richer then than now in beauty.

At Florence, where he tarried for two months, some metrical trifles in Latin, which he managed to patch up on demand, were received with egregious flattery by the various "academies" or literary clubs, where the shallow intellectual life of the time was chiefly centred. The definite eulogiums of his Florentine friends, as for instance the declaration by Francini that by virtue of these Latin poems *Thames* may rival *Helicon*, are in a tone of elaborate compliment too patently conventional to have been intended for literal interpretation. Taken broadly, however, they doubtless testify, as has been said, to a genuine impression of power made by the young English poet upon men of a temperament very alien to his own. Whatever amount of sincerity may really have attached to these panegyrics, it is certain from an interesting passage in Milton's pamphlet on Church Government, published three years later, that they added materially to his own confidence in his powers. The passage is one of many indications, hitherto unemphasized by his biographers, that in spite of his haughty self-reliance and self-assertion Milton was exceedingly sensitive to influences from without.

In Rome, whither he proceeded in November of 1638, he was treated with a distinction by no means calculated to lessen this feeling. He mentions with some complaisance his reception at a magnificent concert given by Cardinal Barberini, who "himself waiting at the door and seeking me out in so great a crowd, almost laying hold of me by the hand, admitted me within in a truly most honorable manner." It was here that he heard the famous singer Leonora Baroni, commemorated in his Latin epigrams, and possibly in the Italian sonnet beginning, —

"Diodati, e te 'l diro con maraviglia,"

a passage which would seem to show that this lady shared with the unknown beauty of Bologna to whom the other sonnets are addressed, the honor of an inroad upon the Puritan poet's austere but susceptible heart. From Rome his journey lay to Naples; here he was entertained by the aged Marquis Manso, a munificent patron of letters who had sheltered Tasso and given aid to Marini. The exchange of courtesies between the two at parting elicited one of Milton's most elegant Latin poems, memorable as containing explicit mention of a plan then maturing in his mind for an epic poem on the legendary history of King Arthur. Incidentally, a glimpse is given us of Milton's uncompromising frankness in the expression of his religious opinions; the marquis accompanies his parting gift of two richly wrought cups with the hint that his guest's outspokenness has made it impossible for him to extend a fitting hospitality.

Plans for an extended trip eastward to Greece and Palestine were cut short by serious political news from England. King Charles was about to start on his first expedition against the Scots. Milton knew enough of the acute condition of affairs in the kingdom to realize the serious nature of such a move, and started northward, thinking it shame, he says, to be taking his pleasure while his countrymen were fighting for their liberty. His return was leisurely enough, however, to allow of a two months' delay at Florence, made memorable by his meeting with Galileo.

The meeting probably occurred at the villa of Arcetri, near Florence, where the aged and blind astronomer was still held in partial confinement by the Inquisition. The painter who has given us the picture of Milton dictating *Paradise Lost* to his daughters might have found here a subject in which truth need not have been sacrificed to picturesqueness. The meeting of these two great navigators of cosmic space, bound together by a common intrepidity and a common fate, exercises a legitimate spell over the imagination. It is open to question whether Milton ever accepted Galileo's cosmic theories as true; certainly he did not see fit to admit the new astronomy into the scheme of *Paradise Lost*, except in the tentative form of a discussion of the theory between Adam and Raphael. But that he cherished the august memory of the blind philosopher, in his own days of blindness and defeat, is evidenced by the famous comparison of Satan's shield seen through the "Tuscan artist's optic glass," in *Paradise Lost*. Another reminiscence of this visit to Arcetri is the comparison of the fallen angels prostrate on the flood, to "autumnal leaves that strow the brooks in Vallombrosa."

During February or April, 1639, Milton visited the ancestral home of the Diodati at Lucca. The hope of pleasing his bosom friend with an account of the place, which had prompted the visit, was not to be fulfilled. Diodati's death had already occurred. News of his bereavement reached Milton at Genoa, and conspired with news of the increasing gravity of the political and religious troubles in England to make his home-coming a solemn one. It is a severe loss to English literature that for the noble poem in which he enshrined the memory of his friend Milton chose the Latin instead of his native tongue. Diodati was much nearer to him than King had been; the sincere grief which makes itself felt even across the conventionalized medium of the *Epitaphium Damonis* testifies that if the poet had waited for a like moment of power, and had then poured his emotion into his native idiom, this and not *Lycidas* might be held to-day as the greatest of English threnodies. As it is the poem is an exquisite and touching work of art. Its interest is heightened by the autobiographic matter which it contains, especially concerning the projected epic dealing with the early history of Britain. We are informed that the epic is to be in English, the poet having reconciled himself, as Dante did, to the narrower but more susceptible audience thus afforded him; we learn also that it is already begun.

IV

FROM MILTON'S RETURN TO ENGLAND TO THE LATIN SECRETARYSHIP,
1639-1649

EACH succeeding biographer of Milton shares Dr. Johnson's feeling of bathos in the fact that after renouncing his cherished schemes of travel in order to be present at those portentous changes in English religion and politics of which he had prescience, he should have made haste on his return to London to burden himself with the petty duties of a schoolmaster. At first he had under his tutelage only

his two nephews, John and Edward Phillips, but later more pupils were added, including some of eminent family; nor does the pamphlet war into which he soon plunged appear to have interrupted the daily routine of pedagogy. A mere ruinous waste of time, we are tempted with Pattison to declare. To see the author of *Lycidas* putting by his lyre in order to seize the sword of controversy is endurable, but to see him in the schoolroom, pottering over Frontinus's *Stratagems* and the egregious poet Manilius, without the excuse of pecuniary necessity, begets in us nothing but impatience. The explanation of his action, however, is tolerably obvious. During the ten years between his return to England and his appointment as Latin Secretary to Cromwell's government, Milton was in a state of extraordinary nervous unrest. He had put poetry behind him to embark in a "troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes," but the part which he found to play in the struggle during these years was not eminent enough to satisfy his haughty and exigent nature, thus divorced from its natural consolation. The five pamphlets which during 1641-43 he launched against the Episcopal scheme of church government, influential as they undoubtedly were, and crowded with passages of lofty eloquence which made amends for their lack of a convincing logic, could not offer *nepenthe* for the restlessness bred of a great task deferred. In such a state of mind, mere busyness is seized upon as a form of self-justification, and incidentally serves as an excellent steadier of the nerves. Minor motives also, in Milton's case, doubtless entered in. That he had a speculative interest in the problems of teaching is attested by his *Tractate on Education*, with its scheme of training so curiously compounded of practical common-sense and impossible idealism. One may suspect, too, that the attitude of the teacher had, even in this small and concrete form, an attraction for one whose most splendid mental gesture was never quite free from a hint of dogmatism.

/Milton's pamphlets on the church question had got him roundly abused by the adherents of Bishop Hall and the extreme prelatical party. The good bishop calls him, among other complimentary things, a "scurrilous Mime, a personated, and, as himself thinks, a grim, lowering, and bitter Fool," and describes the terse familiar Anglo-Saxon with which Milton gave idiomatic flavor to his thunderous periods, as language fit only for fish-wives. These are merely the humors of seventeenth-century controversy; his enemies were soon to have more formidable weapons put into their hands. /

Edward Phillips informs us that his uncle left home suddenly in May, 1643, without stating the object of his journey, and returned a month later with a young wife and a train of bridal guests. The solemn house in Aldersgate Street was filled with merry-making for a time; then the bride's friends departed, and Milton was left with his seventeen-year old wife to discover at leisure that he had made a monstrous blunder. Mary Powell was the daughter of a Cavalier Squire holding the seat of Forest Hill, near Oxford,—a gentleman of some social pretension, though burdened with debts and a large family. A considerable portion of this debt had long been held against him by the Miltons, father and son. Whether

Milton's visit to Forest Hill was on this business, or whether he knew Mary Powell previously, we shall probably never know. Precipitancy in such a matter on the poet's part will surprise no one who has studied his character with attention. A great part of the stern self-control which belongs to the Milton of tradition was an outcome of the bitter consequences of this very marriage. He was from youth more than ordinarily susceptible to the charm of women; boyishly, as we see in the first and seventh Latin elegies; with a youth's wistful expectancy, as in the Sonnet to the Nightingale; with a young man's chivalrous ardor, as in the Italian sonnets: and this susceptibility was greatly heightened by the austerity of a life which left the springs of concrete emotion untouched. Mary Powell was probably the first young woman with whom he came into intimate contact; the freedom of a large household and the beguiling influences of country life were fuel to the fire; and if a doubt arose concerning the parity of their taste and temper, it was natural both to the lover and to the idealist to believe in the power of masculine will to shape a helpmeet to its own image. He succeeded so well that before the honeymoon was over, the girl-wife returned to her home, ostensibly on a visit, but really in lasting rebellion against her husband's authority; and the husband sat down in a white passion to write the *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*, on the thesis that a man has the right to put away his wife for incompatibility of temper.

The majority of Milton's biographers, catching at certain phrases of this tract, — “a mute and spiritless mate,” “bound fast to an image of earth and phlegm,” — have laid the rupture to the girl's hebetude. Others, notably Mr. Saintsbury, throw the weight of blame on the other side, pointing out that Milton held in the most uncompromising form the doctrine of the inferiority of woman, and that, as Dr. Garnett says, “his famous ‘He for God only, she for God in him,’ condenses every fallacy concerning woman's relation to her husband and to her Maker.” The truth doubtless lies between. She, accustomed to the gaiety of a large household near a Cavalier garrison, was terror-stricken at the silence which fell about her in her husband's sober Puritan house. He, twice her age and full of thoughts which she could not even guess at, was at no pains to fondle and coax her into contentment with this twilight life. If he did not go so far as an anonymous pamphleteer charged him with going, to consider “no woman to due conversation accessible, except she can speak Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and French, and dispute against the canon law,” he was doubtless unwisely exigent and perhaps cruelly intolerant of the unfurnished mind which he had found in the place of that “sweet and gladsome society” of his love-dream.

The first pamphlet on divorce bears evidence of being written at a white heat. Both in its qualities and its defects it is a peculiarly Miltonic utterance. As in his *Tractate on Education* he had “legislated for a college of Miltons,” here he legislates for a society of seraphim. Every man is to have power to loose and bind. No law shall have authority to “force a mixture of minds that cannot unite,” nor make irremediable “that melancholy despair which we see in many wedded persons.” It is the positive side of his doctrine, however, which is most eloquently

put forth. Marriage as an ideal institution, "the unexpressive nuptial song," has rarely been more nobly conceived than in these pages, and the pleading against violations of the spirit by the letter of wedlock rises at times to passionate poetry. There are few English sentences as full of virile tenderness as that in which Miltor says, "Then" (in case his tract is listened to) "I doubt not with one gentle stroking to wipe away ten thousand tears out of the life of men." The second edition, published after his wife's refusal to return, according to her word, at Michaelmas of 1643, is strengthened with formal arguments and addressed boldly to the Parliament. The Tract was publicly denounced by Mr. Herbert Palmer in a sermon before the Houses of Parliament, a sermon which had the more weight because of the excitement then reigning in that body over the general growth of "heresy and schism," of which Milton's pamphlet was held to be one of the blackest examples. One of the most signal, at least, it certainly was, indicative of that terrible spirit of question which was abroad in the land, to make a modern England out of the England of the Stuarts. The *Areopagitica*, or speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing, the pamphlet of Milton's which has alone held an audience to our day, followed as another startling manifesto of his radical thought. Broadly viewed, it is a plea for universal toleration of opinion,—exactly what distracted England most needed, if she could only have known it.

In the last but one of his four pamphlets on divorce, *Tetrachordon*, Milton gave hint of his intention to marry again, in the significant words, "If the Law make not a timely provision, let the Law, as reason is, bear the censure of the consequences." He even went so far, according to Phillips, as to select Mary Powell's successor, a Miss Davis, to whom in all likelihood the sonnet *To a Virtuous Young Lady* was addressed. Frightened by rumors of this match, and further induced by the increasingly desperate condition of the Cavalier cause, the Powells made overtures for a reconciliation. Milton was brought, without warning, face to face with his truant bride at the home of his kinsman, Mr. Blackborough, in St. Martin's le Grand Lane. The passage in *Samson Agonistes* in which the blind captive repulses his "hyena" wife, and that in *Paradise Lost* where Adam raises up and comforts remorseful Eve, have been often pointed out as having a probable auto-biographic bearing on this episode. Whether from repentance or a broken spirit, the girl-wife seems to have lived the remaining years of her short life meekly enough. During the seven years until her death, in 1652, she bore Milton three daughters and a son, the son dying in infancy, the daughters surviving to be their father's trial and reproach. Measured against her mute acceptance of the situation, there is something unpleasantly saturnine in the two sonnets with which Milton took leave of the divorce subject. The first of these, on *Tetrachordon*, is the only instance in which he deigned to degrade poetry into doggerel; for the first and last time, in verse, he threw aside his lyre of song and grasped the bastinado of contemporary satire — a fact which at least testifies eloquently to the harassed condition of his mind.

During the lull in politics following the defeat of the King at Naseby, in July,

1645, Milton got together the poems which he had written up to that time, and gave them for publication to Humphrey Moseley, a printer of disinterested enthusiasm for pure literature, to whom seventeenth-century poetry stands much indebted. It was high time that such a collection should be made. In his pamphlets Milton had made more than one reference to his vocation as poet, to the work which he hoped to accomplish, and which his nation "would not willingly let die." Such words had begun to fall upon incredulous ears, for with the exception of an unsigned edition of *Comus* published by Lawes, the Cambridge memorial volume containing *Lycidas*, and a stray piece or two in the miscellanies, none of Milton's poems were in print. The motto which he chose for the volume, —

"Baccare frontem

Cingite, ue vati noceat mala lingua futuro."

(Wreathe his brow with laurel, and let no grudging tongue harm the future poet), gracefully combined modesty of claim for his present performance with a proud confidence in what was to come. As frontispiece to this famous edition of 1645 there is prefixed a portrait of the author, a spiritless and bungled engraving, as "grim, lowering, and bitter" as good Bishop Hall could have desired. When the picture was shown to Milton by the engraver, one Marshall, he made no objection to it, but gravely wrote out a Greek motto to be added beneath, which the luckless artist as gravely copied on his plate, innocent of the fact that he was handing down to posterity a biting lampoon upon his own handiwork. It was a clever practical joke, and reminds us of a remark of Dryden's, years after, that Milton's manner of pronouncing the letter *r*, the "dog-letter," betrayed a "satiric wit." The cleverness of the joke makes ill amends for its saturninity. The poet had moved many leagues from the golden clime of his birth before he permitted himself that diversion. To be sure, he had moved under bitter stress; some of the sweet saps of his youthful nature may well have been turned to satiric acids.

It is pleasant, after this, to read the sonnet to Henry Lawes, written after Milton was installed with his wife and pupils in a large house which he had taken in the Barbican; for the placid and gracious lines show returning calmness of spirit. The haleyon season, however, when the friends might please themselves with "immortal notes and Tuscan air," was short. Soon the surrender of Oxford drove the Powells in a body from Forest Hill to the house in the Barbican. The birth of a daughter, Anne, who was from the first "a kind of cripple," added to the disturbed condition of the household. The departure of the Powell family was followed by the death of Milton's father, and the poet, wearied out with the strain of the past months, resolved to give up teaching and remove to a smaller house in High Holborn, near Lincoln's Inn Fields.

His inheritance from his father had now placed him in easy financial circumstances, and the triumph of the Independent party had left his mind comparatively free. Why did he not turn now to that great task of poetic creation of which he had thought so long, and for which, as his preserved notebooks show, he had already made exhaustive study? It is impossible to say. Perhaps, in spite of the

specious calm, he divined the storms which were still rolling up from the political horizon, and had dim prescience of the part he himself should be called upon to play in the drama of the King's death and Cromwell's sovereignty. Perhaps the springs of his fancy were dried up by the harassing years just past; certainly the version of the nine psalms made at this time points to a state of extreme poetic sterility. Indeed, Milton was at no time rich in creative impulses from within. Endowed to an unmatched degree with sheer *voice*, pure potentiality of expression, he had to a less degree than many smaller men the kind of imagination which puts forth spontaneous and inevitable bloom in its season. The beautiful apparitions of *Comus* and *Lycidas* had been evoked from without; so were the sterner and vaster lines of *Paradise Lost* and *Samson Agonistes* to arise in response to an occasion. But that occasion was to be no less than the overthrow of Puritan England, and for that the time was not ripe. However we explain the case, it is with a kind of impatient wonder that we see the poet, in this time of precious quiet, burdening himself with three huge tasks of compilation,—a Latin dictionary, a complete history of England from the earliest times to his own day, and a vast body of divinity, or Methodical Digest of Christian Doctrine. It should in fairness be said, perhaps, that mere encyclopædic scholarship held a much higher place in the seventeenth century than it does to-day. The immense reputation achieved by such men as Salmasius, Milton's future antagonist, apprises us how eager the world then was to set learning above wisdom. This prejudice of the age determined the direction of Milton's effort; the effort itself was doubtless prompted, as his school-teaching had formerly been, by a nervous desire to lose in busyness the impatience born of greater work deferred.

V

LATIN SECRETARYSHIP, 1649-1659

THE time had now come when Milton's patriot zeal was to lift him to a place of eminence in the eyes of his countrymen. He had been known hitherto, secondarily, as a poet of promise, chiefly as a vigorous pamphleteer of rather startling and indecorous opinions; but his work in neither kind had given him that "experience of great men" and that conversation with great events which he deemed necessary to the making of a poet. When he threw into the silence of consternation which followed the execution of the King at Whitehall, in January, 1649, his fearless defence of the regicides, entitled the *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, the eyes of the whole country turned towards him. His was the first powerful voice lifted in greeting, as it was to be the last lifted in desperate defence, of the free Commonwealth. In tacit recognition of his service Bradshaw's Council of State offered him the Latin Secretaryship. The duties were large and ill-defined, but chiefly consisted in the translating and inditing of correspondence with foreign powers, and the replying to seditious pamphleteers who attacked the new government. Milton

accepted without hesitation. By so doing he put off once more, this time it might seem for ever, the possibility of fulfilling his secret purpose. He had not served in the armies of Parliament; indeed, when the King's forces had advanced to Brentford and thrown London into a panic, he had not even gone out with the train-bands to Turnham Green to join in repulsing the foe, but had stayed at home instead and written a sonnet to Prince Rupert's troopers, beseeching them, in the name of the Muses, to spare his house from rapine. But if he had not chosen to shoulder a musket he had shown himself able to do yeoman's service with his quill. It may well have been with the thought of making good his failure to take up the sword in the time of his country's need, that he now laid at her feet the most eloquent pen in Europe.

His first important service was a reply to the *Eikon Basilike*, a book purporting to have been written by the late King while in imprisonment, and now seized upon with devotion by the partisans of the exiled family. Against this "Royal Image" Milton wrote *Ikonoklastes*, the "Image-breaker." It is a work which reflects little credit upon the author. He imputes to the dead king, as one of his crimes, a taste for Shakespeare, and makes it a prime argument of his hypocrisy that one of the prayers which he was believed to have used in his captivity was taken from a passage — a very beautiful and devout passage — of Sidney's *Arcadia*. One of the curiosities of Milton's complex character was, as Lowell has reminded us, his power to force his conviction into the service of his enthusiasm. When it was necessary for him to defend his use of blank verse in *Paradise Lost* he repudiated the value of rhyme *in toto*, though his own works were there to gainsay him; his own marriage having proved unfortunate, he was for wiping the whole institution out of existence. In the same spirit of false but absolutely sincere generalization, he turns here upon his beloved Shakespeare and honored Sidney, because he finds them made use of by a man whose memory he execrates.

Following upon these pamphlets came Milton's great opportunity for a European hearing in vindication of the Commonwealth, and he embraced it at a frightful price. Charles II., an exile at the Hague, had cast about for some man learned enough to support the cause of his house against the revolutionists. He found such a one in Salmasius, a world-famous scholar and a mighty man of Latin. Nobody to-day would dream of employing for such a task the services of a mere scholar, however colossal, but the seventeenth-century reverence for the pedantry of learning gave the name of Salmasius a portentous weight. On the appearance of his book, the *Defensio Regia*, Milton was instructed to prepare a rejoinder. He gave himself to the task with an ardor doubly inflamed by the magnitude of the quarrel and the reputation of his antagonist. He called his reply a *Defense of the English People*, but as we look at it to-day the great issues seem buried almost irrecoverably beneath a mass of very unheroic personalities. Milton sneers at Salmasius's Latinity, twists him with subjection to his wife, and exhausts the vocabulary of thieves' Latin trying to find a name of contumely adequate to characterize his baseness. In the midst of this work Milton's eyes showed signs of failing, and he was

warned by his physician that to persevere to the end would mean certain blindness. With stoical devotion, as splendid as it was perverted, he decided to pay the price. We groan when we think of the real insignificance of the object for which the light of those eyes was spent — spent recklessly, with a kind of frenzy of waste which shows what funds of fanaticism lay beneath the placid surface of his nature.

In the quarrel which dragged on for several years more with Morus, to whom Salmasius's cause had descended, the tone of petty personality gained steadily over the real question at issue, though at the same time the frankly autobiographic passages of Milton grow nobly dignified, and his eulogies upon the leading men of the Commonwealth, taken together, form an august vindication of their cause. It would be unprofitable to dwell upon the disagreeable aspects of the Salmasius controversy, were it not that they illustrate forcibly certain elements of the poet's nature which tradition has obscured, yet which are essential to even a primary understanding of him. Wordsworth condensed into a single line the popular misapprehension. So far from being a soul which dwelt like a star apart, Milton was one of the most inflammable, mobile, and social of beings. A slight stung him, an honor lifted him, a sneer maddened and blinded him. For poetry, indeed, he kept the clear ichor of his temperament, free from roil; and it is as a poet that he is remembered; but one who looks discerningly can detect in the very splendor and volume of that utterance the stress of a humanity more than ordinarily obvious to passion.

By 1652 Milton's blindness had become complete. He had meanwhile removed from rooms in Whitehall, assigned him during the first years of his incumbency of the Secretaryship, to a house in Petty France, pleasantly situated near St. James Park, across which he had to be led when his presence was needed at the Council. His duties were gradually lightened, the routine work being given to an assistant. Edward Phillips was still with him, to serve as amanuensis, and acquaintance with the young poet Andrew Marvell, afterwards his assistant in the Secretaryship, brought him another hand to lighten the burden of his blindness. We get from Edward Phillips and others many pleasant glimpses of the life which he now led, visited by distinguished strangers anxious for a sight of the victor in the Salmasius quarrel, "of which all Europe rang from side to side." Hints of more intimate converse we get in the sonnets to Cyriack Skinner and to young Lawrence, poetical invitations to supper and a cosy evening by the fireside, which assure us by their tone of sober gaiety how well Milton bore his misfortune. The geniality of the lines reminds us of Phillips's bit of gossip concerning the young "beaux" with whom his uncle, after his return from Italy, was accustomed to keep an occasional "gaudy-day." But that life in the little house was not all made up of amenities we can conjecture from the characters of the three young girls who had been left motherless there. During these untended years rebellion against their stern father was growing towards its sickening outcome. In 1656 their father married again, this time Katharine Woodcock, of whom nothing is known but what can be gleaned from the sonnet which he wrote upon her death, little more than a year later. To

judge from the deep marital tenderness of these lines upon his "late espoused saint," hers must have been the most gracious influence in the poet's adult life.

Up to the close of Cromwell's reign Milton continued, as a kind of Latin Secretary extraordinary, to indite those messages to foreign powers which made the period of the Protectorate the most dignified in the diplomatic history of England. The most famous of these was among the last, a letter to the Duke of Savoy concerning the Piedmontese massacre; in its official way it is as impressive as the sonnet on the same subject in which Milton gave vent to his individual horror and indignation. His duties were nominally continued under Cromwell's son Richard; but events were hastening with irresistible force toward the downfall of the Protectorate and the recall of the King. Milton was one of the last to succumb to the logic of the situation. His attitude toward the great questions of Church and State had changed many times in the twenty years that were passed. He had begun as an Episcopalian with reservations; he had written his first pamphlets in advocacy of a modified Presbyterianism; next he had gone over to the "Root and Branch" party, and advocated complete disestablishment of the Church; then, turning fiercely upon the Presbyterians, and declaring that "New Presbyter is but old Priest writ large," he had joined the Independents, and had finally pushed the thesis of this party to the length of complete toleration of religious opinion. But in all these changes, except the last, he had gone with the country. His mind, as Lowell says, had not so much changed as expanded to meet new national conditions. Though he had differed stoutly from Cromwell in his later policy, he had remained unshaken in his allegiance to the idea of popular government, even in the unpropitious form of a military dictatorship. Dismissed from his office by General Monk in April, 1659, on the very eve of the return of the exiled court, he published his pamphlet entitled *A Ready and Easy Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth*. The very phrase was full of unconscious satire. Upon the blind poet, as he sat meditating through those days of public rejoicing, there rested a second blindness, that of the idealist resolute to see nothing but his ideal.

The King's return, however, at last became so imminent that the stoudest idealism had to succumb. Nobody knew how inclusive the royal clemency would prove to be, and Milton was too marked a man to abide the event with safety. The last glimpse we get of him for the next four months is in the shape of a conveyance of bond for four hundred pounds, to Cyriack Skinner, dated the day before the public proclamation of Charles in London. With the ready money thus furnished he went into hiding, Phillips informs us, at a friend's house in Bartholomew Close. On June 16 an order for his arrest was issued by the House of Commons, and two months later his *Eikonoklastes* and *Defense of the English People* were ordered burnt by royal proclamation. Strangely enough, however, in the final Bill of Indemnity his name is not mentioned. Why the author of the *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates* should have been let off scot free from the vengeance which overtook so many men essentially less implicated, constitutes a historical puzzle which Professor Masson has labored in vain to solve. Andrew Marvell afterwards obtained

from the House an abatement of the excessive fee demanded from Milton by an officious sergeant who had carried out the nullified order of arrest, and his voice was doubtless raised now in behalf of his friend and master. There is also a pleasant tradition that the poet Davenant repaid an old kindness by a like intercession. To whomever the clemency was due, however, Milton was left free by the passage of the Act of Oblivion to emerge from hiding. He was not yet perhaps wholly free from danger by mob violence. On the night before the anniversary of Charles I.'s death, the disinterred corpses of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw were brought for safe keeping to the Red Lion Inn, only a short distance from Milton's new lodgings in Holborn ; and it was up Holborn that the crazy mob followed the carts next day to the ghastly gibbeting at Tyburn.

But to Milton's ears, in these days, the rioting of the "sons of Belial" who had come back to flout with insolence and outrage every ideal for which the men of the Commonwealth had given their lives, must have sounded dim and far away. The time had come for him to fulfil the boyish boast made more than twenty years before, when he had replied to his friend's question, "Of what am I thinking? In God's name, of immortality ! I am pluming my wings for a flight." Though held under by an immense sustained effort of will, the ambition conceived so long ago had never for long been absent from his mind. Added to the sense of his mission as a singer, sent by the great Task-master to add to the sum of beauty in the world, there rested upon him now another obligation, no less impelling. The Puritan moral scheme, the new social instauration, which had failed on earth, he must carry over into the world of imaginative permanence. He must justify to men the ways of that God who had dealt so darkly with his chosen people. Already, though "long choosing and beginning late," he had carved out from the hollow dark the vast traits of his theme.

VI

FROM THE ACT OF OBLIVION TO THE COMPLETION OF PARADISE LOST,
1660-1665

FOR a man of Milton's temper the state of public affairs alone would have been a sufficient bitterness ; but private trials added their simples to the cup. One of the minor but most satiric of these was furnished by the two nephews upon whom he had lavished his time and his educational theories. How well the youngest, John Phillips, had imbibed his uncle's teachings, he had shown long ago by publishing a *Satire Against Hypocrites* and a *Miscellany of Choice Drolleries*, which earned him a sharp reprimand from Cromwell's Council. His graver brother Edward followed the primrose path thus gallantly marked out, by publishing a volume entitled *The Mysteries of Love and Eloquence, or the Arts of Wooing and Complimenting*, with a preface to the youthful gentry of England. The royalism of both was pronounced ; and although Edward continued to visit the house on

terms of friendship, his presence must have been to his uncle a pretty emphatic reminder of the collapse of his own teaching.

If the defection of his nephews was satiric, the rebellion of his daughters was sordidly tragic. The eldest, Anne, a handsome girl in spite of her lameness, was now seventeen; Mary, the second, was fifteen, and Deborah eleven. They had received only the rudiments of an education, the eldest not even being able to write. In spite of this their father undertook to make them do him a service in his literary labors which they would hardly have been prepared for by a formal college training. Edward Phillips says that he used them to "supply his want of eyesight by their ears and tongues. For though he had daily about him one or other to read to him, — some, persons of man's estate, who of their own accord greedily caught at the opportunity of being his readers, . . . others, of younger years, sent by their parents to the same end, — yet, excusing only the eldest by reason of her bodily deformity and difficult utterance of speech (which, to say truth, I doubt was the principal cause of excusing her), the other two were condemned to the performance of reading and exactly pronouncing of all the languages of whatever book he should at one time or other think fit to peruse: viz. the Hebrew (and, I think, the Syriac), the Greek, the Latin, the Italian, Spanish, and French." That young girls could have been trained to read intelligibly languages of which they did not, as Phillips declares, understand a word, is almost beyond belief; but whether literally true or not, the statement implies a sternness and a length of discipline gruesome to imagine. Rebellion on their part was natural and inevitable, but before the miserable details of their growing aversion to their father, — their conspiring with the servants in petty pilferings from his purse, their making away with his books, the remark of one of them, on hearing of her father's third marriage, that "that was no news, but, if she could hear of his death, *that was something*," — the mind turns sick, and wonders whether, if there were another *Paradise Lost* to purchase, it would be worth such a price. Taking the facts as we have them, even casuistry can make of them no clean bill of conscience for the father. The girls were, it is true, the fruit of an unloving marriage; their recalcitrancy Milton may have looked upon as a part of the grim logic of that forced "union of minds that cannot unite," and he may have found justification for his tyranny in the bitter memories of the days when he was pouring out his wrath and anguish in the tracts on divorce. The radical meanness of nature which betrays itself in their petty revenges may have served to wither affection in the bud. But such considerations explain, without extenuating, his attitude. His daughters remain the great blot upon his memory; they cannot make it less than august, but they suffice to render it, from the standpoint of the simple human charities, forbidding. They remained with him for eight years longer, when they were put out to learn feminine handicrafts. A glimpse which we get of the youngest, Deborah, many years after, gives a comforting assurance that, however she may have failed in filial duty during her father's lifetime, she cherished a sincere affection for his memory. In 1721 she was sought out by Virtue, the engraver, in the weavers' district of Spital-

fields, where she lived in obscure widowhood. Some pictures of her father were shown her, to get her opinion of their authenticity. Several she passed by, saying "No, no," to the question whether she had ever seen such a face; but when a certain picture in crayons owned by Jonathan Richardson was produced, she cried out in transport, as related by Richardson, "'T is my father, 't is my dear father; I see him, 't is him!" and then she put her hands to several parts of the face, crying, "'T is the very man! here, here!" In all her reminiscences of her father there was, her visitors report, the same tone of reverence and fondness.

Besides the robust and cheery figure of Andrew Marvell, a faithful visitor, there came to break the gloom of the Milton household a young Quaker, Thomas Ellwood. He was the son of a small country squire, and possessed of all the simplicity and heartiness proper to the character. He had embraced the Quaker faith by contagion from the enthusiasm of a family of Penningtons whom he visited, and along with his new faith felt a desire to grow in the wisdom of books. To that end, he was introduced to Milton, took a house in the neighborhood, and came every day full of joyous zeal to imbibe learning from the works which the great man set him to read aloud. Whether poor Ellwood gathered much intellectual sustenance from this haphazard diet or not, his presence must have been a wholesome and inspiring one to the solitary scholar. From him and Phillips we get some interesting hints concerning Milton's habits of composition. "Leaning back obliquely in an easy chair, with his leg flung over the elbow of it," he would dictate ten, twenty, thirty lines at a sitting. Sometimes he would "lie awake all night, striving, but unable to make a single line." Then again, when the mood was on him, the verse would come "with a certain *impetus* and *aestro* as himself seemed to believe," and he would call his daughter Mary out of bed to take the words from his lips. His own statement is recorded, too, that "his vein never happily flowed but from the autumnal equinoctial to the vernal, and that whatever he attempted (in the other part of the year) was never to his satisfaction, though he courted his fancy never so much."

How far *Paradise Lost* had progressed by the time of Milton's instalment in the house in Jewin Street, whither he removed from his temporary lodgings in Holborn, is only matter of conjecture. At the beginning of the third book the movement of the poem is interrupted by a splendid "hymn to light" which may mark the resumption of the task after interruption caused by the King's return. A similar break occurs at the beginning of Book VII, and references in this passage to the "evil days and evil tongues" upon which the poet has fallen, as well as to post-restoration literature and manners, the "barbarous dissonance of Bacchus and his revellers," point to this as more probably marking the time of resumption. The probability is increased by the fact that the next distinct break in the narrative, at the beginning of Book IX, would then correspond to the last serious interruption which the work could have suffered, that occasioned by Milton's third marriage, this time to Elizabeth Minshull, a handsome young woman of twenty-six, and his removal to a new house in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields. It was certainly fin-

ished by the summer of 1665. In July of that year the coming of the great Plague, the most terrible which ever visited England, made it necessary for Milton to find some refuge in the country. Ellwood found a place for him, a "pretty box" in the little village of Chalfont St. Giles, only a few miles from Harefield, the scene of *Arcades*, and not far from Horton, where in early manhood he had spent the five happy years of his "long vacation." The country sights, which in those days he had given delighted chronicle in *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, could not reach him now. Those poems belonged to a world which was shut away from him by many a tragic change besides that which had quenched his bodily vision. But he carried with him, blind and fallen on evil days, the resultant of the twenty-five intervening years of battle and sacrifice, in the mighty martial rhythms and battailious imaginings of his completed epic. Honest Ellwood was rewarded for his fidelity by being the first, so far as we know, to see *Paradise Lost* in its final form. He came one day to visit Milton at the little irregular cottage in sleepy Chalfont, and thus describes the incident: "After some discourse had passed between us, he called for a manuscript of his; which, being brought, he delivered to me, bidding me to take it home with me and read it at my leisure, and, when I had so done, to return it to him, with my judgment thereon. When I came home and had set myself to read it, I found it was that excellent poem which he entitled *Paradise Lost*."

VII

MILTON'S LAST YEARS, 1666-1674

ALTHOUGH by February or March of 1666 the Plague had sufficiently abated to allow of a return to the house in Artillery Walk, it was not until September of the following year that *Paradise Lost* was published. A part of this delay was doubtless due to the great fire which raged in London from the second to the fifth of September, 1666. Among the worst sufferers were the booksellers and publishers, whose shops were clustered thickly about Old St. Paul's. When the poem did appear, it was with the imprint of an obscure publisher, one Samuel Simmons. There was for a moment some question whether even under these modest auspices it was to see the light, for a passage in the first book aroused suspicions of treason in the breast of the Rev. Thomas Tomkyns, M. A., whose business it became to license the manuscript. The contract for the book is still extant, showing that the author received five pounds at the time of issue, and was guaranteed a similar amount upon the exhaustion of each succeeding issue, up to the sum of twenty pounds. The first edition of 1300 copies was exhausted in eighteen months.

Milton's life-dream was fulfilled. He had accomplished the purpose which had been the secret motive of his whole conscious existence, as well as the subject of many a proud public utterance in the midst of those noises and hoarse disputes where he had felt the need of such utterance to sustain him. But he did not for

that reason loose his grasp on the large lyre so painfully builded and strung. A chance remark of Ellwood's on returning the manuscript of *Paradise Lost* had suggested to him a companion subject. "Thou hast said much here," the young Quaker had observed ("pleasantly," as he assures us), "of *Paradise Lost*, but what hast thou to say of *Paradise Found*?" The poet had made no answer, but sat some time in a muse. Had he, after all, completed his task of justifying the ways of God to men? Satan he had left triumphant, man he had left outcast from Eden, earning his painful bread under the curse. Did not the real justification lie in that part of the cosmic story which he had as yet only vaguely foreshadowed, in the bruising of the Serpent's head by that greater man who should recover Paradise? Out of such questioning came, some time in the next two years, *Paradise Regained*. The poem was finished before the publication of *Paradise Lost*, but not published until 1671.

In this poem there is noticeable a distinct change from Milton's earlier manner, — a sudden purging away of ornament, a falling back on the naked concept, a preference for language as slightly as possible tintured with metaphoric suggestion. A portion of this change may be due to failing vividness of imagination; certainly the abandonment of rapid narrative for tedious argumentation marks the increasing garrulity of age. Christ and Satan in the wilderness dispute with studied casuistry, until the sense of the spiritual drama in which they are protagonists is almost lost. As this same weakness is apparent also in the later books of *Paradise Lost*, we must lay it largely to the score of flagging creative energy. But in still greater measure the change seems to be a deliberate experiment in style, or perhaps more truly a conscious reproduction, in language, of that rarefied mental atmosphere to which the author had climbed from the rich valley mists of his youth. Unalluring at first, this bareness comes in time to have a solemn charm of its own, comparable, as has been said, to that of mountain scenery above the line of vegetation. Some such beauty as this Milton, himself above all a student and amateur of style, must have prized in *Paradise Regained*, unless we are to attribute to a narrow pride his refusal to tolerate the opinion of its inferiority to *Paradise Lost*. Whether deliberate or not, this same quality of style appears in the dramatic poem of *Samson Agonistes*, of the same 1671 volume, stripped of discursiveness, and wrought to the hard dark finish of bronze. By reason both of its form and of its content this last work of Milton is of absorbing interest.

Ever since the days of *Arcades* and *Comus*, Milton had cherished a fondness for the dramatic form. For several years after his return from Italy he had persevered in the intention to make his master-work a drama, and even made several tentative sketches of *Paradise Lost* in that form. The suppression of stage plays by the Long Parliament he had concurred in, but without loss of sympathy with the theatre, at least as an ideal institution. It was characteristic of the unified purpose of his intellectual life that he should go back now to gather up this, the only one of the main threads of his intention still left hanging. For a subject, too, he went back to a theme pondered thirty years before. Samson Purso-

phorus or the Fire-bringer, and Samson Hybristes or Samson Marrying, were among the subjects pencilled in his note-book in 1642. At that time Samson had apparently engaged his attention no more deeply than other Bible heroes whose names occur in his notes ; but events had gradually been shaping his life into such a form that it now found in Samson's story its sufficient prototype and symbol. No hint escapes the poet that the many-sided correspondence of his own case with that of his hero is in his mind ; the treatment is throughout sternly objective, even sculpturesque in its detachment ; but the autobiographic meaning is everywhere latent, giving to the most restrained lines an ominous emphasis and to the least significant a strange kind of wintry passion. He too had been a champion favored of the Lord, and had matched his giant strength against the enemies of his people. He had sent the fire-brands of his pamphlets among their corn, and slain their strongest with simple weapons near at hand. He too had taken a wife from among the worshippers of Dagon ; he had made festival with her people over the nuptials which brought him a loss as tragic as Samson's, — the loss of human tenderness, a lowered ideal, and a warped understanding of the deepest human relationships. Now, blind and fettered in the midst of an idolatrous generation, he may well have longed for another Salmasius upon whom to wreak, as Samson upon Harapha of Gath, the energy which still swelled his veins. In another year or two, when Dryden should "tag his verses," and transform his august epic into a trivial opera, he would be brought like Samson to make sport before the Philistines, as a juggler or a mime. Perhaps he might still hope, bowing his head in prayer to the God of the spirit, to bring down the temple builded by the men of the Restoration to the gods of the flesh, and bury in the ruins all the insolence and outrage of the times. With some such autobiographic second intention in mind as this, one must read the gray pages of *Samson Agonistes*. It offers perhaps the most remarkable instance in all art of an artist's personal story revealed by impersonal symbols, set forth in their traditional integrity, unmanipulated to any private end.

Milton had three more years to live after the publication of his last poems. His daughters had a year before been put out to learn, Phillips says, "some curious and ingenious sorts of manufacture that are proper for women to learn, particularly embroideries in gold and silver ;" and he was left alone in the house in Bunhill Fields with his young wife Elizabeth, of whom he seems to have been fond. The publication of *Paradise Lost* had again made him a figure of some note, visited by persons of distinction. The most interesting of these visits was that made by Dryden, for the purpose of asking permission to put *Paradise Lost* into rhyme, as a kind of sacred opera. The value of rhyme over blank verse, for heroic purposes, had been the main contention of Dryden's *Essay on Dramatic Poetry*, and the publication of the epic shortly after had been a powerful practical manifesto on Milton's part of his opposed opinion. This difference of artistic theory only serves to emphasize the fundamental differences between the two men, spokesmen and champions of antipodal creeds. Their trivial meeting takes on a kind of moral picturesqueness when we think of them in their typical characters, — the militant

spirit of an age of fiery baptism, the time-serving spirit of an age of pleasure. There is a half-humorous recognition of the gulf set between them in Milton's "Yes, you may tag my verses," with which he granted his visitor's request.—a reply which does not gain in urbanity when contrasted with Dryden's generous and whole-souled praise of the poem he was called upon to travesty.

We get from the painter Richardson some vivid glimpses of Milton in old age. He speaks of him being led about the streets, clad in cold weather in a gray camblet coat, and wearing no sword, though "t'was his custom not long before to wear one, with a small silver hilt." And again, "I have heard that he used to sit in a grey coarse cloth coat at the door of his house, near Bunhill Fields, without Moorgate, in warm sunny weather, to enjoy the fresh air, and so, as well as in his room, received the visits of people of distinguished parts, as well as quality; and very lately I had the good fortune to have another picture of him from an aged clergyman in Dorsetshire. He found him in a small house, he thinks but one room on a floor. In that, up one pair of stairs, which was hung with a rusty green, he found John Milton, sitting in an elbow chair; black clothes, and neat enough, pale but not cadaverous, his hands and fingers gouty and with chalk-stones." The *raithorne* portrait, engraved in 1670, shows a face deeply seamed with lines of thought and of pain, eyes unblemished, but full of the disappointed query of blindness, hair flat over the brows and falling slightly waved to the shoulders, and a mouth of singular richness, which seems still to crave life,—the one lingering feature of the youthful mask.

Rising at four o'clock in summer and five in winter, hearing a chapter of the Bible in Hebrew read to him before breakfast, passing the day in work, with music and a little walk for diversion, and ending with a supper "of olives or some light thing," a pipe and a glass of water,—he lived placidly the meagre days left to him. Shortly before his death, being at dinner with his young wife, and finding a favorite dish prepared for him, he cried out, "God have mercy, Betty, I see thou wilt perform according to thy promise in providing me such dishes as I think fit whilst I live; and when I die, thou knowest that I have left thee all." The nuncupative will thus made was contested at law by his daughters, and broken. He died on the eighth of November, 1674, "with so little pain that the time of his expiring was not perceived by those in the room." "All his learned and great friends in London," says Toland, "not without a concourse of the vulgar, accompanied his body to the church of St. Giles, near Cripplegate, where he was buried in the chancel."

Many circumstances have combined to falsify for the modern mind the outlines of Milton's character. The theme most closely linked with his name as a poet has thrown about him a traditional reverence which has obscured his human lineaments. The political passions of his day are many of them still, under changed names, potent enough to distort his figure according to the direction of our approach. Added to these difficulties is the more essential one, that the harmony which he forced upon his character was made up of a hundred dissonances. He added

to the complexity of the poet the complexities of the theologian, the theorist, and the publicist. He was compelled to make himself over from Elizabethan to Cromwellian, not quietly and by slow processes, but in the centre of clashing forces. This slight sketch can at best have pointed out only the most salient material necessary to judgment of a character so variously endowed and acted upon. It will have accomplished its end if it has dissatisfied the reader with a conventional opinion.

As for his poetry, Milton must be thought of first and last as a master stylist. Keats is more poignant, Shakespeare more various, Coleridge more magical; but nobody who has written in English has had at his command the same unfailing majesty of utterance. His is the organ voice of England. The figure suggests, too, the defect of his qualities. His voice is always his own; he has none of the ventriloquism of the dramatic poets, none of the thaumaturgy by which they obscure themselves in their subject. Milton is always Miltonic, always lofty and grave, whether the subject sinks or rises. Through him we come nearest to that union of measure and might which is peculiar to the master poets of antiquity, and it is through a study of him that the defects of taste incident upon our modern systems of education can be most surely made good.

W. V. M.

PART FIRST
ENGLISH POEMS

POEMS WRITTEN AT SCHOOL AND AT
COLLEGE

1624-1632

POEMS WRITTEN AT SCHOOL AND AT COLLEGE

It is hardly wrong to say that the English poems which Milton wrote before his twenty-third year are interesting chiefly because of their defects. Although he attained very early a sense of his individual power and a conviction of his mission as a singer, he was surprisingly tardy in finding his voice. Many poets have done their most characteristic work at an age when Milton was still speaking in the borrowed accents of a debased school.

During the first half of the seventeenth century English poetry lay under the spell of an enthralling personality, that of John Donne. This singular man, known in mature life by the staid titles of Dr. Donne, Dean of St. Paul's, and Prolocutor to the King's Convocation, the author of sermons and religious poems which are still read for their mystical fervor, had had a wild youth, and had produced a body of love poems of unexampled intensity. Unfortunately, along with a power of direct impassioned expression which instantly imposed itself, he had an intellectual perversity, a delight in far-fetched analogies and wire-drawn conceits, which made him the evil genius of young poets. His was the chief among many influences contributing during the reign of James and the first Charles to fill the garden of the Muses with growths of fantastic tastelessness, which all but smother the "plants and flowers of light." To see how far this perversion went even in the case of real poets, one has only to read such a production as "The Tear," by Richard Crashaw, where the eyes of the Magdalen, after being compared to everything else conceivable, are rapturously addressed as

"Two walking baths, two weeping motions,
Portable and compendious oceans."

That Milton's boyish admiration was attracted to the tinsel gewgaws of this "metaphysical" school of poetry, as Dr. Johnson oddly named it, is plain in all his early verse. The lack of humor which was his one great congenital fault, exposed him especially to the temptations offered by the conceitful manner. His verses "On the Death of a Fair Infant Dying of a Cough," with its drolly humorless title, is a perfect example of emotional and imaginative falsity, such as the school of the *conceittisti* was sure to engender in a juvenile bard who had not yet arrived at artistic self-knowledge. Even in the "Passion," written after the "Ode on the Nativity," he relapses oddly into conceitfulness. Perhaps the worst length to which he was ever tempted occurs in the closing stanzas of this poem. Speaking of the tomb of Christ, he says, —

"Mine eye hath found that sad, sepulchral rock,
That was the casket of Heaven's richest store,
And here, though grief my feeble hands upon
lock,

Yet on the softened quarry would I score
My plaining verse as lively as before;
For sure so well instructed are my tears,
That they would fitly fall in ordered characters."

The note with which he excused himself for not completing this poem, saying that he was "nothing satisfied with what he had done," has a touch of pathos. He failed to see the difficulty, which was not that the subject was "above the years he had when he wrote it," but that he was benumbed

and bewildered by contact with a perverted style.

Even thus hampered, however, his genius could not help sending out an occasional herald voice ; and we do not have to look far to find exceptions to all that has just been said concerning these early efforts. Curiously enough, the very first line of his recorded composition,

“When the blest seed of Terah’s faithful son,” written at fifteen, has the true Miltonic gravity and largeness. In the “Vacation Exercise,” in close connection with the longing there expressed to use his native language in some great poetic emprise, we find an expression of his disgust at the ingenuities so dear to the heart of the “metaphysicals,” those

“New-fangled toys and trimming slight,
Which take our late fantasies with delight.”

His lines on Shakespeare show an appreciation of that sane master completely at variance with the stiff exaggeration of its concluding verses, which are quite in the concettistic spirit. It should not go unchronicled either, that in the lines on the death of Hobson, the University carrier, Milton showed at least a seasonable desire to be humorous.

But it is the hymn *On the Morning of Christ’s Nativity* which allows us to read his early title clear. A good deal of reservation, it is true, has to be made even here. The poem has to an extreme degree the Jacobean vice of diffuseness, possibly caught in this instance from the beautiful religious epic of Giles Fletcher, *Christ’s Victory and Triumph on Earth and in Heaven*; the metre of the induction is certainly imitated from that poem, and an occasional quaint dulcity of expression, such as,

“See how from far upon the Eastern road
The star-led Wizards haste with odours sweet,” seems as certainly caught from it. The opening description of Nature’s attempt to hide her sin under a covering of snow at

the moment of the Saviour’s birth, the sun’s shamed reluctance to rise because of the presence of a greater Sun, and the drolly prosaic figure in the next stanza from the last, where the sun is pictured in bed, with cloud curtains drawn about him and his chin pillow'd upon a wave,— over all this is the trail of affectation and mistake. In places, too, where the thought becomes more sincere, the imagery remains unplastic. The descent of “meek-eyed Peace,” for example, in the third stanza, reminds one of the stage-contrivances of a court masque; and the figures of Truth, Justice, and Mercy, in stanza fifteen, have the same disillusioning suggestion. But when all reservation is made, and all the unvitalized matter counted out, there remains enough true poetry in the Hymn to have furnished forth a lesser man for immortality. Scattered lines and even stanzas of splendid utterance occur throughout, but the grand manner begins in earnest with the nineteenth stanza:—

“The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving,
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delpho leaving.
No nightly trance or breathèd spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from his prophetic cell.”

“The lonely mountains o’er
And the resounding shore
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn !
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.”

These and the four stanzas which follow are not only magnificent and flawless, they are also pitched in a key before unheard in England, and colored with the light of a new mind.

The Hymn shows Milton’s youthful gen-

hus at its highest point; but if we would read the full record of his youth, we must turn to the Latin poems. He gradually desisted from Latin as a means of poetic expression in later life, abandoning it altogether, except for a stray trifle, after his thirty-second year. But during his life at college

he poured into this alien medium all the first fervor of his imagination. When we say, therefore, that he was, as he averred himself to be, not "timely happy," in putting out the flowers of his song, we must say it with this reservation of the Latin poems in mind.

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

(1629)

For an account in Milton's own words of the origin of this ode, the reader is referred to the closing lines of the Sixth Latin Elegy, translation, p. 339. He there calls it a "birthday gift for Christ," and says that it was begun on Christmas morning. That it was not written in response to a general invitation on the part of the academic authorities, as has sometimes been conjectured, but sprang from a personal impulse, seems clear from the context of that passage.

I

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded maid and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;

For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith he wont at Heaven's high council-table ¹⁰
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,

He laid aside, and, here with us to be,
Forsook the Courts of everlasting Day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

III

Say, Heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,

Now while the heaven, by the Sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in ²⁰
squadrons bright?

IV

See how from far upon the Eastern road
The star-led Wizards haste with odours sweet!
Oh! run; prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the Angel Quire,
From out his secret altar touched with hallowed fire.

THE HYMN

I

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child ^{3c}
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature, in awe to him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the Sun, her lusty Paramour.

II

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame, ^{4c}
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III

But he, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace:
She, crowned with olive green, came
softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready Harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds
dividing; 50
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea
and land.

IV

No war, or battail's sound,
Was heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield were high up-
hung;
The hooked chariot stood,
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armèd
throng;
And Kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord
was by. 60

V

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the
charmèd wave.

VI

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze, 70
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warned them
thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid
them go.

VII.

And, though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The Sun himself withheld his wonted
speed,

And hid his head for shame, 80
As his inferior flame
The new - enlightened world no more
should need:
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright Throne or burning axletree
could bear.

VIII

The Shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they than
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them
below: 90
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy
keep.

IX

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet
As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringèd noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loth to lose, 99
With thousand echoes still prolongs each
heavenly close.

X

Nature, that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat the airy Region thrill-
ing,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last ful-
filling:
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier
union.

XI

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light, 110
That with long beams the shamefaced
Night arrayed;
The helmèd Cherubim
And sworded Seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings
displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-
born Heir.

XII

Such music (as 't is said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the Sons of Morning
sung,
While the Creator great 120
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced World on hinges
hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy
channel keep.

XIII

Ring out, ye crystal spheres !
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so ;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time ;
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ
blow ; 130
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic sym-
phony.

XIV

For, if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back and fetch the Age
of Gold ;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly
mould ;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the
peering day. 140

XV

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
The enamelled arras of the rainbow
wearing ;
And Mercy set between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds
down steering ;
And Heaven, as at some festival, .
Will open wide the gates of her high pal-
ace-hall.

XVI

But wisest Fate says No,
This must not yet be so ; 150

The Babe lies yet in smiling infancy
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss,
So both himself and us to glorify :
Yet first, to those ychained in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder
through the deep,

XVII

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smouldering
clouds outbake :
The aged Earth, aghast 160
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre
shake,
When, at the world's last sessiön,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall
spread his throne.

XVIII

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for from this happy day
The Old Dragon under ground,
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurpèd sway,
And, wroth to see his Kingdom fail, 170
Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

XIX

The Oracles are dumb ;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the archèd roof in words
deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos
leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathèd spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed Priest from the pro-
phetic cell. 180

XX

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud la-
ment ;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edgèd with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent ;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled
thickets mourn.

XXI

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars and Lemures moan with mid-
night plaint;
In urns, and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service
quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power forgoes his
wonted seat.

XXII

Peor and Baälim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-battered god of Pales-
tine;
And moonèd Ashtaroth,
Heaven's Queen and Mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine:
The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn;
In vain the Tyrian maid's their wounded
Thammuz mourn.

XXIII

And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

XXIV

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshowered grass with
lowings loud;
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest;
Nought but profoundest Hell can be his
shroud;
In vain, with timbreled anthems dark,
The sable-stolèd Sorcerers bear his wor-
shipped ark.

220

XXXV

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded Infant's hand;
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky
eyn;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,

Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine;
Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands control the
damned crew.

XXVI

So, when the Sun in bed,
Curtained with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fettered ghost slips to his several
grave,
And the yellow-skirted Fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their
moon-loved maze.

XXVII

But see! the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest,
Time is our tedious song should here
have ending:
Heaven's youngest-teemèd star
Hath fixed her polished car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp
attending;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed Angels sit in order ser-
viceable.

A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV

(1624)

To this translation there is prefixed in the original editions the words: "This and the following Psalm were done by the Author at fifteen years old." They are the earliest of Milton's compositions of which we have record, and the only ones dating from the period of his school-life at St. Paul's. Whether they were self-elected tasks or appointed exercises is unknown. The diction employed in them shows strongly the influence of the *Divine Weeks and Works* of Du Bartas, made popular in England early in the seventeenth century through Sylvester's translation.

WHEN the blest seed of Terah's faithful
Son
After long toil their liberty had won,
And passed from Pharian fields to Canaan-
land,
Led by the strength of the Almighty's
hand,

Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,
His praise and glory was in Israel known.
That saw the troubled sea, and shivering
fed,
And sought to hide his froth-becurlèd head
Low in the earth; Jordan's clear streams
recoil,
As a faint host that hath received the
foil.
The high huge-bellied mountains skip like
rams
Amongst their ewes, the little hills like
lambs.
Why fled the ocean? and why skipped the
mountains?
Why turnèd Jordan toward his crystal
fountains?
Shake, Earth, and at the presence be aghast
Of Him that ever was and aye shall last,
That glassy floods from rugged rocks can
crush,
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones
gush.

PSALM CXXXVI

LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord for he is kind;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his Name abroad,
For of gods he is the God;
For his, &c.

O let us his praises tell,
That doth the wrathful tyrants quell; 10
For his, &c.

That with his miracles doth make
Amazèd Heaven and Earth to shake;
For his, &c.

That by his wisdom did create
The painted heavens so full of state;
For his, &c. 19

That did the solid Earth ordain
To rise above the watery plain;
For his, &c.

That by his all-commanding might,
Did fill the new-made world with light;
For his, &c.

And caused the golden-tressèd Sun
All the day long his course to run; 30
For his, &c.

The hornèd Moon to shine by night
Amongst her spangled sisters bright;
For his, &c.

He, with his thunder-clasping hand,
Smote the first-born of Egypt land; 39
For his, &c.

And, in despite of Pharaò fell,
He brought from thence his Israel;
For his, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain
Of the Erythræan main;
For his, &c.

The floods stood still, like walls of glass,
While the Hebrew bands did pass; 50
For his, &c.

But full soon they did devour
The tawny King with all his power;
For his, &c.

His chosen people he did bless
In the wasteful Wilderness;
For his, &c. 59

In bloody battail he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown;
For his, &c.

He foiled bold Seon and his host,
That ruled the Amorrean coast;
For his, &c.

And large-limbed Og he did subdue,
With all his over-hardy crew; 70
For his, &c.

And to his servant Israel
He gave their land, therein to dwell;
For his, &c.

He hath, with a piteous eye,
Beheld us in our misery;
For his, &c. 79

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy;
For his, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need;
For his, &c.

Let us, therefore, warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth; 90
For his, &c.

That his mansion hath on high,
Above the reach of mortal eye;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT DYING OF A COUGH

(1625-26)

The subject of this poem, the first of the English poems dating from Cambridge, was a niece of Milton's, the child of his sister Anne and of Edward Phillips. The couple had been married but a short time, and were living in the Strand, near Charing Cross. Their baby's death occurred during the severe winter of 1625-26, which followed upon the devastating plague of the autumn, alluded to in the next to the last stanza. The reader will remember that the Edward and John Phillips who figure so prominently in Milton's biography were brothers of this child.

I

O FAIREST Flower, no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken Primrose fading timeless,
Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst outlasted
Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry;
For he, being amorous on that lovely dye
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,
But killed, alas! and then bewailed his fatal bliss.

II

For since grim Aquilo, his charioter,
By boisterous rape the Athenian damsel got,⁹
He thought it touched his deity full near,
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,
Thereby to wipe away the infamous blot
Of long uncoupled bed and childless eld,
Which, 'mongst the wanton gods, a foul reproach was held.

III
So, mounting up in icy-pearlèd car,
Through middle empire of the freezing air
He wandered long, till thee he spied from far;
There ended was his quest, there ceased his care:
Down he descended from his snow-soft chair,
But, all un'wares, with his cold-kind embrace,²⁰
Unhoused thy virgin soul from her fair bidding-place.

IV

Yet thou art not inglorious in thy fate;
For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,
Whilom did slay his dearly-lovèd mate,
Young Hyacinth, born on Eurotas' strand,
Young Hyacinth, the pride of Spartan land;
But then transformed him to a purple flower:
Alack, that so to change thee Winter had no power!

V

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,
Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb,³⁰
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed
Hid from the world in a low-delvèd tomb.
Could Heaven, for pity, thee so strict^d doom?
Oh no! for something in thy face di
shine
Above mortality, that showed thou was
divine.

VI

Resolve me, then, O Soul most surely blest
(If so be it that thou these plaints dost hear)
Tell me, bright Spirit, where'er thou hov-
erest,
Whether above that high first-moving sphere,
Or in the Elysian fields (if such there were),⁴⁰
Oh, say me true if thou wert mortal wight,
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight.

VII

Wert thou some Star, which from the ruined roof
Of shaked Olympus by mischance didst fall;
Which careful Jove in nature's true behoof
Took up, and in fit place did reinstall?
Or did of late Earth's sons besiege the wall
Of sheeny Heaven, and thou some Goddess fled
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectared head?

VIII

Or wert thou that just Maid who once before
Forsook the hated earth, oh! tell me sooth,⁵⁰
And camest again to visit us once more?
Or wert thou [Mercy], that sweet smiling Youth?
Or that crowned Matron, sage white-robèd Truth?
Or any other of that heavenly brood
Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some good?

IX

Or wert thou of the golden-wingèd host,
Who, having clad thyself in human weed,
To earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,
And after short abode fly back with speed,
As if to shew what creatures Heaven doth breed;⁶⁰
Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire
To scorn the sordid world, and unto Heaven aspire?

X

But oh! why didst thou not stay here below
To bless us with thy heaven-loved innocence,
To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,
To turn swift-rushing black perdition hence,
Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,
To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?
But thou canst best perform that office
where thou art.⁷⁰

XI

Then thou, the mother of so sweet a child,
Her false-imagined loss cease to lament,

And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild;
Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
And render him with patience what he lent:
This if thou do, he will an offspring give
That till the world's last end shall make thy name to live.

AT A VACATION EXERCISE IN THE COLLEGE, PART LATIN, PART ENGLISH

(1628)

Light is thrown upon this curious fragment by one of the seven *Prolusiones Oratoriae*, or academic speeches, which Milton carefully preserved from his undergraduate days, and published, along with his Latin *Familiar Epistles*, in the last year of his life. The *prolusion*, of which these verses are a fragment, was prepared for one of those odd festivals, survivals of mediæval university life, in which the students of Cambridge managed to unite a half-serious, half-burlesque display of learning with fun of a more boisterous kind. This particular festival fell at the end of the Easter term and beginning of the Long Vacation, in July, 1628. Milton, then nearing the end of his undergraduate life, was chosen by the students of Christ's to be the "Father" or leader of the ceremonies, with a number of assistants or "sons" under him to help carry out the exercise which he should plan. The first part of this exercise consisted of a discourse, conceived in a heavy vein of serio-comedy, on the theme: "That occasional indulgence in sportive exercises is not inconsistent with philosophic studies." The second part consisted of a burlesque address, delivered in the person of the "Father" to his sons. Both these were in Latin. Contrary to the usual custom, Milton, at this point in the exercises, abandoned Latin for the vulgar tongue. He excused himself for the unusual liberty by pronouncing the invocation to his native language, which makes up the first part of the preserved fragment. Realizing, however, that this is a digression, he soon checks himself and turns to the business in hand; i. e., the introduction to the audience of his sons, each of whom was to deliver a speech dramatically appropriate to the character assigned him. The characters impersonated exemplify the quaint dress of pedantry in which college fun was wont in Milton's day to be clothed. Milton himself, as Father, represented Ens, or the Absolute Being, of

Aristotelian philosophy; his sons, ten in number, represented Substance and its nine conditions or accidents, Quantity, Quality, Time, Place, etc. These ten, taken together, make up the Aristotelian categories, or, as they are here called, Predicaments, of being. The second part of the verse-fragments consists of a figurative account of Substance, both in himself and as he is affected by the nine accidents. Although thus elaborately introduced, Substance does not speak, perhaps because it is only when affected by the accidents that substance becomes perceptible. The prose speeches of Quantity, Quality, and the other accidents, have not been preserved. It only remains to be noted that the part of Relation was taken by one of the two sons, George and Nizell, of Sir John Rivers, then freshmen at Christ's. The last ten lines of the fragment constitutes a punning allusion to the name.

The Latin speeches ended, the English thus began:—

HAIL, Native Language, that by sinews weak,
Didst move my first-endeavouring tongue to speak,
And madest imperfect words, with childish trips,
Half unpronounced, slide through my infant lips,
Driving dumb Silence from the portal door,
Where he had mutely sat two years before:
Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,
That now I use thee in my latter task:
Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee. ¹⁰
Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,
Believe me, I have thither packed the worst:
And, if it happen as I did forecast,
The daintiest dishes shall be served up last.
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid,
For this same small neglect that I have made;
But hast thee straight to do me once a pleasure,
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure;
Not those new-fangled toys, and trimming slight
Which takes our late fantasies with delight; ²⁰
But cull those richest robes and gayest attire,

Which deepest spirits and choicest wits desire.
I have some naked thoughts that rove about,
And loudly knock to have their passage out,
And, weary of their place, do only stay
Till thou hast decked them in thy best array;
That so they may, without suspect or fears,
Fly swiftly to this fair Assembly's ears.
Yet I had rather, if I were to choose,
Thy service in some graver subject use, ³⁰
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound:
Such where the deep transported mind may soar
Above the wheeling poles, and at Heaven's door
Look in, and see each blissful Deity
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings
To the touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings
Immortal nectar to her kingly Sire;
Then, passing through the spheres of watchful fire, ⁴⁰
And misty regions of wide air next under,
And hills of snow and lofts of piled thunder,
May tell at length how green-eyed Neptune raves,
In heaven's defiance mustering all his waves;
Then sing of secret things that came to pass
When beldam Nature in her cradle was;
And last of Kings and Queens and Heroes old,
Such as the wise Demodocus once told
In solemn songs at king Alcinoüs' feast,
While sad Ulysses' soul and all the rest ⁵⁰
Are held, with his melodious harmony,
In willing chains and sweet captivity.
But fie, my wandering Muse, how thou dost stray!
Expectance calls thee now another way.
Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent
To keep in compass of thy Predicament.
Then quick about thy purposed business come,
That to the next I may resign my room.

Then ENS is represented as Father of the Pre-dicaments, his ten Sons; whereof the eldest stood for SUBSTANCE with his Canons; which ENS, thus speaking, explains:—

Good luck befriend thee, son; for at thy birth
The faery Ladies danced upon the hearth.
The drowsy Nurse hath sworn she did them
spy
Come tripping to the room where thou
didst lie,
And, sweetly singing round about thy bed,
Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping
head.
She heard them give thee this, that thou
shouldst still
From eyes of mortals walk invisible.
Yet there is something that doth force my
fear;

For once it was my dismal hap to hear
A Sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age, 69
That far events full wisely could presage,
And, in Time's long and dark prospective-
glass,
Foresaw what future days should bring to
pass.
"Your Son," said she, "(nor can you it
prevent)
Shall subject be to many an *Accident*.
O'er all his Brethren he shall reign as
King;
Yet every one shall make him underling,
And those that cannot live from him asun-
der
Ungratefully shall strive to keep him un-
der.
In worth and excellence he shall outgo
them;
Yet, being above them, he shall be below
them.
From others he shall stand in need of no-
thing,
Yet on his Brothers shall depend for cloth-
ing.

To find a foe it shall not be his hap,
And peace shall lull him in her flowery
lap;
Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door
Devouring war shall never cease to roar;
Yea, it shall be his natural property
To harbour those that are at enmity."
What power, what force, what mighty spell,
if not
Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian
knot? 90

The next, QUANTITY and QUALITY, spake in
prose: then RELATION was called by his
name.

Rivers, arise: whether thou be the son
Of utmost Tweed, or Ouse, or gulfy Dun,
Or Trent, who, like some earth-born Giant,
spreads
His thirty arms along the indented meads,
Or sullen Mole, that runneth underneath,
Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death,
Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lea,
Or coaly Tyne, or ancient hallowed Dee,
Or Humber loud, that keeps the Scythian's
name,
Or Medway smooth, or royal-towered
Thame. 100

The rest was prose.

THE PASSION

(1630)

This was begun as a companion-piece to the "Ode on the Nativity," and probably dates from the Easter Season of 1630. The chilly conceitfulness of many of the lines contrasts remarkably with the eager and inspired tone of the Ode. If it were not for the explicit statement of the opening lines, we should be inclined to attribute this poem to an earlier date.

I

EREWHILE of music, and ethereal mirth,
Wherewith the stage of Air and Earth did
ring,
And joyous news of heavenly Infant's birth,
My muse with Angels did divide to sing;
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,
In wintry solstice like the shortened
light
Soon swallowed up in dark and long outliv-
ing night.

II

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
And set my Harp to notes of saddest woe,
Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere
long,
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse
than so,
Which he for us did freely undergo:
Most perfect Hero, tried in heaviest
plight
Of labours huge and hard, too hard for hu-
man wight!

III

He, sovran Priest, stooping his regal head,
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair
eyes,
Poor fleshly Tabernacle enterèd,
His starry front low-roofed beneath the
skies:
Oh, what a mask was there, what a dis-
guise !
Yet more: the stroke of death he must
abide;
Then lies him meekly down fast by his
Brethren's side.

IV

These latest scenes confine my roving
verse ;
To this horizon is my Phœbus bound.
His godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
And former sufferings, otherwhere are
found ;
Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth
sound :
Me softer airs befit, and softer strings
Of lute, or viol still, more apt for mourn-
ful things.

V

Befriend me, Night, best Patroness of
grief !
Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw,
And work my flattered fancy to believ³¹
That Heaven and Earth are coloured with
my woe ;
My sorrows are too dark for day to know :
The leaves should all be black whereon
I write,
And letters, where my tears have washed,
a wannish white.

VI

See, see the chariot, and those rushing
wheels,
That whirled the prophet up at Chebar
flood ;
My spirit some transporting Cherub feels
To bear me where the Towers of Salem
stood,
Once glorious towers, now sunk in guiltless
blood.
There doth my soul in holy vision sit,
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic
fit.

VII

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral
rock
That was the casket of Heaven's richest
store,
And here, though grief my feeble hands
up-lock,
Yet on the softened quarry would I score
My plaining verse as lively as before ;
For sure so well instructed are my tears
That they would fitly fall in ordered char-
acters.

VIII

Or, should I thence, hurried on viewless
wing,
Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and
spring
Would soon unbosom all their Echoes
mild ;
And I (for grief is easily beguiled)
Might think the infection of my sorrows
loud
Had got a race of mourners on some preg-
nant cloud.

*This Subject the Author finding to be above the
years he had when he wrote it, and nothing sat-
isfied with what was begun, left it unfinished.*

ON SHAKESPEARE

(1630)

These lines first appeared, along with other
commendatory verses by various authors, pre-
fixed to the second folio edition of Shake-
speare, published in 1632. They are, however,
dated two years earlier in the 1645 edition of
Milton's poems. The original title is, "An
Epitaph on the Admirable Dramatick Poet,
W. Shakespeare."

WHAT needs my Shakespeare, for his hon-
oured bones,
The labour of an age in piled stones ?
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid ?
Dear son of Memory, great heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of
thy name ?
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.

For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took;
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble, with too much conceiving;
And, so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER

Who sickened in the time of his Vacancy, being forbid to go to London by reason of the Plague

(1631)

Thomas Hobson, the University carrier or "expressman," was a well-known figure in Cambridge during Milton's undergraduateship. For more than half a century he had driven a coach between the university and the Bull Inn, in Bishopsgate Street, London, carrying letters, parcels, and passengers. In the spring of 1630 the plague, which was then raging in various parts of England, broke out in the colleges so violently that all academic exercises had to be suspended. As a precaution against the spread of the disease, the coach communication with London was stopped, and old Hobson, at the age of 86, found his occupation gone. When the colleges opened in November the plague had abated, but Hobson was unable to resume his journeys; he died on the 1st of January, 1631, killed, Milton humorously supposes, by the tedium of his enforced idleness. In connection with his coaching, Hobson kept a stable of horses, which he let out to the students and officers of the University. These he assigned by rotation, never allowing the personal preference of a customer to determine his mount; hence arose the phrase "Hobson's choice."

HERE lies old Hobson. Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas! hath laid him in the dirt;
Or else, the ways being foul, twenty to one
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
T'was such a shifter that, if truth were known,

Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had any time this ten years full Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and *The Bull*.
And surely Death could never have prevailed,
Had not his weekly course of carriage failed;
But lately, finding him so long at home,¹⁰
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest Inn,
In the kind office of a Chamberlin
Showed him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pulled off his boots, and took away the light.
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
"Hobson has supped, and 's newly gone to bed."

ANOTHER ON THE SAME

HERE lieth one who did most truly prove
That he could never die while he could move;
So hung his destiny, never to rot
While he might still jog on and keep his trot;
Made of sphere-metal, never to decay
Until his revolution was at stay.
Time numbers Motion, yet (without a crime
'Gainst old truth) Motion numbered out his time;
And, like an engine moved with wheel and weight,
His principles being ceased, he ended straight.
Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath;
Nor were it contradiction to affirm
Too long vacation hastened on his term.
Merely to drive the time away he sickened,
Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quickened.
"Nay," quoth he, on his swooning bed outstretched,
"If I may n't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetched,

But vow, though the cross Doctors all stood
hearers,
For one carrier put down to make six bear-
ers." 20
Ease was his chief disease; and, to judge
right,
He died for heaviness that his cart went
light.
His leisure told him that his time was
come,
And lack of load made his life burdensome,
That even to his last breath (there be that
say 't),
As he were pressed to death, he cried,
"More weight!"
But, had his doings lasted as they were,
He had been an immortal Carrier.
Obedient to the moon he spent his date
In course reciprocal, and had his fate 30
Linked to the mutual flowing of the seas;
Yet (strange to think) his wain was his in-
crease.
His letters are delivered all and gone;
Only remains this superscription.

AN EPITAPH ON THE MAR- CHIONESS OF WINCHESTER

The subject of this epitaph was Jane, wife of John Paulet, fifth Marquis of Winchester, and daughter of Thomas, Viscount Savage. She was noted for her beauty and intelligence; and her death in childbirth, at the age of twenty-three, evoked besides the present poem an elaborate tribute from the poet-laureate, Ben Jonson. What led Milton to write upon her death is unknown, as no record of any connection between him and the Marchioness has reached us. It is possible that the George and Nizell Rivers, addressed in the *Vacation Exercise*, were her relatives, since her mother was a daughter of the Earl of Rivers. If so, Milton's acquaintance with them would perhaps have afforded an adequate incentive.

THIS rich marble doth inter
The honoured wife of Winchester,
A viscount's daughter, an earl's heir,
Besides what her virtues fair
Added to her noble birth,
More than she could own from earth.
Summers three times eight save one
She had told; alas! too soon,
After so short time of breath,
To house with darkness and with death! 10

Yet, had the number of her days
Been as complete as was her praise,
Nature and Fate had had no strife
In giving limit to her life.
Her high birth and her graces sweet
Quickly found a lover meet;
The virgin quire for her request
The god that sits at marriage-feast;
He at their invoking came,
But with a scarce well-lighted flame; 20
And in his garland, as he stood,
Ye might discern a cypress-bud.
Once had the early Matrons run
To greet her of a lovely son,
And now with second hope she goes,
And calls Lucina to her throes;
But, whether by mischance or blame,
Atropos for Lucina came,
And with remorseless cruelty
Spoiled at once both fruit and tree.
The hapless babe before his birth
Had burial, yet not laid in earth;
And the languished mother's womb
Was not long a living tomb.
So have I seen some tender slip,
Saved with care from Winter's nip,
The pride of her carnation train,
Plucked up by some unheedy swain,
Who only thought to crop the flower
New shot up from vernal shower;
But the fair blossom hangs the head
Sideways, as on a dying bed,
And those pearls of dew she wears
Prove to be pressaging tears
Which the sad morn had let fall
On her hastening funeral.
Gentle Lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have!
After this thy travail sore,
Sweet rest seize thee evermore,
That, to give the world encrease,
Shortened hast thy own life's lease!
Here, besides the sorrowing
That thy noble House doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan
Weep for thee in Helicon;
And some flowers and some bays
For thy hearse, to strew the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of Came,
Devoted to thy virtuous name; 40
Whilst thou, bright Saint, high sitt'st in
glory.
Next her, much like to thee in story,
That fair Syrian Shepherdess,
Who, after years of barrenness,

The highly-favoured Joseph bore
To him that served for her before,
And at her next birth, much like thee,
Through pangs fled to felicity,
Far within the bosom bright
Of blazing Majesty and Light: 70
There with thee, new-welcome Saint,
Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,
With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO
THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE

(1631)

This sonnet was written at Cambridge, shortly before Milton took his Master's degree. After he had left Cambridge for Horton, he sent the sonnet to a friend, whose name is now unknown, enclosed in a letter replying to certain exhortations which that friend had made to him concerning his apparent idleness and aimlessness. After setting forth the reasons which deterred him from entering the church, Milton says: "That you may see that I am something suspicious of myself, and do take

notice of a certain belatedness in me, I am the bolder to send you some of my nightward thoughts some little while ago, because they come in not altogether unfitly, made up in a Petrarchian stanza."

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth year!
My hastening days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arrived so near,
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will
of Heaven.
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

POEMS WRITTEN AT HORTON

1632-1638

AND IN ITALY

1638-1639

L'ALLEGRO AND IL PENSERO

The initial idea of the twin poems, *L'Allegro* and *Il Pensero*, may be traced with considerable probability to a poem prefixed to Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, a book which is in the list of Milton's reading at Horton. The verses are entitled "The Author's Abstract of Melancholy; or, A Dialogue Between Pleasure and Pain." The following extracts will give a fair idea of them:—

"When I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things foreknown,
When I build castles in the air,
Void of sorrow, void of fear,
Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet,
When to myself I act and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brookside or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought for, and unseen,
Methinks I hear, methinks I see,
Sweet music, wondrous melody,
Towns, palaces, and cities fine;
Here now, then there, the world is mine:
Rare beauties, gallant ladies, shine,
Whate'er is lovely or divine.
All other joys to this are folly;
Nought so sweet as Melancholy."

An idea so congenial as this to Milton's contemplative nature, and so imperfectly expressed, would naturally tease his artistic fancy, especially when the seclusion of country life gave him ample opportunity to taste the pleasures which Burton celebrates. It is not improbable that he found a further stimulus in a pretty song in Beaumont and Fletcher's play entitled *Nice Valour*. The play was not published, it is true, until 1647, fifteen years after the probable date of *L'Allegro* and *Il Pensero*; but as Francis Beaumont died in 1616,

and the play in question was a joint production of his and Fletcher's, the song was in all probability popular before Milton wrote. It begins just in the strain of *Il Pensero*, and contains details of which certain well-known passages in the latter poem seem expansions:—

"Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!

Welcome, folded arms and fix'd eyes,

Fountain heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves;
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls.
A midnight bell, a parting groan,
These are the sounds we feed upon.

Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley;
Nothing's so dainty-sweet as lovely Melancholy."

The scheme of contrasts in *L'Allegro* and *Il Pensero* may also have been suggested by Burton's verses; for he gives, as a running antithesis to the pleasures of the mild contemplative type of melancholy, alternate verses dealing with the darker aspects of that mood of mind, ending with the emphatic refrain,—

"All my griefs to this are jolly,
None so damned as Melancholy."

Milton has lifted this contrast to the other side of the scale, placing over against the sweetness of contemplation the sweetness of frank and open mirth and delight in the outward aspects of things.

In the case of vital literature, however, such external indications of origin go at best a very little way toward explaining

its genesis. The poems noted above undoubtedly furnished an inceptive hint, and Marlowe's famous lyric, "The Passionate Shepherd to his Love," supplied a line or two. Of more interest to consider are the subjective conditions antecedent to or accompanying the production of the poem. It was written in a transition period of the author's life, when the exuberance of youth was giving way to the soberness of manhood, and when, too, the Elizabethan influences in the immediate world about him were rapidly falling back before the advancing shadow of Puritanism. We are apt to think of Milton only in his grimmer shape, after his character had hardened under the pressure of his gigantic will. One has but to read, however, among the early Latin poems, the first and the seventh elegies and the verses "On the Approach of Spring" (*In Adventum Veris*), to understand that his veins in youth were full of as heady a wine as the most radical humanist could wish for him. The "Sonnet to the Nightingale," ushering in his Horton period, is a pure troubadour song, eloquent of the longing for joy which is the intolerable obsession of youth. All these centrifugal tendencies, urging him out to seek the "joy in widest commonalty spread," were opposed by constantly growing instincts toward abstraction from the world of sense, a retiring upon self to find the elements of a more visionary and abiding happiness.

L'Allegro and *Il Penseroso* are a kind of summing up of these two possible attitudes toward life. Milton was not prepared to champion either attitude in a partisan spirit. He felt the appeal of both in his own nature; they were the two sides of a balanced life. Yet he must have recognized the practical impossibility of combining them in their perfect fullness, and have felt a certain personal satisfaction in setting forth clearly, though in a poetic guise, the rational claims of each upon his sympathy. The problem, if such it can be called, was

of course still rather remote and unreal: he did not foresee the solution which circumstance was soon to thrust upon him, in the shape of a life lived for ideal ends through days of dusty publicity.

A good deal of discussion on the part of commentators has followed Professor Masson's remark that the two poems each narrate the events of "an ideal day, a day of twelve hours." A brief analysis will make the points of the discussion clear.

L'Allegro begins, after the preliminary verses in banishment of Melancholy and the invocation of Mirth and her companions, with the lark's song at dawn. Then follow, in swift succession, typical glimpses of morning life in the country, the crowing of the cock, the baying of hounds, and the winding of the hunter's horn, the milkmaid singing across the sunrise fields, the shepherd counting his sheep as they come from the fold. Through these sights and sounds the poet passes, himself "not unseen," i. e., greeted and greeting, toward the hillock whence he can view "the great sun begin his state." The landscape description which follows, of mountains, meadows, brooks, and battlemented towers, is without indication of the time of day; but the picture of Corydon and Thersis at their dinner of herbs apprises us that the chronological order is still adhered to. The merry-making on the green of some "upland hamlet," whither the poet now strays, may very well fall in the late afternoon, and the nut brown ale and the goblin tales by the fire bring the "ideal day" to a close. Up to this point, only one circumstance disturbs the even development of the theme, namely, the mention of the "hoar hill" on which the hunters are heard, — an autumnal detail irreconcilable with the midsummer picture.

Here, however, the development changes abruptly; and with the words, —

"Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,"

the mind is led away to the more splendid

spectacles of court and theatre, the pageantry of princely marriages, with their accompaniment of masques and processions, or to such survivals of the mediæval tournaments and courts of love as England could show under the Stuarts. It would seem to be a forcing of the "ideal day" theory of the poem to take this, not literally — as an abrupt transfer of the scene to the city, where L'Allegro, or "the cheerful man," is an eye-witness of these high festivities, — but fancifully, as something which he reads about after he has left the company of rustic story-tellers creeping to bed, and has himself retired to end his evening with his books. Either interpretation is possible, however, and the reader free to choose for himself. It may perhaps strengthen the latter interpretation to notice that this indication, if such it is, of the kind of reading in which L'Allegro delights, is supplemented by a description of the kind of music which especially appeals to him, songs full of lively trills and cadenzas, as opposed to the sylvan dream-music, the organ peal, and the solemn anthems, which Il Pensero loves.

The second poem answers the first, part to part. There is the preliminary banishing of Joy, in the same measure of alternate pentameters and trimeters, followed by an invocation of Melancholy with her appropriate train of attendants. The "ideal day" opens here at evening. Il Pensero, "the meditative man," listens to the nightingale in the woods, hears the curfew roll across the water to the headland where he stands, or walks across the mowed hay-fields watching the midnight moon. [Here, however, the temporal sequence breaks down altogether; for he is one moment in the city listening to the call of the night-watch, and the next in the lonely tower of a castle or monted grange, deep in Plato and Hermes Trismegistus. It is an incidental refutation of the more fanciful interpretation of the lines in *L'Allegro* beginning, "Towered cities please us then," that

here, in the midnight studies of Il Pensero, Milton gives prominence to romantic tales of chivalry which would be identical in mood with the sights which L'Allegro describes, provided both were seen only with the eye of fancy.

When the dawn comes it is ushered in, not with bird songs and cock crow, but with gusty winds and the sound of dripping eaves. The poet walks abroad, but not to note the bustle of the waking world, much less to mingle in it. Instead, he buries himself in a twilight grove, where the murmur of bees and waters invite to slumber. For him the airy stream of portraiture which dream displays is livelier than the vision of external fact. When he wakes, it is to seek the places where life comes nearest to dream, the cloister and the cathedral. The lines beginning, —

"But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,"

coming as they do in symmetrical contrast with the disputed passage of the *Allegro*, —

"Towered cities please us then," etc.,

prove by implication that the latter passage is to be taken literally. If anything more were needed to invalidate the strict application of the "ideal day" theory of the structure of the two poems, it would be supplied by the concluding passage of the *Pensero*, where the poet looks forward to old age in a forest hermitage.

The result of the analysis seems to be that Milton did strive to give the poems continuity of development by following in some measure the typical happenings of twenty-four hours in two contrasted lives, or rather in two contrasted moods of a single life; but that he left himself perfectly free to dispense with this framework wherever by so doing he could widen the meaning or intensify the beauty of his theme.

Milton was not a minute observer of nature. He does not picture her outward

aspects with that kind of fidelity which continually makes a new and surprising revelation of common things. He has not the delicate half-savage woodcraft by virtue of which some poets surprise her at her shy rites. His nature-pictures, if not conventional, are conventionalized. He paints, for the most part, in the broad typical way of the Dutch landscape school,—a style which is fatally dull in second-rate hands, but which, in the hands of a consummate artist, leads to a classical permanency and largeness of effect. It is because Milton's hand is consummate that we can read and re-read the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, sure of a calm, renewed delight, when more thrilling poetry may have exhausted its power to charm after the first appeal.

The language of these two little masterpieces has been the despair of poets. It is not that it is so beautiful, for others have equaled or excelled it in the mere conjuring power of suggestion; but that it is, as a French critic has finely said, so *just* in its beauty. The means are exquisitely proportioned to the end. The speech incarnates the thought as easily, as satisfactorily, as the muscles of a Phidian youth incarnate the motor-impulse of his brain. Always fruition is just gently touched. To the connoisseur in language there is a sensation of almost physical soothing in its perfect poise and play.

The metre of these poems, notwithstanding its simplicity, will repay careful study. Disregarding the inductions, we perceive the metrical norm to be the line of eight syllables, the stresses falling on the even syllables,—

L'ALLEGRO

(1633)

HENCE, loathèd Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and
sights unholy,

"But come', thou God'dess fair' and free'."

This metre (iambic tetrameter) was a favorite one with Milton's predecessors and contemporaries, but had shown itself to have two great weaknesses. It was prone to degenerate into monotony and into triviality.

Milton avoids the first danger by a liberal use of seven-syllable lines, with the initial stress falling on the first syllable:—

Come', and trip' it as' you go',

a variation which gives a buoyant *lifting* effect to the verse, and sends it on with elastic freshness whenever it is in danger of becoming spiritless. It will be noticed, however, that this tripping measure is never introduced arbitrarily, for mere variety's sake, but always in answer to some brightening of mood in the thought itself, such as the quoted line illustrates. With this in mind, it will be instructive to compare the invocation of Mirth and her gay train with that of Melancholy and her sober attendants.

To show by what means Milton avoided the second danger to which the metre is exposed, that of degenerating into triviality, would be to put our finger on one of the mysteries of the creative mind. A great composer has recently employed the negro melodies and jigs of the southern states as the leading themes in an imposing symphony. In somewhat the same way Milton here raises a half-doggerel metre into dignity. The real artist never shows himself so well as when he works in a homely medium, communicating to it his own distinction.

Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his
jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There under ebon shades, and low-browed
rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell. 10
But come, thou Goddess fair and free,

In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister Graces more
To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic Wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying, 20
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathèd Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek, 30
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as ye go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee, 40
In unreproved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled Dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock with lively din 50
Scatters the rear of Darkness thin;
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering Morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate, 60
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,

And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures, 70
Whilst the lantskip round it measures:
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied;
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some Beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes. 80
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of hearbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead. 90
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocond rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the chequered shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holyday,
Till the livelong daylight fail: 100
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many afeat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat:
She was pinched and pulled, she said;
And he, by Friar's lanthorn led,
Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn 110
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down, the lubbar fend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,

In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold, 120
 With store of Ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace whom all command.
 There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask and antique pageantry;
 Such sights as youthful Poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream. 130
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.
 And ever, against eating cares,
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
 In notes with many a winding bout 140
 Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto to have quite set free
 His half-regained Eurydice. 150
 These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSERO SO

(1633)

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,
 The brood of Folly without father bred !
 How little you bested,
 Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toys !
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the sun-
 beams,
 Or likest hovering dreams,
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
 But, hail ! thou Goddess sage and holy ! 110
 Hail, divinest Melancholy !
 Whose saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight,

And therefore to our weaker view
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
 Black, but such as in esteem
 Prince Memnon's sister might be seem,
 Or that starred Ethiop Queen that strove
 To set her beauty's praise above 120
 The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offend.
 Yet thou art higher far descended:
 Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore
 To solitary Saturn bore;
 His daughter she; in Saturn's reign
 Such mixture was not held a stain.
 Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
 Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove. 130
 Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of cypress lawn
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Come; but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step, and musing gait,
 And looks commerçant with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes: 140
 There, held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
 And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
 And add to these retirèd Leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure; 150
 But, first and chiefest, with thee bring
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The Cherub Contemplation;
 And the mute Silence hist along,
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,
 In her sweetest saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
 Gently o'er the accustomed oak.
 Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly
 Most musical, most melancholy ! 160
 Thee, Chauntress, oft the woods among
 I woo, to hear thy even-song;
 And, missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wandering Moon,
 Riding near her highest noon.

Like one that had been led astray
 Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
 And oft, as if her head she bowed, 71
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off curfew sound,
 Over some wide-watered shore,
 Swinging slow with sullen roar;
 Or, if the air will not permit,
 Some still removéd place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom, 80
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the Bellman's drowsy charm
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.
 Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,
 Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
 With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 What worlds or what vast regions hold 90
 The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
 And of those Dæmons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or underground,
 Whose power hath a true consent
 With planet or with element.
 Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
 In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line, 100
 Or the tale of Troy divine,
 Or what (though rare) of later age
 Ennobled hath the buskined stage.
 But, O sad Virgin ! that thy power
 Might raise Musæus from his bower;
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
 Such notes as, w^rbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made Hell grant what Love did seek; 110
 Or call up him that left half-told
 The story of Cambuscan bold,
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
 And who had Canace to wife,
 That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
 And of the wondrous horse of brass
 On which the Tartar King did ride;
 And if aught else great Bards beside
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung, 119
 Of turneys, and of trophies hung,
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear.
 Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited Morn appear,

Not tricked and frounced, as she was wont
 With the Attic boy to hunt,
 But kerchief in a comely cloud,
 While rocking winds are piping loud,
 Or ushered with a shower still,
 When the gust hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rustling leaves,
 With minute-drops from off the eaves. 128
 And, when the sun begins to fling
 His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
 To arched walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
 Of pine, or monumental oak,
 Where the rude axe with heavèd stroke
 Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
 There, in close covert, by some brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look, 140
 Hide me from Day's garish eye,
 While the bee with honeyed thigh,
 That at her flowry work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring,
 With such consort as they keep,
 Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep.
 And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at his wings, in airy stream
 Of lively portraiture displayed,
 Softly on my eyelids laid. 150
 And as I wake, sweet music breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
 Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
 But let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious cloister's pale,
 And love the high embowèd roof,
 With antick pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light. 160
 There let the pealing organ blow,
 To the full voiced Quire below,
 In service high and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,
 And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell
 Of every star that Heaven doth shew, 170
 And every hearb that sips the dew;
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain.
 These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
 And I with thee will choose to live.

SONNET TO THE NIGHTINGALE

(1632-33)

This piece and the following one have sometimes been assigned to an earlier date. The identity of their tone with that of the Horton poems seems, in the absence of any definite evidence to the contrary, to warrant placing them here.

O NIGHTINGALE that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are
still,
Thou with fresh hopes the Lover's heart
dost fill,
While the jolly Hours lead on propitious
May.

Thy liquid notes that close the eye of Day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's
bill,
Portend success in love. O if Jove's will
Have linked that amorous power to thy
soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom, in some grove
nigh;
As thou from year to year hast sung too
late
For my relief, yet had'st no reason why.
Whether the Muse or Love call thee his
mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

SONG ON MAY MORNING

(1632-33)

Now the bright morning-star, Day's har-
binger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads
with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap
throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale prim-
rose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dress-
ing;
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

ON TIME

(1633-34)

FLY, envious Time, till thou run out thy
race:
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping Hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's
pace;
And glut thyself with what thy womb de-
vours,
Which is no more than what is false and
vain,
And merely mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain!
For, whenas each thing bad thou hast en-
tombed,
And, last of all, thy greedy Self consumed,
Then long eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss,
And joy shall overtake us as a flood;
When everything that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love, shall
ever shine
About the supreme Throne
Of Him, to whose happy-making sight
alone
When once our heavenly-guided soul shall
climb,
Then, all this earthly grossness quit,
Attired with stars we shall forever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and
thee, O Time!

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC

(1633-34)

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's
joy,
Sphere-born harmonious Sisters, Voice and
Verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mixed power
employ,
Dead things with imbreathed sense able to
pierce;
And to our high-raised phantasy present
That undisturbed Song of pure concert,
Aye sung before the sapphire - coloured
Throne
To Him that sits thereon,

With saintly shout and solemn jubilie;
 Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
 Their loud uplifted angel trumpets blow,
 And the Cherubic host in thousand quires
 Touch their immortal harps of golden
 wires,
 With those just Spirits that wear victorious
 palms,
 Hymns devout and holy psalms
 Singing everlastingly:
 That we on Earth, with undiscording voice,
 May rightly answer that melodious noise;
 As once we did, till disproportioned Sin
 Jarred against Nature's chime, and with
 harsh din
 Broke the fair music that all creatures
 made
 To their great Lord, whose love their mo-
 tions swayed
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
 In first obedience, and their state of good.
 O, may we soon again renew that song,
 And keep in tune with Heaven, till God
 ere long
 To his celestial consort us unite,
 To live with Him, and sing in endless morn
 of light !

UPON THE CIRCUMCISION

(1634)

Ye flaming Powers, and wingèd Warriors
 bright,
 That erst with music, and triumphant song,

First heard by happy watchful Shepherds'
 ear,
 So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along,
 Through the soft silence of the listening
 night,—
 Now mourn; and if sad share with us to
 bear
 Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
 Burn in your sighs, and borrow
 Seas wept from our deep sorrow.
 He who with all Heaven's heraldry whilere
 Entered the world, now bleeds to give us
 ease.
 Alas ! how soon our sin
 Sore doth begin
 His infancy to seize !
 O more exceeding Love, or Law more
 just ?
 Just Law indeed, but more exceeding
 Love !
 For we, by rightful doom remediless,
 Were lost in death, till He, that dwelt
 above
 High-throned in secret bliss, for us frail
 dust
 Emptied his glory, even to nakedness;
 And that great Covenant which we still
 transgress
 Intirely satisfied,
 And the full wrath beside
 Of vengeful Justice bore for our excess,
 And seals obedience first with wounding
 smart
 This day; but oh ! ere long,
 Huge pangs and strong
 Will pierce more near his heart.

ARCADES AND COMUS

I

In order to understand the task which Milton set himself in the *Arcades* and in *Comus*, it will be necessary to glance for a moment at the history of the dramatic form which it represents. The English masque, though it received modifications from native sources, was in the main an Italian product. The southern love of spectacle, united with the Renaissance enthusiasm for classical learning, developed in Italy during the sixteenth century a peculiar species of entertainment, the nearest analogue to which in our own time and country is perhaps the annual *Mardi-gras* procession at New Orleans. Sometimes the Italian pageants took this precise form of a procession of gorgeously decorated cars moving through the city streets, bearing groups of symbolic figures. Sometimes, on the temporary stage of a ducal ball-room, they took the form of a more coherent series of tableaux, a kind of masque-pageant enlivened by music and dumb-show. Sometimes a connected story was acted out, with elaborate stage devices, and chorric and lyric interludes. All these entertainments shared alike the qualities of spectacular gorgeousness and pseudo-classic symbolism. The mythology of Greece and Rome was ransacked for stories which could be suggested by picturesque groups of figures without much action ; and upon the devising and mounting of these groups were lavished all the devices of the poet, the sculptor, the engineer, and the costumer. Architects like Palladio did not disdain to design the stage-settings ; masters of color like Tintoretto and Veronese painted the scenery ; mechanicians like Brunelleschi arranged the machinery ; distinguished musicians

and choreographs took charge of the dances and songs which enriched the meagre action. All this of course made the masque-pageant an expensive form of diversion, open only to rich municipalities, to great guilds or societies, and to courts.

It was as an adjunct to courtly merrymakings that the masque proper chiefly flourished. Just as the masque-pageant added to the decorative and mimetic elements of the simple pageant the beguilement of music, instrumental and vocal, so the masque proper added to the masque-pageant an element of spoken poetry or recitative, and also gave to the lyric ingredient a greater importance. The services of poets thus came into requisition, and it was at court that the Italian poets were apt to be found. Another reason for the popularity of the masque at court lay in the opportunity which it gave for lords and ladies, who had been blessed with little histrionic genius but with abundant physical beauty, to display themselves in decorative rôles as gods and goddesses, or as abstract virtues and passions.

When the masque passed over into England in the sixteenth century, it found there some indigenous forms of entertainment with which it had affinities, such as the pageants of the London Trade Guilds, the Morality plays, and the "mummings" which still survive, if the testimony of Mr. Hardy's *Return of the Native* is to be taken, in parts of rural England. How far the foreign importation was affected by these native products is uncertain, but there is early noticeable some substantial differences between the English masque and its Italian prototype, due to the peculiar literary conditions of England at the time. Elizabethan drama was just beginning its

wonderful career, and a crowd of playwrights stood ready to seize upon any outlet for their talents. It was not long, therefore, before the somewhat crude spectacular displays which marked, for example, the famous visit of Queen Elizabeth to Kenilworth, developed in the hands of such dramatic poets as Dekker, Marston, Heywood, and Chapman into more chastened and coherent forms, with a substantial warp of poetry to hold the structure together. Ben Jonson, who as laureate to King James was expected to furnish one or two masques a year for the court, lifted the form out of the realm of the ephemeral, and made it a vehicle for literature. Somewhere in his burly make-up Ben Jonson hid a deposit of delicate fancy and exquisite song, and he fashioned the airy substance of his masques with love, lavishing upon them vast learning and invention. He was fortunate in having as his coadjutors two men of exceptional gifts, Ferrabosco, the King's musician, and Inigo Jones, the King's architect; but Jonson refused stoutly to subordinate his text to the music of the one or to the stage devices of the other. Jonson's example led other poets to give the masque a much more conscientious treatment than it had hitherto received. His work had only to be supplemented by the exquisite lyrical sense of John Fletcher, in his *Faithful Shepherdess*, and by the magic fancy of Shakespeare, in such masque-like creations as *Midsummer Night's Dream* and the *Tempest*, to prepare the instrument wholly for Milton's hand.

II

The *Arcades* is only a fragment, and if it had not been followed by *Comus*, would be of little interest except for the two or three lovely lyric touches which it contains. But as regards the circumstances of their production, the two poems are intimately connected, and any consideration of the one

necessarily includes the other. What those circumstances were has already been briefly stated in the introductory biography. It is there assumed, in accordance with the general belief, that we owe the *Arcades* to Henry Lawes, the young musician whose name is otherwise imperishably bound up with the lyric poetry of the seventeenth century, since it was he who set to music the songs of Carew, Lovelace, Herrick, and other poets of his day. Biographers have attempted to prove, with partial success, that Milton was personally known to the Bridgewater family, and received the invitation to contribute to the Harefield masque directly from them. The matter is of small importance; certainly, from whatever source it came, the invitation cannot but have been welcome to the young poet, for several reasons. In the first place, the Countess Dowager of Derby, in whose honor the masque was performed, had been, in her youth, the friend of Milton's darling poet, Spenser, who indeed claimed kinship with her family, the Spencers of Althorpe. To her elder sisters Spenser had dedicated his *Muiopotmos* and his *Mother Hubberd's Tale*, and to herself his *Tears of the Muses*. Such a connection would have been enough to throw about the venerable lady to Milton's eyes a halo of romantic interest, even had not her subsequent relations with literary men made it possible for Warton to say that "the peerage-book of this lady is the literature of her age." At the fine old estate of Harefield, she and her second husband, Sir Thomas Egerton, had been visited by Queen Elizabeth, and the stately avenue of elms in which the *Arcades* was afterwards presented derived its name of the "Queen's Walk" from a masque of welcome which was presented there on that occasion. A widow since 1617, the Countess Dowager lived in stately retirement at Harefield, engaged in works of charity. Three groups of grandchildren surrounded

her. One of these groups contained the young Lady Alice Egerton, and her boy-brothers, Thomas Egerton and Viscount Brackley, who were to act the next year in *Comus* at their father's installation as Lord President of Wales. When the children and grandchildren of the aged countess proposed to honor her with a masque which should remind her of the glories surrounding her earlier womanhood, the project doubtless enlisted Milton's eager participation.

Some less accidental considerations also contributed to make the task a welcome one. That Milton's imagination was early excited by the stage, and that in his college days he had attended the London theatres assiduously, is proven by an interesting passage in the First Elegy (see translation, p. 324). The Puritan hatred of the stage had not yet touched him. That he had seen masques performed before he was called upon to write one is suggested by a stanza of the *Ode on the Nativity*, noted by Symonds, describing the descent of "meek-eyed Peace" upon the Earth:—

"She, crowned with olive green, came softly
sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds divid-
ing;
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and
land,"

— a description in which it is certainly difficult not to recognize a nymph of King James's court, let down from the canvas clouds of the banqueting room at Whitehall by means of one of Inigo Jones's famous contrivances. Milton, besides, must surely have recognized the peculiar fitness of the masque form for the conveyance of moral and philosophic truth. The purely ideal realm in which the masque moves, and the wide latitude which it offers for the introduction of songs and speeches having only an ideal connection with the action in hand, made it a perfect instrument for the gracious conveyance of a serious abstract lesson.

In the fragment of the *Arcades* which it fell to Milton's lot to compose, he was not free to put it to these high uses. He could only show, in a few exquisite touches, such as "branching elms star-proof," and

"By sandy Ladon's lilyed banks,
On old Lyceus and Cyllene hoar,
Trip no more in twilight ranks,"

that a poet was at hand with more than Ben Jonson's delicacy and more than Fletcher's sweetness. But when in the spring of the next year (if we accept the probable date of 1633 for the *Arcades*) he was called upon once more by Lawes for the text of a masque, this time to celebrate the Earl of Bridgewater's assumption of the Lord Presidency of Wales, at Ludlow Castle in Shropshire, he was left unhampered to work out his conception, and to charge the delicate fabric of his dream with the weight of a personal philosophy.

III

In *Comus* Milton pushed much further than Ben Jonson had done, the supremacy of the poet over the musician and the stage carpenter. Lawes, for purposes of scenic effectiveness, deftly transferred a portion of the lyric epilogue sung by the Attendant Spirit at the close, the line beginning "To the ocean now I fly," to serve as an entrance song for himself, changing "to the ocean" to "from the Heavens." In the masque as printed, however, there is no lyric element until the Sister's invocation to Echo. The bulk of the masque is dignified blank verse, unhurried by the necessity for spectacular effect, and with its serious mood unrelieved by lyrical episodes. It is as if the poet had been bent upon showing that he could dispense not only with the trumpery devices of stage mechanism, but also with music, whether his own, in the form of lyrical strophes, or his friend's, in the form of accompanying airs. Not until near the end, when the lesson has been enforced and the action is practically complete, does Milton put

aside the sober blank verse line, and lead the little play to a close in rich and delicate pulsation of melody. This is so wide a departure from the traditions of masque-writing, that some critics have denied *Comus* the title, and declared that it is no more a masque than is Llyl's *Endymion* or Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Besides this metrical sobriety, the adoption of a simple human story for the central motive instead of a more artificial and fantastic theme, marks off *Comus* from the ordinary masque, and brings it nearer to the romantic drama of the Shakespeare or Fletcher type. A tradition of long standing asserts that this central episode of the sister and brothers losing their way in the woods was based upon an actual occurrence; that the Lady Alice Egerton, with her brothers, Mr. Thomas Egerton and the Viscount Brackley, did actually go astray in this way in Haywood forest, near Ludlow, while returning by night from a visit to some relatives in Herefordshire; that the sister was in some way separated from her brothers; and that the party was rescued by a servant from the castle. It is more probable that this story is merely an outgrowth of the masque than that the masque was based upon it, since a similar motive occurs in the *Old Wives' Tale* of the early Elizabethan dramatist Peele, in a connection which makes it almost certain that Milton had that odd play in his mind when composing *Comus*.

But upon this simple human episode there is imposed a mythological element which is entirely in the masque spirit, though it is made to subserve ends of moral teaching essentially alien to the ordinary masque-writer's aim. Here in Haywood Forest dwells Comus, a strayed reveller from the Pantheon of Greece. He is the son of Bacchus and Circe. From his father, the blithe god of revel, he has beguiling beauty and gamesomeness; from his mother, the enchantress, he has a strain of dark and eerie cruelty, a sardonic de-

light in subjecting human souls to uncouth sin and fitting human bodies with features of grotesque bestiality. Like his mother, he dwells in the midst of his victims, persons whom he has changed by his spells into creatures half man and half beast, and whom he leads nightly through the forests in abhorrent carousal. When he feels, by some subtle spiritual antipathy, the presence of the Sister drawing near in the night woods, he hushes his crew, and approaches her alone, in the guise of a simple peasant, whom "thrift keeps up about his country gear." Under pretence of conducting her to a neighboring hut for shelter, he beguiles her across the threshold of his palace, builded faerily in the wilderness. Here he seats her on a throne in a room of state "set out with all manner of deliciousness," and casting aside his disguise, trusts to his beauty and eloquence to subdue her innocence to sin and bring her under the power of his deforming magic.

Then ensues the dialogue in which the moral meaning of the masque is fully developed. His Circean enchantments give the god power only over the body of his victim, not over her soul: he has but to wave his wand, and her senses are "all chained up in alabaster;" but before he can make her a part of his brute fellowship, he must corrupt her heart and subdue her will to sin. The whole device of *Comus* and his band must be regarded, if we would penetrate to the moral symbolism which lies behind the artistic propriety of their introduction, as an allegory of that Platonic doctrine of idealism which the Elder Brother thus expresses:—

"So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream and solemn vision
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear;
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,

And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal. But when lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul
talk,

But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being."

The uncouth crew that follows the enchanter in his nocturnal revels typify those human souls, which, after rendering up their inner purity, have gradually become embodied and imbruted, and lost their divine property. But such loss and such transmogrification cannot be imposed from without; they are rather the inevitable result of inner yielding. So long as the heart is sound and the will firm there is nothing to fear from malice, sorcery, or evil chance, for,—

" Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled ;
Yea, even that which Mischief meant most
harm,

Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
But evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness. If this fail,
The pillared firmament is rottenness
And earth's base built on stubble."

Comus, no vulgar incarnation of sensuality, is subtle enough to understand this, and in the famous dialogue which takes place between him and the lady he seeks to melt her resolution by all the devices of sophistry and beguiling suggestion. Into the rebuttal which she makes, as well as into the speeches of the Elder Brother, Milton has put a profound moral conviction, a conviction which gave to his whole life — from the time when his college-mates, half in mockery, half in admiration, of his scrupulous purity, nicknamed him the "Lady of Christ's," to the time when he pictured Samson undone by the idolatry of sense — a singular crystalline glow. It is easy for us to underestimate the beauty and value of this "sage and serious doctrine of virginity" as it is set forth in the pages of

Comus; for to a nineteenth century moral sense, mellowed by a larger humanism than seventeenth century England knew, there is a suggestion of prudery, not to say priggishness, in some of the utterances. To be just, we must hold in mind the fact, too little taken account of in popular estimates of Milton's character, that he achieved this ideal only by severe struggle, and in the face of a nature uncommonly exposed to passion.

The character of Comus may fairly be regarded as an authentic creation of Milton's. Some hints, it is true, gathered here and there, helped him to the conception. In the *Eikones, or Imagines*, by Philostratus, a Greek author of the third century, he had seen Comus described as a winged god of revel and drunkenness. Ben Jonson had used the personification of the Greek noun *Kōmos*, from which our word "comedy" is derived, as a personage in his masque of *Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue*, written in 1619. Milton had also doubtless read the Latin extravaganza, entitled, *Comus, sive Phagesiposia Cimmeria: Somnium*, by the Dutch writer Henrik van der Putten, or, as his scholar's name went, Erycius Puteanus. This last is a curious work in mixed prose and verse, recounting a dream in which the author beholds Comus, the revel-god, in his palace, feasting and making orgy with his guests; the description is given a certain philosophic significance by the introduction of dialogues on the hedonistic theory of life. Of these three possible sources the third was richest in suggestion for Milton's purposes. The Comus of Ben Jonson's masque is a sodden belly-god, who is hailed as "plump paunch" and, —

" Devourer of boiled, baked, roasted, or sod;
An emptier of cups, be they even or odd."

Such a deity would have had little power over the heroine of Milton's masque. As his nature was finer than Jonson's, so his conception of sensuousness is more subtle

and thrilling. To oppose the promptings of the lady's chaste heart, he creates a nature as poignant in its way as the mightier incarnation of evil in the Lucifer of *Paradise Lost*, and as far removed as that from the imagery of popular moral terrorism.

Upon the character of Comus and his enchanted crew Milton chiefly depended for that spectacular interest and that remoteness from actuality which is proper to the masque. But he added two other *dramatis personæ* deftly calculated at once to enrich the arabesque of spectacle, to increase the opportunities for lyric embellishment, and to deepen the philosophic symbolism of the poem. These are the Attendant Spirit and the river-nymph Sabrina.

Of these, the first is the more characteristic of Milton's mind. The idea of a guardian genius, assigned by divine benevolence to watch over an individual human life, comes out in his epigram upon Leonora Baroni, the Neapolitan singer, by whose voice he was fascinated during his second visit to Rome (See Epigrams, page 344). There he says, "To every man his angel is allotted, his winged angel from the ethereal hierarchies." This conception of a "good angel" is doubtless pagan in origin, but it has been so thoroughly assimilated by Christian thought as to belong now entirely to the region of Christian imagery. Nothing is more remarkable in Milton's handling of the materials of his intellectual world than his persistent linking of classic and pseudo-classic myth with what he conceived to be permanent religious truth. The best known examples of this are to be found in *Lycidas*, where St. Peter appears in the same procession with Triton and Father Camus (a personification of the river Cam at Cambridge), and in the famous identification in *Paradise Lost* of the heathen gods with the fallen angels. But this curious blending of two divergent systems of thought and imagery appears throughout his work. He had, it is true, ample prece-

dent for such a use of classical material; for throughout the pastoral poetry of the Renaissance we can never be sure whether Olympus means the pagan or the Christian heaven, whether Pan is intended for a frolicsome nature-god or for Jehovah. But of all the pastoralists Milton accomplishes this interfusion with least effort, and draws into the synthesis the greatest number of divergent associations. Thyrsis, the Attendant Spirit, is manifestly akin to the Ariel of the *Tempest*, and even reminds us in his closing song of the Puck of *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Yet this very song is a description, under a thin classic veil, of the bliss of the redeemed spirits in Heaven, and an exposition of Milton's mystic doctrine of paradisaic Love. In the magic herb Harmony, by means of which Thyrsis is enabled to enter the palace of the enchanter and restore the captive lady, there is a recollection of the herb Moly, which saved Odysseus from the spells of Circe. Yet there can be little doubt that the plant symbolizes Christian grace; and that when the poet declares that the golden flower which it bears under better skies cannot come to blossom in the harsh soil where the shepherd found it, he is brooding over the corruptions of the English Church, in a spirit only less intense than that which three years later found such surprising expression within the fantastic framework of *Lycidas*.

Sabrina, the nymph of the river Severn, who is called up from her watery depths by the Attendant Spirit to release the lady from the marble spell cast over her by Comus, is conceived more purely in the masque spirit. She is perhaps a recollection from Fletcher's pastoral play, *The Faithful Shepherdess*; certainly the lyric music which accompanies her shows the influence of that beautiful work. The entrance of the goddess and her water-nymphs, in her gorgeous chariot,

"Thickset with agate, and the azurn sheen
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,"

must have combined with the descent of the Attendant Spirit from the clouds, the pageantry of Comus's palace, and the dancing of the bewitched monsters, to give just the right touch of rococo elaborateness to the stage production.

Comus, more than any other youthful work of Milton, and more than any work of his maturity except *Samson Agonistes*, shows his power as an artist. It has not the pure sweetness of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, nor does it anywhere rise to the lyric heights of *Lycidas*; but over its diverse and seemingly irreconcilable elements has gone the cool hand of the master, to build and subdue. There is in it a severity of tone, a chastity of ornament, a calm artistic vision, to which most poets, even the greatest, attain only by long purging of their eyes with euphrasy and rue. On the moral side, as has been said above, there is to many minds something not quite

persuasive in *Comus*; its high doctrine comes at times a little priggishly and with a flavor of unripeness from a young man's lips. But its art is wholly admirable. Its blank verse, if it has not the thunders and the compelling wings of that of *Paradise Lost*, has all the later dignity of carriage. Its rhymed octosyllabics are in the purest pastoral mode. Its lyrics sing themselves, and shine with an unaccountable light. Above all, there presides over the poem from the first line to the last the fine economy of a mind that compels everything into the service of a dominant idea. Milton never demonstrated his character, both as artist and as man, more signally than when he made the quaint vehicle of the masque, designed to carry no heavier freightage than an evening's careless amusement, bear the burden of a profound personal philosophy, and bear it, not as a burden, but as an essence.

ARCADES

(1633)

Part of an Entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby at Harefield by some Noble Persons of her Family; who appear on the Scene in pastoral habit, moving toward the seat of state, with this song:

I. SONG

Look, Nymphs and Shepherds, look !
What sudden blaze of majesty
Is that which we from hence descry,
Too divine to be mistook ?

This, this is she
To whom our vows and wishes bend:
Here our solemn search hath end.
Fame, that her high worth to raise
Seemed erst so lavish and profuse,
We may justly now accuse
Of detraction from her praise:
Less than half we find expressed;
Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark what radiant state she spreads,
In circle round her shining throne
Shooting her beams like silver threads:
This, this is she alone,

Sitting like a Goddess bright
In the centre of her light.

Might she the wise Latona be,
Or the towered Cybele,
Mother of a hundred gods ?
Juno dares not give her odds:
Who had thought this clime had held
A deity so unparalleled ?

*As they come forward, the GENIUS OF THE
WOOD appears, and, turning toward them,
speaks.*

Gen. Stay, gentle Swains, for, though in
this disguise,
I see bright honour sparkle through your
eyes;
Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung
Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
Divine Alpheus, who, by secret sluice,
Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse;
And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
Fair silver-buskinèd Nymphs, as great and
good.

I know this quest of yours and free intent
Was all in honour and devotion meant
To the great Mistress of yon princely
shrine,

Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
And with all helpful service will comply
To further this night's glad solemnity,
And lead ye where ye may more near behold
What shallow-searching Fame hath left ⁴⁰
untold;
Which I full oft, amidst these shades alone,
Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon.
For know, by lot from Jove, I am the Power
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,
To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
With ringlets quaint and wanton windings wove;
And all my plants I save from nightly ill
Of noisome winds and blasting vapours chill;
And from the boughs brush off the evil dew, ⁵⁰
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,
Or hurtful worm with cankered venom bites.
When Evening grey doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallowed ground;
And early, ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tasseled horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
With puissant words and murmurs made to bless. ⁶⁰
But else, in deep of night, when drowsiness
Hath locked up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Sirens' harmony,
That sit upon the nine enfolded spheres,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the adamantine spindle round
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
To lull the daughters of Necessity,

And keep unsteady Nature to her law, ⁷⁰
And the low world in measured motion draw
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould with gross unpurged ear.
And yet such music worthiest were to blaze
The peerless height of her immortal praise
Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
If my inferior hand or voice could hit
Inimitable sounds. Yet, as we go,
Whate'er the skill of lesser gods can show
I will assay, her worth to celebrate, ⁸⁰
And so attend ye toward her glittering state;
Where ye may all, that are of noble stem,
Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.

II. SONG

O'er the smooth enamelled green,
Where no print of step hath been,
Follow me, as I sing
And touch the warbled string:
Under the shady roof
Of branching elm star-proof
Follow me.
I will bring you where she sits, ⁹⁰
Clad in splendour as befits
Her deity.
Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

III. SONG

Nymphs and Shepherds, dance no more
By sandy Ladon's lilied banks;
On old Lyceus, or Cyllene hoar,
Trip no more in twilight ranks;
Though Erymanth your loss deplore, ¹⁰⁰
A better soil shall give ye thanks.
From the stony Mænarus
Bring your flocks, and live with us;
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the Lady of this place.
Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.
Such a rural Queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

COMUS

DEDICATION OF THE ANONYMOUS EDITION PUBLISHED BY LAWES IN 1637

“To the Right Honourable John, Lord Viscount Brackley, son and heir-apparent to the Earl of Bridgewater, &c.”

“MY LORD.—This Poem, which received its first occasion of birth from yourself and others of your noble family, and much honour from your own person in the performance, now returns again to make a final dedication of itself to you. Although not openly acknowledged by the Author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely and so much desired that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my several friends satisfaction, and brought me to a necessity of producing it to the public view, and now to offer it up, in all rightful devotion, to those fair hopes and rare endowments of your much-promising youth, which give a full assurance to all that know you of a future excellence. Live, sweet Lord, to be the honour of your name; and receive this as your own from the hands of him who hath by many favours been long obliged to your most honoured Parents, and, as in this representation your attendant *Thyrsis*, so now in all real expression

“Your faithful and most humble Servant,

“H. LAWES.”

THE PERSONS

THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT, afterwards in the habit of *Thyrsis*.
Comus, with his Crew.

THE LADY.

FIRST BROTHER.

SECOND BROTHER.

SABRINA, the Nymph.

The Chief Persons which presented were:—

The Lord Brackley;
Mr. Thomas Egerton, his Brother;
The Lady Alice Egerton.

The first Scene discovers a wild wood.

The ATTENDANT SPIRIT descends or enters.

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial Spirits live insphered
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call Earth, and, with low-thoughted care,
Confined and pestered in this pinfold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true servants

Amongst the enthronèd gods on sainted seats.¹⁰

Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key
That opes the Palace of Eternity.
To such my errand is; and, but for such,

I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.

But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway

Of every salt flood and each ebbing stream,
Took in, by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove,
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt Isles ²¹
That, like to rich and various gems, inlay
The unadornèd bosom of the Deep;
Which he, to grace his tributary gods,
By course commits to several government,
And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns
And wield their little tridents. But this Isle,

The greatest and the best of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-haired deities; ²⁹
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun
A noble Peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with tempered awe to
guide
An old and haughty Nation, proud in arms:

Where his fair offspring, nursed in princely
lore,
Are coming to attend their father's state,
And new-intrusted sceptre. But their way
Lies through the perplexed paths of this
drear wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger;
And here their tender age might suffer
peril,
But that, by quick command from sovran
Jove,⁴⁰
I was despatched for their defence and
guard !
And listen why; for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.
Bacchus, that first from out the purple
grape
Crushed the sweet poison of misusèd wine,
After the Tuscan mariners transformed,
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds
listed,
On Circe's island fell. (Who knows not
Circe,⁵⁰
The daughter of the Sun, whose charmèd
cup
Whoever tasted lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a grovelling
swine ?)
This Nymph, that gazed upon his clustering
locks,
With ivy berries wreathed, and his blithe
youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a Son
Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up, and
Comus named:
Who, ripe and frolic of his full-grown age,
Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,⁶⁰
At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
And, in thick shelter of black shades im-
bowered,
Excels his mother at her mighty art;
Offering to every weary traveller
His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
To quench the drouth of Phœbus; which
as they taste
(For most do taste through fond intemperate
thirst),
Soon as the potion works, their human
count'nance,
The express resemblance of the gods, is
changed

Into some brutish form of wolf or bear,⁷⁰
Or ounce or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were.
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than
before,
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
Therefore, when any favoured of high Jove
Chances to pass through this adventurous
glade,
Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star⁸⁰
I shoot from heaven, to give him safe con-
voy,
As now I do. But first I must put off
These my sky-robes, spun out of Iris' woof,
And take the weeds and likeness of a
swain
That to the service of this house belongs,
Who, with his soft pipe and smooth-dittied
song,
Well knows to still the wild winds when
they roar,
And hush the waving woods; nor of less
faith,
And in this office of his mountain watch
Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid⁹⁰
Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
Of hateful steps; I must be viewless now.
Comus enters, with a charming-rod in one hand,
his glass in the other; with him a rout of Mon-
sters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts,
but otherwise like men and women, their apparel
glistening. They come in making a riotous
and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.
Comus. The star that bids the shepherd
fold
Now the top of heaven doth hold;
And the gilded car of Day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream:
And the slope Sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal¹⁰⁰
Of his chamber in the east.
Meanwhile, welcome joy and feast,
Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.
Rigour now is gone to bed;
And Advice with scrupulous head,

Strict Age, and sour Severity,
With their grave saws, in slumber lie. 110
We, that are of purer fire,
Imitate the starry Quire,
Who, in their nightly watchful spheres,
Lead in swift round the months and
years.
The sounds and seas, with all their funny
drove,
Now to the Moon in wavering morrice
move;
And on the tawny sands and shelves
Trip the pert Fairies and the dapper Elves.
By dimpled brook and fountain-brim,
The Wood-Nymphs, decked with daisies
trim, 120
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
What hath night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweets to prove;
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
Come, let us our rites begin;
'T is only daylight that makes sin,
Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,
Dark-veiled Cotyto, to whom the secret
flame
Of midnight torches burns! mysterious
Dame, 130
That ne'er art called but when the dragon
womb
Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest
gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air!
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
Wherein thou ridest with Hecat', and be-
friend
Us thy vowed priests, till utmost end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out
Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
The nice Morn on the Indian steep,
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep, 140
And to the tell-tale Sun descry
Our concealed solemnity.
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round.

The Measure.

Break off, break off! I feel the different
pace
Of some chaste footing near about this
ground.
Run to your shrouds within these brakes
and trees;
Our number may affright. Some virgin
sure

(For so I can distinguish by mine art)
Benedight in these woods! Now to my
charms, 150
And to my wily trains: I shall ere long
Be well stocked with as fair a herd as
grazed
About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
My dazzling spells into the spongy air,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illu-
sion,
And give it false presentments, lest the
place
And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
And put the Damsel to suspicious flight;
Which must not be, for that's against my
course.
I, under fair pretence of friendly ends, 160
And well-placed words of glozing courtesy,
Baited with reasons not unpleasurable,
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
And hug him into snares. When once her
eye
Hath met the virtue of this magic dust
I shall appear some harmless villager,
Whom thrift keeps up about his country
gear.
But here she comes; I fairly step aside,
And hearken, if I may her business hear.

The LADY enters.

Lady. This way the noise was, if mine
ear be true, 170
My best guide now. Methought it was the
sound
Of riot and ill-managed merriment,
Such as the jocond flute or gamesome pipe
Stirs up among the loose unlettered hinds,
When, for their teeming flocks and granges
full,
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous
Pan,
And thank the gods amiss. I should be
loth
To meet the rudeness and swilled insolence
Of such late wassailers; yet, oh! where
else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet 180
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
My brothers, when they saw me wearied
out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favour of these pines,
Stepped, as they said, to the next thicket-
side
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit

As the kind hospitable woods provide.
They left me then when the grey-hooded
Even,
Like a sad Votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus'
wain. 190
But where they are, and why they came
not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts. 'Tis
likeliest
They had ingaged their wandering steps
too far;
And envious darkness, ere they could re-
turn,
Had stole them from me. Else, O thiev-
ish Night,
Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious
end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars
That Nature hung in heaven, and filled
their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely travailler? 200
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud
mirth
Was rife, and perfet in my listening ear;
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fanta-
sies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows
dire,
And airy tongues that syllable men's
names
On sands and shores and desert wilder-
nesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not
astound 210
The virtuous mind, that ever walks at-
tended
By a strong siding champion, Conscience.
O welcome, pure-eyed Faith, white-handed
Hope,
Thou hovering angel girt with golden
wings,
And thou unblemished form of Chastity!
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That He, the Supreme Good, to whom all
things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glistening guardian, if need
were,
To keep my life and honour unassailed. . . .
Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud 221

Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err: there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.
I cannot hallo to my brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard
farthest
I'll venter; for my new-enlivened spirits
Prompt me, and they perhaps are not far
off.

SONG

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st
unseen 230
Within thy airy shell
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-imbroidered vale
Where the love-lorn Nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth
well:
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where, 240
Sweet Queen of Parley, Daughter of the
Sphere!
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heaven's
harmonies!

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of
earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence.
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted
night, 250
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled! I have oft heard
My mother Circe with the Sirens three,
Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
Culling their potent hearbs and baleful
drugs,
Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned
soul,
And lap it in Elysium: Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmured soft ap-
plause.
Yet they in pleasing slumber lulled the
sense, 260

And in sweet madness robbed it of itself;
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my Queen.—Hail, for-
eign wonder!

Whom certain these rough shades did
never breed,
Unless the Goddess that in rural shrine
Dwell'st here with Pan or Sylvan, by blest
song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall
wood.

Lady. Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost
that praise
That is addressed to unattending ears.
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my severed company,
Compelled me to awake the courteous
Echo

To give me answer from her mossy couch.
Comus. What chance, good *Lady*, hath
bereft you thus?

Lady. Dim darkness and this leavy
labyrinth.

Comus. Could that divide you from near-
ushering guides?

Lady. They left me weary on a grassy
turf.

Comus. By falsehood, or courtesy, or
why?

Lady. To seek i' the valley some cool
friendly spring.

Comus. And left your fair side all un-
guarded, *Lady*?

Lady. They were but twain, and pur-
posed quick return.

Comus. Perhaps forestalling night pre-
vented them.

Lady. How easy my misfortune is to
hit!

Comus. Imports their loss, beside the
present need?

Lady. No less than if I should my bro-
thers lose.

Comus. Were they of manly prime, or
youthful bloom?

Lady. As smooth as Hebe's their un-
razored lips.

Comus. Two such I saw, what time the
laboured ox

In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swinked hedger at his supper sat.
I saw them under a green mantling vine,

That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender
shoots;
Their port was more than human, as they
stood.

I took it for a faery vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,³⁰⁰
And play i' the plighted clouds. I was
awe-strook,
And, as I passed, I worshiped. If those
you seek,
It were a journey like the path to Heaven
To help you find them.

Lady. Gentle villager,
What readiest way would bring me to that
place?

Comus. Due west it rises from this
shrubby point.

Lady. To find out that, good Shepherd,
I suppose,

In such a scant allowance of star-light,
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well-practised
feet.

Comus. I know each lane, and every
alley green,³¹⁰
Dingle, or bushy dell, of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;
And, if your stray attendance be yet lodged,
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
From her thatched pallet rouse. If other-
wise,

I can conduct you, *Lady*, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest.

Lady. Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest-offered courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds,
With smoky rafters, than in tapestry halls
And courts of princes, where it first was
named,

And yet is most pretended. In a place
Less warranted than this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my
trial

To my proportioned strength! Shepherd,
lead on. . . .

The TWO BROTHERS.

Eld. Bro. Unmuffle, ye faint stars; and
thou, fair Moon,

That wont'st to love the travailler's beni-
son,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber
cloud,
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkness and of shades;
Or, if your influence be quite dammed up
With black usurping mists, some gentle
taper,
Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole
Of some clay habitation, visit us
With thy long levelled rule of streaming
light, 340
And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
Or Tyrian Cynosure.

Sec. Bro. Or, if our eyes
Be barred that happiness, might we but
hear
The folded flocks, penned in their wattled
cotes,
Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
Count the night-watches to his feathery
dames,
'T would be some solace yet, some little
cheering,
In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.
But, Oh, that hapless virgin, our lost sister !
Where may she wander now, whither be-
take her 35:
From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and
thistles ?
Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad
elm
Leans her unpillowed head, fraught with
sad fears.

What if in wild amazement and affright,
Or, while we speak, within the direful
grasp

Of savage hunger, or of savage heat !

Eld. Bro. Peace, brother: be not over-
exquisite

To cast the fashion of uncertain evils; 360
For, grant they be so, while they rest un-
known,

What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most
avoid ?

Or, if they be but false alarms of fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion !

I do not think my sister so to seek,

Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms
ever,

As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
Could stir the constant mood of her calm
thoughts, 371

And put them into misbecoming plight.
Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and
moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's
self

Oft seeks to sweet retirèd solitude,
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her
wings,

That, in the various bustle of resort,
Were all to-ruffled, and sometimes im-
paired. 380

He that has light within his own clear
breast

May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul and foul
thoughts

Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

Sec. Bro. 'T is most true
That musing Meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and
herds,

And sits as safe as in a senate-house;
For who would rob a Hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple
dish, 39:

Or do his grey hairs any violence ?
But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian Tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the
guard

Of dragon-watch with unenchanted eye
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit,
From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unsunned
heaps

Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope 400
Danger will wink on Opportunity,

And let a single helpless maiden pass
Uninjured in this wild surrounding waste.
Of night or loneliness it recks me not;

I fear the dread events that dog them both,
Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the
person

Of our unnownèd sister.

Eld. Bro. I do not, brother,
Infer as if I thought my sister's state
Secure without all doubt or controversy;

Yet, where an equal poise of hope and
fear 410
Does arbitrate the event, my nature is
That I encline to hope rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.
My sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine; she has a hidden strength,
Which you remember not.

Sec. Bro. What hidden strength,
Unless the strength of Heaven, if you mean
that ?

Eld. Bro. I mean that too, but yet a
hidden strength,
Which, if Heaven gave it, may be termed
her own :

'T is Chastity, my brother, Chastity: 420
She that has that is clad in com'plete steel,
And, like a quivered nymph with arrows
keen,
May trace huge forests, and unharboured
heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds;
Where, through the sacred rays of chas-
tity,
No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaineer,
Will dare to soil her virgin purity.
Yea, there where very desolation dwells,
By grots and caverns shagged with horrid
shades, 429

She may pass on with unblenched majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at curfew
time,

No goblin or swart faery of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the arms of Chastity ? 440
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread
bow,

Fair silver-shafted Queen for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tamed the brinded lioness
And spotted mountain-pard, but set at
nought

The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
Feared her stern frown, and she was queen
o' the woods.

What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield
That wise Minerva wore, unconquered vir-
gin,
Wherewith she freezed her foes to con'-
gealed stone,

But rigid looks of chaste austerity, 450
And noble grace that dashed brute violence
With sudden adoration and blank awe ?
So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream and solemn vision
Tell her of things that no gross ear can
hear;

Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind, 461
And turns it by degrees to the soul's es-
sence,
Till all be made immortal. But, when
lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul
talk,
But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows
damp

Oft seen in charnel-vaults and sepulchres,
Lingering and sitting by a new-made grave,
As loth to leave the body that it loved,
And linked itself by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state.

Sec. Bro. How charming is divine Philo-
sophy !
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools sup-
pose,

But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

Eld. Bro. List ! list ! I hear
Some far-off hallo break the silent air. 481

Sec. Bro. Methought so too; what should
it be ?

Eld. Bro. For certain,
Either some one, like us, night-foundered
here,
Or else some neighbour woodman, or, at
worst,
Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

Sec. Bro. Heaven keep my sister !
Again, again, and near !

Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

Eld. Bro. I'll hallo.
If he be friendly, he comes well: if not,
Defence is a good cause, and Heaven be
for us !

The ATTENDANT SPIRIT, habited like a shepherd.
 That hallo I should know. What are you ?
 speak.
 Come not too near; you fall on iron stakes
 else. 490

Spir. What voice is that ? my young
 Lord ? speak again.

Sec. Bro. O brother, 'tis my father's
 Shepherd, sure.

Eld. Bro. Thyrsis ! whose artful strains
 have oft delayed

The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
 And sweetened every musk-rose of the
 dale.

How camest thou here, good swain ? Hath
 any ram

Slipped from the fold, or young kid lost his
 dam,

Or straggling wether the pent flock for-
 sook ?

How couldst thou find this dark seques-
 tered nook ? 500

Spir. O my loved master's heir, and his
 next joy,

I came not here on such a trivial toy
 As a strayed ewe, or to pursue the stealth
 Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth
 That doth enrich these downs is worth a
 thought

To this my errand, and the care it brought.
 But, oh ! my virgin Lady, where is she ?
 How chance she is not in your company ?

Eld. Bro. To tell thee sadly, Shepherd,
 without blame

Or our neglect, we lost her as we came. 510

Spir. Ay me unhappy ! then my fears
 are true.

Eld. Bro. What fears, good Thyrsis ?
 Prithee briefly shew.

Spir. I'll tell ye. 'Tis not vain or fab-
 ulous

(Though so esteemed by shallow ignorance)
 What the sage poets, taught by the hea-
 venly Muse,

Storied of old in high immortal verse
 Of dire Chimeras and enchanted Isles,
 And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to
 Hell;

For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navel of this hideous wood, 520
 Immured in cypress shades, a Sorcerer
 dwells,
 Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
 Deep skilled in all his mother's witcheries,

And here to every thirsty wanderer
 By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
 With many murmurs mixed, whose please-
 ing poison
 The visage quite transforms of him that
 drinks,

And the inglorious likeness of a beast
 Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
 Charactered in the face. This have I
 learnt 530
 Tending my flocks hard by i' the hilly
 crofts

That brow this bottom glade; whence night
 by night
 He and his monstrous rout are heard to
 howl

Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
 Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
 In their obscurest haunts of inmost bowers.
 Yet have they many baits and guileful
 spells

To inveigle and invite the unwary sense
 Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
 This evening late, by then the chewing
 flocks 540

Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb
 Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in
 fold,

I sat me down to watch upon a bank
 With ivy canopied, and interwove
 With flaunting honeysuckle, and began,
 Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
 To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
 Till fancy had her fill. But ere a close
 The wonted roar was up amidst the woods.
 And filled the air with barbarous disso-
 nance;

At which I ceased, and listened them a
 while,

Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
 Gave respite to the drowsy-flighted steeds
 That draw the litter of close - curtained
 Sleep.

At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
 Rose like a steam of rich distilled per-
 fumes,

And stole upon the air, that even Silence
 Was took ere she was ware, and wished
 she might

Deny her nature, and be never more,
 Still to be so displaced. I was all ear, 560
 And took in strains that might create a soul
 Under the ribs of Death. But, oh ! ere
 long
 Too well I did perceive it was the voice

Of my most honoured Lady, your dear sister.
 Amazed I stood, harrowed with grief and fear;
 And "O poor hapless Nightingale," thought I,
 " How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!"
 Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
 Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
 Till, guided by mine ear, I found the place
 Where that damned wisard, hid in sly disguise ⁵⁷⁰
 (For so by certain signs I knew), had met
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
 The aidless innocent lady, his wished prey;
 Who gently asked if he had seen such two,
 Supposing him some neighbour villager.
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guessed
 Ye were the two she meant; with that I
 sprung ⁵⁷⁸
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here;
 But furder know I not.

Sec. Bro. O night and shades,
 How are ye joined with hell in triple knot
 Against the unarmed weakness of one virgin,
 Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence
 You gave me, brother?

Eld. Bro. Yes, and keep it still;
 Lean on it safely; not a period
 Shall be unsaid for me. Against the threats
 Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
 Which erring men call Chance, this I hold
 firm:

Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,
 Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled;
 Yea, even that which Mischief meant most
 harm ⁵⁹⁹
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
 But evil on itself shall back recoil,
 And mix no more with goodness, when at
 last,
 Gathered like scum, and settled to itself,
 It shall be in eternal restless change
 Self-fed and self-consumed. If this fail,
 The pillared firmament is rottenness,
 And earth's base built on stubble. But
 come, let's on!
 Against the opposing will and arm of
 Heaven ⁶⁰⁰

May never this just sword be lifted up;
 But, for that damned magician, let him be
 girt

With all the griesly legiōns that troop
 Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
 Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous
 forms

'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,
 And force him to restore his purchase back,
 Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
 Cursed as his life.

Spir. Alas! good ventrous youth,
 I love thy courage yet, and bold em-
 prise; ⁶¹⁰
 But here thy sword can do thee little stead.
 Far other arms and other weapons must
 Be those that quell the might of hellish
 charms.

He with his bare wand can unthread thy
 joints,
 And crumble all thy sinews.

Eld. Bro. Why, prithee, Shepherd,
 How durst thou then thyself approach so
 near

As to make this relation?

Spir. Care and utmost shifts
 How to secure the Lady from surprisal
 Brought to my mind a certain shepherd
 lad, ⁶¹⁹
 Of small regard to see to, yet well skilled
 In every virtuous plant and healing hearb
 That spreads her verdant leaf to the morn-
 ing ray.

He loved me well, and oft would beg me
 sing;

Which when I did, he on the tender grass
 Would sit, and hearken even to ecstasy,
 And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
 And shew me simples of a thousand names,
 Telling their strange and vigorous facul-
 ties.

Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
 But of divine effect, he culled me out. ⁶³⁰
 The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on
 it,

But in another country, as he said,
 Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this
 soil:

Unknown, and like esteemed, and the dull
 swain

Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon;
 And yet more med'cinal is it than that
 Moly

That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave.
 He called it Hæmony, and gave it me,

And bade me keep it as of sovran use
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew blast, or
damp,
Or ghastly Furies' apparition.
I pursed it up, but little reckoning made,
Till now that this extremity compelled.
But now I find it true; for by this means
I knew the foul inchanter, though disguised,
Entered the very lime-twigs of his spells,
And yet came off. If you have this about
you

(As I will give you when we go) you may
Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;
Where if he be, with dauntless hardi-
hood
And brandished blade rush on him: break
his glass,
And shed the luscious liquor on the ground;
But seize his wand. Though he and his
curst crew
Fierce sign of battail make, and menace
high,
Or, like the sons of Vulcan, vomit smoke,
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.
Eld. Bro. Thyrsis, lead on apace; I'll
follow thee;
And some good angel bear a shield before
us!

*The Scene changes to a stately palace, set out
with all manner of deliciousness: soft music,
tables spread with all dainties. COMUS ap-
pears with his rabble, and the LADY set in
an enchanted chair; to whom he offers his glass;
which she puts by, and goes about to rise.*

Comus. Nay, Lady, sit. If I but wave
this wand,
Your nerves are all chained up in alabas-
ter,
And you a statue, or as Daphne was,
Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

Lady. Fool, do not boast.
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my
mind
With all thy charms, although this corporal
rind
Thou hast immanacled while Heaven sees
good.

Comus. Why are you vexed, Lady?
why do you frown?
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from
these gates
Sorrow flies far. See, here be all the plea-
sures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,

When the fresh blood grows lively, and re-
turns
Brisk as the April buds in primrose sea-
son.
And first behold this cordial julep here,
That flames and dances in his crystal
bounds,
With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups
mixed.
Not that Nepenthes which the wife of
Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
And to those dainty limbs, which Nature
lent
For gentle usage and soft delicacy?
But you invert the covenants of her trust,
And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,
With that which you received on other
terms,
Scorning the unexempt condition
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
That have been tired all day without re-
past,
And timely rest have wanted. But, fair
virgin,
This will restore all soon.
Lady. 'T will not, false traitor!
'T will not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banished from thy tongue
with lies.
Was this the cottage and the safe abode
Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects'
are these,
These oughly-headed monsters? Mercy
guard me!
Hence with thy brewed enchantments, foul
deceiver!
Hast thou betrayed my credulous inno-
cence
With vizored falsehood and base forgery?
And wouldst thou seek again to trap me
here
With lickerish baits, fit to ensnare a brute?
Were it a draught for Juno when she ban-
quets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer.
None
But such as are good men can give good
things;
And that which is not good is not delicious
To a well-governed and wise appetite.

Comus. O foolishness of men ! that lend
their ears
To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic
tub,
Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence !
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties
forth
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and
flocks,
Thronging the seas with spawn innumer-
able,
But all to please and sate the curious
taste ?
And set to work millions of spinning worms,
That in their green shops weave the smooth-
haired silk,
To deck her sons; and, that no corner
might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
She hatched the all-worshiped ore and pre-
cious gems,
To store her children with. If all the
world
Should, in a pet of temperance, feed on
pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear
but frieze,
The All-giver would be unthanked, would
be unpraised,
Not half his riches known, and yet de-
spised;
And we should serve him as a grudging
master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
And live like Nature's bastards, not her
sons,
Who would be quite surcharged with her
own weight,
And strangled with her waste fertility:
The earth cumbered, and the winged air
darked with plumes ;
The herds would over-magnitude their lords;
The sea o'erfraught would swell, and the
unsought diamonds
Would so embraze the forehead of the
Deep,
And so bestud with stars, that they below
Would grow inured to light, and come at
last
To gaze upon the Sun with shameless
brows.
List, Lady; be not coy, and be not cozened
With that same vaunted name, Virginity.

Beauty is Nature's coin; must not be
hoarded,
But must be current; and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss, 741
Unsavoury in the injointment of itself.
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languished
head.
Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workman-
ship.
It is for homely features to keep home;
They had their name thence: coarse com-
plexions
And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to
ply
The sampler, and to tease the huswife's
wool. 750
What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the
Morn ?
There was another meaning in these gifts;
Think what, and be advised; you are but
young yet.
Lady. I had not thought to have un-
locked my lips
In this unhallowed air, but that this Jug-
gler
Would think to charm my judgment, as
mine eyes,
Obtruding false rules pranked in reason's
garb.
I hate when Vice can bolt her arguments
And Virtue has no tongue to check her
pride. 761
Impostor ! do not charge most innocent
Nature,
As if she would her children should be riot-
ous
With her abundance. She, good Cateress,
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare Temperance.
If every just man that now pines with
want
Had but a moderate and beseeming share
Of that which lewdly-pampered Luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast ex-
cess,
Nature's full blessings would be well-dis-
pensed 771
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit encumbered with her
store;

And then the Giver would be better thanked,
His praise due paid: for swinish Gluttony
Never looks to Heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemeth his Feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I said enow? To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words 781
Against the sun-clad power of Chastity
Fain would I something say; — yet to what end?
Thou hast nor ear, nor soul, to apprehend
The sublime notion and high mystery
That must be uttered to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of Virginity;
And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
More happiness than this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear Wit, and gay Rhetoric,
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence; 791
Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced.
Yet, should I try, the uncontrolled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence
That dumb things would be moved to sympathize,
And the brute Earth would lend her nerves,
and shake,
Till all thy magic structures, reared so high,
Were shattered into heaps o'er thy false head.
Comus. She fables not. I feel that I do fear 800
Her words set off by some superior power;
And, though not mortal, yet a cold shuddering dew
Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
Speaks thunder and the chains of Erebus
To some of Saturn's crew. I must disseminate,
And try her yet more strongly. — Come, no more!
This is mere moral babble, and direct
Against the canon laws of our foundation.
I must not suffer this; yet 't is but the lees
And settling of a melancholy blood. 810
But this will cure all straight; one sip of this

Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste . . .
The BROTHERS rush in with swords drawn,
wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground: his rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven in. *The ATTENDANT SPIRIT* comes in.
Spir. What! have you let the false Enchanter scape? 820
O ye mistook; ye should have snatched his wand,
And bound him fast. Without his rod reversed,
And backward mutters of dissevering power,
We cannot free the Lady that sits here
In stony fetters fixed and motionless.
Yet stay: be not disturbed; now I bethink me,
Some other means I have which may be used, 830
Which once of Meliboeus old I learnt,
The soothest Shepherd that ere piped on plains.
There is a gentle Nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream:
Sabrina is her name: a virgin pure;
Whilom she was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the sceptre from his father Brute.
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdame, Guendolen, 830
Commended her fair innocence to the flood
That stayed her flight with his cross-flowing course.
The water-Nymphs, that in the bottom played,
Held up their pearlèd wrists, and took her in,
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall;
Who, piteous of her woes, reared her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectared lavers strewed with asphodil,
And through the porch and inlet of each sense 839
Dropt in ambrosial oils, till she revived,
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made Goddess of the river. Still she retains
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve

Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs
That the shrewd meddling Elf delights to
make,
Which she with pretious viald liquors
heals:
For which the Shepherds, at their festivals,
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her
stream, 850
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffadils.
And, as the old Swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
If she be right invoked in warbled song;
For maidenhood she loves, and will be
swift
To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
In hard-besetting need. This will I try,
And add the power of some adjuring verse.

SONG

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting 860
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save !

Listen, and appear to us,
In name of great Oceanus,
By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys' grave majestic pace; 870
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wizard's hook;
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell;
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands;
By Thetis' tinsel-slipped feet,
And the songs of Sirens sweet;
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb, 880
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks
Sleeking her soft alluring locks;
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance;
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
From thy coral-paven bed,

And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answered have.
Listen and save !

SABRINA rises, attended by Water-nymphs, and sings.

By the rushy-fringed bank, 890
Where grows the willow and the osier
dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agate, and the azurn sheen
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
That in the channel strays:
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread.
Gentle swain, at thy request 900
I am here !

Spir. Goddess dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true virgin here distressed
Through the force and through the wile
Of unblessed enchanter vile.

Sabr. Shepherd, 't is my office best
To help insnarèd Chastity.
Brightest Lady, look on me. 910
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of pretious cure;
Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip:
Next this marble venom'd seat,
Smeared with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold.
Now the spell hath lost his hold;
And I must haste ere morning hour 920
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

SABRINA descends, and the LADY rises out of her seat.

Spir. Virgin, daughter of Locrine,
Sprung of old Anchises' line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand petty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills:
Summer drouth or singèd air
Never scorch thy tresses fair,
Nor wet October's torrent flood 930
Thy molten crystal fill with mud;
May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl and the golden ore;

May thy lofty head be crowned
With many a tower and terrace round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.

Come, Lady; while Heaven lends us
grace,
Let us fly this cursed place,
Lest the Sorcerer us entice 940
With some other new device.
Not a waste or needless sound
Till we come to holier ground.
I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy covert wide;
And not many furlongs thence
Is your Father's residence,
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate
His wished presence, and beside
All the Swains that there abide
With jigs and rural dance resort.
We shall catch them at their sport,
And our sudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and cheer.
Come, let us haste; the stars grow high,
But Night sits monarch yet in the mid
sky.

*The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow Town, and
the President's Castle: then come in Country
Dancers; after them the ATTENDANT SPIRIT,
with the two BROTHERS and the LADY.*

SONG

Spir. Back, Shepherds, back! Enough
your play
Till next sun-shine holiday.
Here be, without duck or nod, 960
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and such court guise
As Mercury did first devise
With the mincing Dryades
On the lawns and on the leas.

*This second Song presents them to their Father
and Mother.*

Noble Lord and Lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight.
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own.
Heaven hath timely tried their youth, 970
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And sent them here through hard assays
With a crown of deathless praise,

To triumph in victorious dance
O'er sensual Folly and Intemperance.

The dances ended, the SPIRIT epiloguizes.

Spir. To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky.
There I suck the liquid air, 980
All amidst the Gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the Golden Tree.
Along the crispèd shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocond Spring;
The Graces and the rosy-bosomed Hours
Thither all their bounties bring.
There eternal Summer dwells,
And west winds with musky wing 990
About the cedar alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purfled scarf can shew,
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes, 1000
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits the Assyrian queen;
But far above in spangled sheer
Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet intranced,
After her wandring labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal Bride,
And from her fair unspotted side 1010
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.
But now my task is smoothly done,

I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bowed welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the Moon.

Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue, she alone is free;
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the spheary chime:
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

LYCIDAS

I

Lycidas is an elegy, and as such offers no peculiar difficulties of interpretation for a modern reader ; but it is also a pastoral elegy, and belongs therefore to a type of literature which has fallen so completely into disuse that an act of the historic imagination is required to place us in the proper attitude toward it. Unless we understand something of the theory underlying the pastoral poems of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and something of the mental conditions lying behind that theory, we can with difficulty do justice to a poem like *Lycidas*, which moves in a world of deliberate artifice, where the restrictions and the liberties are alike fantastic. Dr. Johnson's amusingly jejune animadversions upon *Lycidas* represent in its extremest form the danger of judging such a poem by standards of mere "common-sense." The letter of such criticism as his is often true, but the spirit is grotesquely false, because it leaves out of account both the general differences which mark off poetry from prose, and, still more flagrantly, the particular mould into which the pastoral poets deliberately chose to cast their thoughts.

The rise and progress of pastoral poetry on the Continent and in England forms one of the most curious chapters in the history of literature. From Portugal, where it took its rise in the fourteenth century, it spread rapidly through the whole of civilized Europe, and persisted in various forms until late in the eighteenth century. It enlisted the pens of the greatest writers, — Cervantes in Spain, Tasso and Boccaccio in Italy, Spenser, Fletcher, and Milton in England. It invaded the drama; it found its way into politics, and into religion. In France it produced at least one great

painter, Watteau, and built up a system of manners and sentiments which not even the subtle laughter of Molière could overthrow. The mock village where Marie Antoinette and the ladies of her court played at being shepherdesses and milkmaids still stands in the park of the Petit Trianon at Versailles; and the royal toy, with its pathetic associations, reminds us how persistent was the enthusiasm for the pastoral idea, and in what curious ramifications the enthusiasm worked itself out. No movement of mind ever takes place on such a scale as this unless it springs from deep causes; the art products which accompany it, however artificial and perverse they may seem on the surface, minister to real spiritual needs of the age wherein they appear.

The source of the pastoral poetry and romance of the Renaissance is to be found, naturally, in the country idylls of the Sicilian poets, Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, and in the Bucolics of Virgil. Even the earliest and simplest of the Sicilian idylls have a note of artificiality, in that they are studies of country life from the outside, by minds more or less artistically sophisticated. Virgil, essentially an urban poet, though with a keen sensibility to the idyllic aspects of country life, took still more plainly this outside point of view, — a view exactly opposite (to choose a modern instance) from that which Wordsworth constantly tried to assume. This primary bent away from realism received, when the pastoral forms of poetry began to be received in southern Europe, a great reinforcement from the nature of the Renaissance itself. The life of the Renaissance was an urban life; beyond the circumvallations of defense within which the great revival ran its course still lay the shadow of mediævalism. Any real sympathy with the life of the woods and fields on the part of a man of the town was

impossible. Still, just there beyond the walls the country lay, and for the seeing eye of the artist could not but have an irresistible appeal. Being chiefly external and visual, this appeal naturally came first to the painters and worked itself out in those conventionalized but still lovely backgrounds of hill and river which the early artists put behind their madonnas. The poets were not slow to take the hint, and to provide a country setting for their fancies. But they came to nature with their minds full of classical images. They saw nature only across a vague mist of literary recollection. They peopled their landscapes with nymphs and goddesses, satyrs and fauns, because the poets they revered had done so. The whole topography, fauna, and flora of the country where the poet lived suffered a change into something remembered from Latin or Greek poetry.

In the midst of this fantastic landscape, with its mythological accessories, they set, not real country-folk, of whose characters and modes of mind an understanding was denied to them, but men and women of their acquaintance, disguised in bucolic costume, and following, in the intervals of love-making and song-piping, the mildest of bucolic pursuits. The result of all this was a type of literature perhaps more completely separated from fact than any other that has ever existed under the sun. This unreality, however, so far from lessening the hold of pastoral literature on men's minds, proved to be the chief element of its charm. Men welcomed with eagerness this odd, remote world of the pastoral, where existence smoothed itself out into languid summer sweetness, where time and its tragedies were a tale told in the shade, and where no fact intervened to break with harsh angle the soft sky line of fancy. The pastoral ministered to the longing for evasion, for an escape from the tyranny of the actual, which is a constant element in the human imagination. It was at the same time a facile *genre* to cultivate. It

appealed to the finest talents by reason of its ideality, as strongly as it attracted mediocre wits by the easy successes which it offered.

When the pastoral went over into England, in the wake of the Italianizing school headed by Spenser and Sidney, two changes took place in it. It gained in spontaneity of nature-feeling, chiefly in the hands of Spenser and William Browne, and it gained in moral earnestness, especially in the work of George Wither and Phineas Fletcher. The pastoral form came to Milton's hands, therefore, with all its original quaint remoteness and fantastic ideality unimpaired, but with a new freshness of feeling added to it, and the proved possibility that its pretty fictions could be used to convey a serious message.

II

In the late summer of 1637 news came to Milton of the drowning of Edward King off the Welsh coast; and after the opening of the fall term at Cambridge, he was asked to contribute to a memorial volume of verse to be dedicated to King's memory. When he began to cast about for a form in which to put his thought, several considerations urged him toward the pastoral elegy. Because its classical origin and prototypes, that form had a traditional academic flavor appropriate to the circumstances. The pastoral fiction had moreover been used by two generations of English poets as a vehicle for affectionate communication with each other in verse; and King, though not a gifted singer, had at least justified his shepherdship by frequent verse-making. These, however, were minor considerations. Of much more moment in determining Milton's choice must have been his perception of the double fact that his real interest in King and his fate was a symbolic rather than a personal one, and that the pastoral was of all forms of poetry the most amenable to symbolic treatment.

Much misprision of *Lycidas*, from Dr. Johnson down, has resulted from a failure to accept the first of these premises. We do not, it is true, know exactly what the personal relations of young King and his future elegist were, during their common term of residence within the walls of Christ's College. King was Milton's junior, however, and so far as we can judge from his preserved writings, not of a type of mind to attract an isolated and haughty personality. Milton was not a man to contract those easy miscellaneous friendships open to a less exigent nature, nor was he a man to let a genuine friendship, once contracted, go unchronicled, as his letters and poems to Charles Diodati testify.

But no such *a priori* argument to prove the case is needed. *Lycidas* itself bears convincing testimony that it grew not out of a poignant personal grief, such as inspired three years later the elegy upon Diodati, but out of a passion no less intense for being more generalized and imaginative. King was, everything goes to show, one of those men upon whom there rests in youth an indefinable light of promise, the same in kind if not in degree as two centuries later touched the imaginations of another group of young Cantabrigians gathered about Arthur Hallam. His death could stand, therefore, before the eye of the poet, as a type of touching unfulfillment. No one who has studied the psychology of the poetic mind will doubt the kindling power of such an abstraction. But if this pathos of mortality had not been enough (and for a spirit of Milton's martial cast it might not have been) King's death had another symbolic significance. He had been in preparation for the ministry; he was a type of the "good shepherd" who should enter the sheep-folds of the church and save the flock from hirelings and thieves. Already in *Comus* Milton had given a hint of his growing indignation over the corruptions of the church, and during the three years of silence which

followed the writing of that poem he had been brooding angrily upon the laxity and worldliness of the Episcopal establishment. Here was his chance to speak out. He seized upon the symbol without much regard to King's actual worth or power, broadening and dignifying the individual instance to fit the might of his denunciation.

The symbolic bearing of his theme, as has been said, naturally pointed Milton to the pastoral form, which by its ideal remoteness lent itself with peculiar readiness to symbolism. It will not do, however, to press this point too far, since the fact must be borne in mind that for the expression of what was unquestionably deep personal grief, he chose, in the *Epitaphium Damonis*, the same general form. But between the *Epitaphium Damonis* and *Lycidas* there is this notable difference: the first is in the pure style of the early Sicilian pastoralists, and belongs, therefore, to a simple personal type of elegy; *Lycidas* is in the mixed roccoco style of the pastoralists of the late Renaissance, and belongs to a type which had long been put to ulterior uses and overlaid with deposit upon deposit of literary second-thought. We can see, indeed, in this last particular, an additional reason why the form should have recommended itself to Milton, as well as one prime source of the wonderful beauty which gathered about the theme under his hand. For his mind was of the kind which delights to draw together into one substance the thought-material of all climes and times. Into this magic vessel of the Renaissance pastoral he gathered the mythologies of Greece and Rome, the mongrel divinities of the academic myth-makers, dim old druidical traditions, the miracles of Palestine, the symbolism of the Catholic church, the angelic hierarchies of mediæval theologians, and the mystical ecstasies of the redeemed in Paradise,—all set in a frame-work of English landscape, in the midst of which a Sicilian shepherd sat

piping strains of a double meaning. Surely there was never a more strangely compounded thing than *Lycidas*. Surely there was never a more astonishing instance of the wizardry of the imagination than this, where at a compelling word a hundred motley and warring suggestions are swept together and held suspended in airy unity.

III

The structure of *Lycidas* is unique in English verse; loose analogues are to be found in the lyric choruses in Guarini's famous play of *Pastor Fido*, to which Milton undoubtedly gave careful study. The form stands midway between that of the strict ode, with set stanzas, lines of fixed length, and rhymes of fixed recurrence, such as we find in Shelley's *Adonais*, and the complete lawlessness of the so-called Pindaric ode invented by Cowley and familiarized to us by Dryden's *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*. Though printed without stanza breaks, *Lycidas* groups itself into eleven distinct sections of varying length, happily termed by Professor Masson "free musical paragraphs." These are composed of iambic five-foot lines, occasionally varied by the introduction of a line of three feet, which is subtly contrived to relieve the rhythmic monotony by imparting a kind of swirl or eddy to the onward flow of the verse. The rhyme system is very free. Sometimes the lines rhyme in couplets, sometimes alternately; again, as in the eight lines at the close, they interlace themselves in the Italian form known as *ottava rima*. The boldest and most successful device which Milton used, however, was the prolongation of a single rhyme-sound through a whole passage, in rich replications and echoes. An example of this occurs in the opening passage of the poem. Another daring innovation is illustrated by the first line of all, which stands detached, with no rhyme-word to answer it. A number of these isolated lines occur

throughout the elegy: to a sensitive ear they heighten the poignancy of the music by introducing an element of momentary dissonance or unfulfillment, which is at once lost in the wealth of concord, with an effect somewhat like that of a suspension and resolution in instrumental music.

IV

Through the succession of these "free musical paragraphs" the thought and imagery unfold themselves, — capriciously, even incoherently, it would seem to the hasty glance. Let us try to trace this unfolding scheme, and to perceive the intellectual framework upon which the poet has woven his music. Such analysis is more than ordinarily needful in the study of *Lycidas*, because its unity is compounded of so many simples, and the thought moves from group to group of imagery through such subtly modulated transitions.

The poem opens without any warning of its pastoral character, or of the fact that the author is concealing his personality under the figure of a shepherd plaining for his lost companion: —

" Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and
crude " . . .

Just beneath the surface of the passage there is a plain autobiographic intention. For three years (since the manuscript of *Comus* had been sent to Lawes) Milton had written no poetry, and here he declares that only "bitter constraint" and "sad occasion dear" compel him to break silence now. From other sources we know the reason of his silence, namely, that he was "mewing his mighty youth," and strengthening himself for a flight beside which his previous efforts would dwindle into insignificance. The myrtle boughs with which he hoped one day to bind his brow were still harsh and crude, unmellowed by the long year of his preparation. But sorrow

for his friend is a theme too cogent to be resisted, and the Muses must come, in spite of their denials.

Then, to make tangible the sources of that sorrow, follows a picture of the life which the two friends had led together. Under the beautiful pastoral imagery, Milton conveys a veiled description of their college pursuits. It is not wise to push the dual meaning very far. If we are too eager to translate the Satyrs and cloven-heeled Fauns who dance to the oaten pipes of Lycidas and his companion, into Cambridge undergraduates applauding Milton's and King's Latin exercises, and old Damætus into the tutor Chappell or Sir Henry Wotton, we shall spoil the poetry beyond repair; but, on the other hand, we shall quite fail to appreciate the spirit of the pastoral unless we manage to see behind the veil of imagery a quaint procession of fact.

A stanza of lament over the "heavy change" which the death of Lycidas and the ceasing of his song has brought upon the countryside, leads naturally into a querulous questioning of the Muses which should have protected him, as to their whereabouts at the moment of his danger : "Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep

Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas ?
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard
stream."

The artistic intention behind this is to bring before the mind, indirectly and tentatively, the tragic circumstances and romantic surroundings of Lycidas's death. At the same time it subserves a further purpose. It enriches the classical theme by suggestion drawn from a dim barbarian cycle of poetry and myth, and it prepares the reader for the more magnificent and shadowy apparition, further on, of the "fable of Belerus old," and the great vision of St. Michael keeping guard upon his mount.

One idea in this passage is sufficiently curious in itself and sufficiently significant of Milton's habit of mind, for us to linger over, even at the risk of losing the thread of the analysis. Milton calls the Druid priests bards of the classic Muses, not in the general sense, because they practised poetry, but with reference to a legend which he afterward elaborated in his Latin poem to Manso. There, defending England against the imputation of poetic barrenness, he says : "We, too, worship Apollo; of old we sent him gifts to his island, borne by a chosen band of Druids. Often, in memory of this pilgrimage, the Greek girls circle the altars in grassy Delos, and in glad songs commemorate Loxo, and prophetic Upis, and Hecaërgé of the yellow hair,—Druid maids, whose nude breasts were stained with Caledonian woad." This idea of a physical connection between the legendary singers and seers of Britain and the gods of Greek song and prophecy, had a peculiar fascination for a mind like Milton's, which constantly craved to bring the diverse elements of the world's thought into unison. In its position here, the allusion aids greatly in making plausible the picture of Greek divinities disporting themselves upon the shores of the Irish sea.

Across the mood of complaint strikes suddenly the desolating thought of the impotence of the Muses to help their votaries:—

"Ah me, I fondly dream
'Had ye been there' . . . for what could that
have done ? "

Behind the gracious divinities of song looms a darker figure, omnipotent to destroy. Wistfully for a moment the poet turns to watch the gay hedonists of his generation, and to question whether it were not better done to distil the earthly happiness of love than to watch and agonize for the guerdon of the "clear spirit," since the blind Fury waits to "slit the thinspun life" at the very instant of its fulfilment. The ignoble despondency lasts only for a moment, and

then is nobly transcended. Phœbus, conceived of suddenly in his mystical and universal character, touches the poet's ears, the seat of memory, with a gesture of sacred significance:—

“But not the praise,
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling
ears.” . . .

It is difficult to render clear to one's consciousness what it is which makes this transition so thrilling. Perhaps the phrase “trembling ears” suggests a kind of exquisite sensitiveness to the presence of the god, such as an animal would feel at an invisible human presence, which makes more intense the words of mystical comfort, as the mind is led upward to that place where the poet's fame lives and spreads aloft by the pure eyes of the everlasting Judge.

The theme has now been lifted too high above the pastoral key, and is brought back by an invocation of Arethusa, the fountain of Theocritus, and Mincius, Virgil's river. Then there passes across the scene a weird procession,—Triton, come from Neptune to hold a court of question concerning the death of Lycidas; Æolus, defender of the Winds against the imputed crime; Father Camus, a personification of the college river, bewailing the loss of his child; and last, the figure of St. Peter, bearing the mitre of spiritual sovereignty and the keys of power to bind and loose. Then, by a curious blur, the conception of the dead man as a shepherd under Apollo merges into the conception of him as a shepherd of the flocks of Christ. In the perfect ease of the transition there is more than a hint of Milton's exalted theory of the poet's function. For him, the poet and the preacher are one voice. The shallow ornateness of a hireling's sermon and the scraffel pipings of a rhymester are alike profanations of the temple. Here, without a word of warning, he transfers the whole apparatus of pastoral imagery from its received meaning as symbolic of the poetic

life, and applies it to the life of Christian ministry. At the same time the expression takes on a biblical fervor of denunciation and the metaphor becomes hurried and turbid. The wonderful anathema of “blind mouths,” and the confusion of image which makes the preaching of a corrupt ministry at once a flashy song and a rank mist, prepares the mind for the apocalyptic vagueness of the “two-handed engine at the door,” which may mean anything from the two-edged sword of Revelations to the two houses of the English Parliament.

The next transition is abrupt but exquisite. The theme has again, as it were in the poet's despite, risen above the pastoral tone into a region of fiery thought, from which the river-gods and the mild Muses of pastoral poetry shrink in fear. So, as the visionary shape of St. Peter departs muttering vague menaces, the poet calls,—

“Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian
Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand
hues.” . . .

and the roll-call of the flowers which follows, with its delicate characterization and sweet fancy, brings back gradually the pastoral atmosphere. But to the poet himself it is only a device “to interpose a little ease,”—to cheat into momentary quiet his imagination, which keeps tending passionately outward toward the tragic and perturbed suggestions of his theme. The sudden breaking away from these pretty floral fancies to follow the drowned body beyond the stormy Hebrides and through the monstrous world of the ocean depths, is the finest enharmonic change in the poem; and the nine lines which close in shadowy diapason with “the fable of Bellerus old,” and the “great Vision of the guarded mount,” are among the miracles of imaginative utterance.

Throughout the elegy we have noticed a constant struggle of the thought to break

through the pastoral conventions. It is largely this struggle on the one hand and repression on the other, which gives the poem its remarkable intensity. At the close the poet abandons himself entirely to his impulse, and the theme soars softly into a region of mystical light, where all that is most gracious in the Hellenic conception of Elysium and all that is most touching in the Hebraic dream of Heaven, meet in lovely unison, after which the lines,

"Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood" . . .

LYCIDAS

(1637)

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637; and, by occasion, foretells the ruin of our corrupted Clergy, then in their height.

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more,
Ye Myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.

Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.

Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin, then, Sisters of the sacred well
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;

Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse:

So may some gentle Muse

lead the mind down again by a matchless gradation to the picture of the solitary shepherd piping in the evening fields; and the poem comes to a close on the quiet pastoral levels where it began.

Of the language of *Lycidas* perhaps the less said the better, for no analysis can hope to capture its secret. In its union of the soft and the thrilling, of the exquisite and the august, of music and might, it has not been surpassed, even by Milton himself. Indeed, the oftener one reads *Lycidas*, the more inclined one is apt to be to accept Mark Pattison's dictum, that here Milton touched the high-water mark of his poetry.

With lucky words favour *my* destined urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud!
For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill;
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute;
Tempered to the oaten flute
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Dametas loved to hear our song.
But, oh! the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,

Shall now no more be seen
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft
 lays.
 As killing as the canker to the rose,
 Or taint-worm to the weauling herds that
 graze,
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe
 wear,
 When first the white-thorn blows;
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.
 Where were ye, Nymphs, when the re-
 morseless deep ⁵⁰
 Closed o'er the head of your loved Lyci-
 das?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep
 Where your old Bards, the famous Druids,
 lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard
 stream.
 Ay me ! I fondly dream
 "Had ye been there," . . . for what could
 that have done?
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus
 bore,
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
 Whom universal nature did lament, ⁶⁰
 When, by the rout that made the hideous
 roar,
 His gory visage down the stream was
 sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian
 shore?
 Alas ! what boots it with incessant care
 To tend the homely, slighted, Shepherd's
 trade,
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?
 Were it not better done, as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair ?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth
 raise ⁷⁰
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)
 To scorn delights and live laborious days;
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to
 find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred
 shears,
 And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the
 praise,"
 Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling
 ears:
 "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal
 soil,

Nor in the glistening foil
 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour
 lies, ⁸⁰
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure
 eyes
 And perfet witness of all-judging Jove;
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in heaven expect thy
 meed."
 O fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured
 flood,
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal
 reeds,
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood.
 But now my oat proceeds,
 And listens to the Herald of the Sea,
 That came in Neptune's plea. ⁹⁰
 He asked the waves, and asked the felon
 winds,
 What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle
 swain ?
 And questioned every gust of rugged wings
 That blows from off each beaked promon-
 tory.
 They knew not of his story;
 And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
 That not a blast was from his dungeon
 strayed:
 The air was calm, and on the level brine
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark, ¹⁰⁰
 Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses
 dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
 Next, Camus, reverend Sire, went footing
 slow,
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the
 edge
 Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with
 woe.
 "Ah ! who hath reft," quoth he, "my dearest
 pledge ?"
 Last came, and last did go,
 The Pilot of the Galilean Lake; ¹¹⁰
 Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).
 He shook his mitred locks, and stern be-
 spake:—
 "How well could I have spared for thee,
 young swain,
 Anow of such as, for their bellies' sake,
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the
 fold !
 Of other care they little reckoning make

Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shew away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else the least ¹²⁰
That to the faithful Herdman's art belongs !
What recks it them ? What need they ?
They are sped ;
And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scraffle pipes of wretched straw ;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread ;
Besides what the grim Wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.
But that two-handed engine at the door ¹³⁰
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."

Return, Alpheus ; the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams ; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparingly looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers, ¹⁴⁰
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale gessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,

And every flower that sad embroidery wears ;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies. ¹⁵¹
For so, to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ay me ! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled ;
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, ¹⁶⁰
Where the great Vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold.
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth :
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-span-gled ore ¹⁷⁰
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies, ¹⁷⁹
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the Shepherds weep no more ;

Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth Swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still Morn went out with sandals grey:

He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay.
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

POEMS WRITTEN IN ITALY

In the absence of evidence to the contrary, we must assume that Milton wrote his six Italian poems in 1638-39, during his stay in Italy. Whether the lady whom they celebrate was a creature of flesh and blood or merely an abstraction of the southern type of beauty (*sotta nova idea pellegrina bellezza*) has been a matter of dispute, though, it would seem, somewhat unnecessarily. The first sonnet gives her dwelling-place as the "grassy vale of Reno;" and as the Reno flows near Bologna, that city is presumably meant. If Milton had been addressing an abstraction he would hardly have given it so definite a local habitation, or, even if he had done so, he would hardly have selected Bologna for the purpose. It was not until late in his Italian sojourn, after he had seen Florence, Rome, and Naples, and after the first keenness of impression had worn off, that he saw Bologna and its women. The conclusion seems in-

escapable that the "donna leggiadra" of the sonnets was a Bolognese beauty, whom he encountered perhaps at Florence or Rome, and whose novel charms subdued his susceptible heart. The matter is after all of slight importance; for the poems show that the passion was a manageable one, of the right sort to be played with prettily in a foreign tongue, where necessarily the author's chief concern was to avoid the pitfalls of solecism. He did not succeed altogether in avoiding them; but he did succeed in catching tolerably well the lighter amatory manner of the Italian sonneteers and canzonists.

These poems have been several times translated, notably by Cowper, Langthorne, Masson, and Pattison. The present translator follows Pattison's plan of rendering line for line, in an irregular metre, without rhyme.

SONNET

DONNA leggiadra, il cui bel nome onora
L' erbosa val di Reno e il nobil varco,
Bene è colui d' ogni valore scarceo
Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora,
Che dolcemente mostrasi di fuora,
De' sui atti soavi giammai parco,
E i don, che son d' amor saette ed arco,
Là onde l' alta tu virtù s' infiora.
Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti,
Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,
Guardi ciascun agli occhi ed agli orecchi

L' entrata, chi di te si trova indegno;
Grazia sola di sù gli vaglia, innanti
Che 'l disio amoroso al cuor s' invecchi.

TRANSLATION

LADY gay and gracious, whose fair name
honors
The grassy vale of Reno, and the noble pass,
Surely that man is empty of all worth
Whom thy gentle spirit doth not enamour,—
Thy spirit, that sweetly manifests itself,
Never niggard of delightful actions,

Nor of those gifts (Love's arrows and his bow)
 Wherewith thy virtue high enflowers it-self.
 When thou speakest in thy beauty, or singest in thy joy —
 Sounds that might move the firm trees from the mountains —
 Let whoso finds himself unworthy of thy service
 Guard well the gateway of his sight and hearing;
 Grace from above avail him
 Ere amorous desire lodge in his heart !

SONNET

QUAL in colle aspro, all' imbrunir di sera,
 L' avezza giovinetta pastorella
 Va bagnando l' erbetta strana e bella
 Che mal si spande a disusata spera
 Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,
 Così Amor meco insù la lingua snella
 Desta il fior novo di strania favella,
 Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
 Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso,
 E 'l bel Tamigi cangio col bell' Arno.
 Amor lo volse, ed io all' altrui peso
 Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
 Deh ! foss' il mio cuor lento e 'l duro seno
 A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

TRANSLATION

As on a rough hillside, at dusk of evening,
 A little shepherd girl, as she is wont,
 Goes watering some fair flower that moves her wonder,
 A stranger in that clime, ill flourishing
 Far from the comfort of its native spring-time, —
 Even so doth Love upon my eager tongue
 Rear the new flower of a foreign speech,
 While I of thee, haughty and gracious one,
 Sing, of my own good folk not comprehended,
 And change fair Thames for the fair Arno.
 Love willed it, and at others' cost
 I learned that Love wills nought in vain.
 Ah, that my slow heart and rude breast
 might be
 As kind a soil to Him who plants from Heaven !

CANZONE

RIDONSI donne e giovani amorosi
 M' accostandomsi attorno, e " Perchè scrivi,
 Perchè tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
 Verseggiano d' amor, e come t' osi ?
 Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,
 E de' pensier lo miglior t' arrivi ! "
 Così mi van burlando: " Altri rivi,
 Altri lidi t' aspettan, ed altre onde,
 Nelle cui verdi sponde
 Spuntati ad or ad or alla tua chioma
 L' immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi.
 Perchè alle spalle tue soverchia soma ? "
 Canzon, dirotti, e tu per me rispondi:
 " Dice mia Donna, e 'l suo dir è il mio cuore,
 'Questa è lingua di cui si vanta Amore.' "

TRANSLATION

THE ladies and young lovers laugh at me,
 Standing in circle round me, and " Why write, —
 Why write thus in a language strange, unmastered,
 Versifying of love ? How dost thou dare it ?
 Speak, as thou wilt have thy hope not vain,
 And of thy thoughts the best betide thee ! "
 So they go mocking at me: " Other rivers,
 Other shores await thee, other waters,
 On whose green banks
 Now, even now, grows for thy hair
 The immortal guerdon of unfading fronds.
 Why on thy shoulders the superfluous load ? "
 Canzone, I will tell thee, and do thou make answer:
 " My Lady saith (and her speech is my heart)
 ' This is Love's language, of which Love is boastful.' "

SONNET

DIODATI (e te 'l dirò con maraviglia),
 Quel ritroso io, ch' amor spreggiar solea
 E de' suoi lacci spesso mi ridea,
 Già caddi, ov' uom dabb'en talor s' impiglia.
 Nè treccie d' oro nè guancia vermiciglia
 M' abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea

Pellegrina bellezza che 'l cuor bea,
Portamenti alti onesti, e nelle ciglia
Quel sereno fulgor d' amabil nero,
Parole adorne di lingua più d' una,
E 'l cantar che di mezzo l' emispero
Traviar ben può la faticosa Luna;
E degli occhi suoi avventa si gran fuoco
Che l' incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

TRANSLATION

DIODATI (I tell it thee with wonder)
That stubborn I, who did disparage love,
And often mocked his wiles, have fallen al-
ready

Where worthiest men sometimes ensnare
themselves.

Nor golden tresses nor a vermeil cheek
Undo me thus, but under novel guise
A type of foreign beauty steeps my heart,
A high and modest port, and in the eye-
brows

The quiet splendor of a lovely darkness,
Rich words, and more than from a single
language,
And song that from her middle hemisphere
Might draw the moon o'er-toiled;
And from her eyes proceeds so strong a fire,
To stop my ears with wax would help me
little.

SONNET

PER certo i bei vostr' occhi, Donna mia,
Esser non può che non sian lo mio sole;
Sì mi percuoton forte, come ei suole,
Per l' arene di Libia chi s' invia,
Mentre un caldo vapor (nè senti pria)
Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,
Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
Chiaman sospir; io non so che si sia.
Parte rinchiusa e turbida si cela
Scossomi il petto, e poi n' uscendo poco
Quivi d' attorno o s' agghiaccia o s' in-
giela;
Ma quanto agli occhi giunge a trovar loco
Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose,
Finchè mia alba rivien colma di rose.

TRANSLATION

IN sooth, your beauteous eyes, my Lady,
Cannot be other than my sun;
So sore they smite me, as he smiteth

The traveller in the sands of Libia;
From that side where I feel my pain, out-
gushes

A burning vapor, never felt before,
Which mayhap lovers in their language
Call sighs; for me, I know not what it
be.

A part within lurks pent and turbid,
Shaking my breast; a part forth-issuing
Congeals and freezes in the air about;
But whatso findest passage to my eyes
Is wont to darken all my nights with rain,
Till Thou return, my day-spring crowned
with roses.

SONNET

GIOVANE, piano, e semplicetto amante,
Poichè fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,
Madonna, a voi del mio cuor l' umil dono
Fard divoto. Io certo a prove tante
L' ebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,
Di pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono.
Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il
tuono,

S' arma di se, d' intero diamante;
Tanto del forze e d' invidia sicuro,
Di timori e speranze al popol use,
Quanto d' ingegno e d' alto valor vago,
E di cetra sonora, e delle Muse.
Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
Ove Amor mise l' insanabil ago.

TRANSLATION

A YOUNG, and meek, and simple lover,
Perplexed how I shall flee from my own
self,
Lady, the humble offering of my heart
To you I dedicate: be sure, in many trials
I found it faithful, constant, valorous,
Gracious of thought, discreet, and good.
When the great sky roars, or bursts the
thunder,
With itself it arms itself, with entire ada-
mant,—

As heedless of all violence or spite,
Of vulgar hopes and fears,
As 't is in love with noble gifts and worth,
With the sonorous lyre, and with the
Muses.

In one sole part thou 'lt find it not so
strong,
Where Love set his immedicable sting.

POEMS WRITTEN DURING THE CIVIL WAR
AND THE PROTECTORATE

1642-1658

LATER SONNETS

From 1642, when he entered actively into the national struggle for liberty, until 1658, when the duties of his Latin secretaryship ceased, Milton wrote no English verse except in the way of some rather wooden translations from the Scriptures, and scattered sonnets,—seventeen sonnets in seventeen years. The translations may be dismissed without comment, but the sonnets are of manifold interest. They are the fugitive outcroppings of “that one talent which is death to hide,” and constitute the only relief which he allowed himself from his resolution to efface the singer in the fighter so long as his country’s fate hung in the balance. Even in them, he does not throw off the weight of that resolution; for such of them as are not actual political manifestoes still cling closely to matter of fact. They are, in a word, occasional poetry; but they are lifted into permanence by the presence in them of the whole of a great personality, capable of giving to the most ordinary words an unaccountable resonance and distinction.

The sonnets written after 1642 divide themselves into three groups,—those addressed to personal friends, both men and women, those dealing with some aspect of public affairs, especially as represented by the great men of the time, and those of a purely autobiographic nature.

Of the first group, the sonnets “To a Virtuous Young Lady,” “To the Lady Margaret Ley,” and “To Mistress Catherine Thomson,” are of particular interest, as showing the poet’s growth away from the mere schoolboy amorousness of the Latin elegies and the gentle troubadour gallantry of the Italian Sonnets toward

a high Puritan ideal of womanhood. Of these, the sonnet “To the Lady Margaret” is pitched in the lowest key. It was written shortly after Mary Powell’s desertion. Phillips says of Milton’s relations with the Lady Margaret, that “being now as it were a single man again, he made it his chief diversion now and then of an evening to visit” her, and that she, “being a woman of great wit and ingenuity, had a particular honor for him, and took much delight in his company, as likewise Captain Hobson, her husband, a very accomplished gentleman.” The tone of the sonnet may have been determined by Milton’s rumination upon the springs of his own domestic misfortunes. Eight of the fourteen lines are devoted to a eulogy of the lady’s father, James Ley, Earl of Marlborough, Lord President of the Council under Charles and one time Lord High Treasurer, whose death was believed to have been hastened by the sudden breaking up of Charles’s third Parliament, as that of Isocrates was caused by news of the battle of Chæronea. Milton deems it a sufficient encomium upon the daughter to say that she reflects the honor of the father. In other words, what attracted him in her was probably the dignity with which she bore a great and good name, a dignity thrown into relief by what must have seemed to him the low-bred and selfish impulsiveness of his own wife, the daughter of a shifting cavalier squire. It is, one may say, the civic ideal of womanhood to which this sonnet gives a celebration quite Roman in its pith and measure.

The sonnet “On the Religious Memory of Mrs. Catherine Thomson” is perhaps

the least successful of the whole series. The personification of the lady's good deeds, azure-winged and purple-clad, guided by Faith and Love to Heaven, there to intercede for the soul of their mistress, is marked by the conceitfulness which was the bane of Milton's early manner. It is the only one of the sonnets which lacks the accent of simple conviction. Some interest attaches to it, however, in that it presents another aspect of the Puritan conception of woman, as she reveals herself in a life of active charity.

A more sincere eulogy of Christian womanhood appears in the sonnet "To a Virtuous Young Lady." It has been plausibly conjectured that the person addressed was that Miss Davis whom Milton appears to have had some intention of marrying, in practical exemplification of the free doctrines proclaimed in his divorce tracts. Whether this be true or not, the sonnet is very tender and exalted. The closing picture of the wise virgin, waiting, her odorous lamp filled with "deeds of light," to find entrance

... "when the Bridegroom with his feastful friends
Passes to bliss at the mid-hour of night,"
seems breathed upon by the very breath of passion; but whether passion for the woman or for the thing she typifies it is hard to say. In his youth, all the warm and gorgeous imagery which clusters about the Hebraic idea of paradisaic love had had a strong attraction for Milton, a stronger attraction than it has had for any other English poet except Crashaw. In *Lycidas* and in the *Epitaphium Damonis* he had appropriated the idea with startling completeness. This sonnet is the latest expression of this mystical strain in his nature; for in *Paradise Lost* the idea, though put forward with emphasis, has become somewhat intellectualized and pallid. In losing it, he lost one of those vital conceptions, at once sensuous and spiritual, which take hold of all the fibres of a poet's nature,—

which may, indeed, be called the poet's peculiar dower.

The other sonnets addressed to intimate friends are three in number. Two of them, the sonnet to Mr. Lawrence and the first to Cyriack Skinner, seem to be nothing more nor less than "poetical invitations to dinner," in the manner suggested by Horace's "Quid bellicosus Cantaber." Both Lawrence and Skinner were frequent visitors at Milton's house in Petty France. Lawrence was the son of the President of Cromwell's Council, and about twenty years old at the earliest date, 1656, which can be assigned to the sonnet. Skinner, grandson of the famous jurist Sir Edward Coke, was a young barrister, a member of the famous republican debating club called the "Rota," which held its meetings at the Turk's Head in Palace Yard. The sonnets mark that bright spot in the poet's adult life which followed upon his second marriage. They offer an unusual combination of gravity and grace in the treatment of a trivial subject. Pattison says of them, "In these two sonnets he has shown that he could lay his hand gently on the strings, and take it off again. Milton's, indeed, is not the delicate touch of Desaugiers or Béranger, those masters of 'la chose légère'; but what is wanted in suppleness is made up by dignity and religious resignedness of which the libertine song writer is incapable."

The last sonnet of this group, that to Henry Lawes, has a higher interest, extrinsic and intrinsic. Milton's friendship with Lawes, beginning possibly in the poet's boyhood, at the house in Bread Street, strengthened by his growing taste for music and by their collaboration in the *Arcades* and *Comus*, must have been one of the most genial influences in the poet's life. The sonnet in question, though it first appeared in print prefixed to a collection of *Choice Psalms*, published by Lawes and his brother in 1648, had been written two years before, probably in the period of

brief tranquillity which followed Milton's reconciliation with his wife, — a time when he would most have appreciated the delicate solace of his friend's art. Certainly a more exquisite word of praise than

"Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee
higher
Than his Casella, whom he wooed to sing,
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory"

was never given by one artist to another, unless it be that which Dante himself gave to Casella on the seashore at the foot of the mount of Purgation.

A second group into which the sonnets fall, those dealing with public affairs and public men, includes, besides the lines on the New Forcers of Conscience, the famous tributes to Cromwell, Fairfax, and Vane, and the still more famous outburst upon the Piedmontese massacre. The first of these, written probably in 1646, marks the date of Milton's break with the Presbyterians and his adherence to the Independent party. The Westminster Assembly had made it clear that Presbyterianism, although it had freed England from Laud, her "prelate lord," and had "renounced his liturgy" by supplanting the Prayer Book with the Directory, was no more inclined to allow real intellectual liberty than Laud had been. Milton's contempt wreaks itself here upon the pamphleteer supporters of Presbyterianism, such as Adam Steward ("mere A. S."), and Edwards, who, in his *Gangrena*, had named Milton among the heretics, and upon two members of the Westminster Assembly, Samuel Rutherford and George Gillespie ("Scotch what d'ye call," because of his harsh northern name). The contemptuous tone of the sonnet is subtly intensified by a dash of colloquialism in the diction, as if the Muse had forgotten her dignity in her disgust. The peculiar sonnet form used also contributes to the same end. The *sonnetto colla coda*, or tailed sonnet, had been long in use among Italian poets for purposes of satire and burlesque. The addition of the coda,

by destroying the formal symmetry which gives the sonnet its peculiar distinction, made it a fitter weapon for attack upon a despised foe. It is instructive to read this sonnet in connection with the two on Tetrachordon, in which Milton poured out his contemptuous wrath upon his opponents in the divorce controversy. When he wrote these the iron had entered very deep into his soul. Many times he had used and was still to use poetry as a weapon against his enemies, but always with a biblical majesty of attack. Here he fights for once with the bitter rudeness and blind irritation of his pamphleteering mood, — a degradation of his ideal of poetry which could have come only from extreme weariness.

The sonnets to Fairfax and to Cromwell were written on definite occasions, and are to be considered less as eulogies than as appeals. Some misconception has resulted from a failure to note the special juncture of affairs which brought forth these appeals. Fairfax, in July, 1648, had just cooped up in Colchester the Kentish insurgents who had risen to aid the Duke of Hamilton in his invasion from the north. By his skill and valor Fairfax was bringing to a close the "second civil war," as he had broken the force of the first at the battle of Naseby. Looking forward to assured victory, Milton appeals to Fairfax to enter upon the nobler task of cleansing the counsels of the nation from those jobbers and self-seekers who, in the national crisis, had taken advantage of the opportunity for fraud. The Lord General was of a character to invite such an appeal. Besides being a great soldier, he was a man of scholarly cultivation, of poetic imagination, of pure and upright life. Milton's admiration for Fairfax was staunch enough to survive the defection of the great and gentle patriot from the popular cause in 1649, when he drew back in horror from the plan of putting his king to death. As Milton appealed to Fairfax to free the secular power from corruption, so four years later

he exhorted Cromwell to save the spiritual kingdom from bondage. In addition to the old foes of the pure church, the Presbyterians, there had sprung up new foes in the shape of men who, though nominally Independents, desired to see ministers of the Gospel supported at the public expense. Of these Cromwell, doubtless from practical considerations of state, proved to be one. Milton represented the extreme radical wing of Independence, which not only held in abhorrence every interference of the secular power with the church, but declared that all ministers who accepted pay for their ministrations were "hireling wolves." This sonnet is Milton's cry to Cromwell to turn back into the true road. The exhortation was not heard; yet as had been the case before with Fairfax, Milton retained his admiration for his chief in the face of vital differences of thought.

The sonnet on young Henry Vane, unlike the foregoing two, was not prompted by any definite public crisis, but sprang from a train of thought similar to that which had led to the Cromwell sonnet. The young statesman who, at twenty-four, had been governor of Massachusetts, and had then and afterwards learned to know

"Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,
What severs each,"

stood as a pillar of hope to the poet in these years when he was brooding jealously upon "the bounds of either sword."

The sonnet on the Piedmontese massacre disputes with the sonnet on his blindness the honor of first place among Milton's efforts in this form. No subject could have been more calculated to touch the innermost springs of passion in him. The Vaudois had cherished, long before Luther's time, presumably indeed from the earliest Christian centuries, a form of worship and a theology conceived in the purest spirit of the Reformation. Amid the intense religious ferment of the sixteenth and seven-

teenth centuries they had stood as a type of the *prisca fides* of the early church, a survival of the golden age of apostolic faith. In January, 1655, the Duke of Savoy determined to suppress them. An edict was issued ordering the inhabitants of three valleys either to leave the country or to embrace the Catholic religion. On their refusal to comply, a general massacre was instituted, and carried out with frightful refinements of cruelty. The news filled Protestant Europe with horror. Behind the slow, measured denunciation of Milton's sonnet we can feel a mighty bulk of public wrath. In these wonderful lines the poet's art is at once at its soberest and at its intensest. Pattison has finely said of it: "It would not be easy to find a sonnet in any language of equal power to vibrate through all the fibres of feeling. Yet with what homely materials is the effect produced! Not only is there not a single purple patch in the wording, but of thought, or image, all that there is is a borrowed thought, and one repeatedly borrowed,—namely, Tertullian's saying, 'The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church; ' yet we may say that with a familiar quotation for its only thought, and with diction almost below ordinary, its forceful flood of suppressed passion sweeps along the hackneyed biblical phrases of which it is composed, just as a swollen river rolls before it the worn pebbles long ago brought down from the mountain side. From this sonnet we may learn that the poetry of a poem is lodged somewhere else than in its matter or its thoughts or its imagery or its words. Our heart is here taken by storm, but not by any of these things. The poet hath breathed on us, and we have received his inspiration. In this sonnet is realized Wordsworth's definition of poetry, 'the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings.'

Only one more group remains to be considered, the sonnets purely personal and autobiographic. Of these there are four,

“ When the Assault was intended to the City,” the two on his blindness, and one on his second wife. The first of these presents Milton in a characteristic and at the same time unexpected light. On the thirteenth of November, 1642, the king’s forces had advanced from their victory at Edgehill to Turnham Green, on the outskirts of London. An immediate assault was expected, and Essex hastened out with regular forces and trainbands to the number of 24,000 to engage the enemy. The occasion was one of such imminent danger that Milton’s attitude in staying quietly in his study to write a sonnet pleading that his own house be spared from rapine by the cavalier troopers, seems rather chilly and ungenerous, not to say unvirile. The fact is, that he was at once unusually open to the enthusiasm of ideas, and unusually callous to the raw excitement of events. He had by nature much of the wanness of the idealist ; it is, indeed, not difficult to believe that a conception of his failing in this respect, and the hope of overcoming it, biased his acceptance of public office when, a few years later, it was offered him. Now, with the brute force of arms drawing near, it was natural for him to retire haughtily into the kingdom of the mind, and especially to that city of the kingdom where his power was most absolute. The curious thing is that this haughtiness is tempered by an unexpected humility. The poet seems to bow his head before the conqueror, and to offer his music as the price of leniency, with a Greek submission to the Fates strangely at variance with his habitual temper.

The first sonnet on his blindness shows submission to fate in a larger sense and in a deeply Christian mood. His blindness had been total for three years, and he had not yet seen his way to using, in darkness, “ that one talent which is death to hide.” He seemed to have made the last and great sacrifice. ‘The manner in which the human

pining of a strong man after the work denied him to do emerges here into contemplation of the sufficiency of the divine Worker, is so fine as to be beyond the reach of praise. The poet seems to stand by the battle chariot of God, powerless with wounds, but martial and attentive, while His aides and ensigns bear messages of the strife still waging. The second sonnet on his blindness, addressed to Cyriack Skinner, takes a more everyday view. It is pathetic to see Milton comforting himself in his calamity with the belief that his second pamphlet against Salmasius, with its scurrility, its personal abuse, and its poor logic, was worth the price of his eyes ; and the touch of vanity in the opening lines only adds to the pathos. Yet the purely human courage which this second sonnet breathes, its refusal to “ bate a jot of heart or hope,” its determination to “ still bear up and steer right onward,” is almost as fine as the more exalted resignation of the first.

The last of Milton’s sonnets, that on his dead wife, is the tenderest of all his utterances. He had married Katharine Woodcock on the 12th of November, 1656. Two years later she died in child-birth, and a month later her baby followed her. We know nothing of her or her relations with Milton beyond what the sonnet gives ; but that is enough. The fact that he had never seen her face in life gives to this account of his veiled vision of her in sleep a peculiar poignancy ; and the closing lines,

“ But O ! as to embrace me she inclined
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my
night,”

are in effect his farewell to the warmer human side of life. Henceforth his heart, too, was to dwell in darkness. The double darkness was given him as a background upon which to trace his vision of heaven and earth and hell in stupendous lines of light.

SONNETS

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY

(NOVEMBER, 1642)

CAPTAIN, or colonel, or knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors
may seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from
harms.
He can requite thee, for he knows the
charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and
seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle
warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muse's bower;
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and
tower
Went to the ground; and the repeated
air
Of sad Electra's Poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin
bare.

TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY

(1644)

LADY! that in the prime of earliest youth
Wisely hast shunned the broad way and the
green,
And with those few art eminently seen,
That labour up the Hill of Heavenly Truth,
The better part with Mary and with
Ruth
Chosen thou hast, and they that overween,
And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
Thy care is fixed, and zealously attends
To fill thy odorous Lamp with deeds of
light,
And Hope that reaps not shame; therefore
be sure,
Thou, when the Bridegroom with his feast-
ful friends

Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
Hast gained thy entrance, Virgin wise and
pure.

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY
(1644-5)

DAUGHTER to that good Earl, once Presi-
dent
Of England's Council and her Treasury,
Who lived in both unstained with gold
or fee,
And left them both, more in himself con-
tent,
Till the sad breaking of that Parliament
Broke him, as that dishonest victory
At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,
Killed with report that old man eloquent,
Though later born than to have known the
days
Wherein your father flourished, yet by
you,
Madam, methinks I see him living yet:
So well your words his noble virtues praise
That all both judge you to relate them
true
And to possess them, honoured Margaret.

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH
FOLLOWED UPON MY WRIT-
ING CERTAIN TREATISES

(1645-6)

A BOOK was writ of late called *Tetrachordon*,
And woven close, both matter, form, and
style;
The subject new: it walked the town a
while,
Numbering good intellects; now seldom
pored on.
Cries the stall-reader, "Bless us! what a
word on
A title-page is this!" ; and some in file
Stand spelling false, while one might
walk to Mile-
End Green. Why, is it harder, sirs, than
Gordon,

Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?
 Those rugged names to our like mouths
 grow sleek
 That would have made Quintilian stare
 and gasp.
 Thy age, like ours, O soul of Sir John
 Cheek,
 Hated not learning worse than toad or
 asp,
 When thou taught'st Cambridge and
 King Edward Greek.

ON THE SAME
 (1645-6)

I DID but prompt the age to quit their
 clogs
 By the known rules of ancient liberty,
 When straight a barbarous noise envi-
 rons me
 Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and
 dogs;
 As when those hinds that were transformed
 to frogs
 Railed at Latona's twin-born progeny,
 Which after held the Sun and Moon in
 fee.
 But this is got by casting pearl to hogs,
 That bawl for freedom in their senseless
 mood,
 And still revolt when Truth would set
 them free.
 Licence they mean when they cry Lib-
 erty;
 For who loves that must first be wise and
 good:
 But from that mark how far they rove
 we see,
 For all this waste of wealth and loss of
 blood.

ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CON-
 SCIENCE UNDER THE LONG
 PARLIAMENT

(1646)

BECAUSE you have thrown off your Prelate
 Lord,
 And with stiff vows renounced his Litur-
 gy,
 To seize the widowed whore Plurality,
 From them whose sin ye envied, not ab-
 horred,

Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword
 To force our consciences that Christ set
 free,
 And ride us with a Classic Hierarchy,
 Taught ye by mere A. S. and Ruther-
 ford?
 Men whose life, learning, faith, and pure
 intent,
 Would have been held in high esteem
 with Paul
 Must now be named and printed heretics
 By shallow Edwards and Scotch What-
 d'y-e-call!
 But we do hope to find out all your
 tricks,
 Your plots and packing, worse than those
 of Trent,
 That so the Parliament
 May with their wholesome and preventive
 shears
 Clip your phylacteries, though baulk your
 ears,
 And succour our just fears,
 When they shall read this clearly in your
 charge:
 New *Presbyter* is but old *Priest* writ large.

TO MR. H. LAWES ON HIS AIRS
 (1646)

HARRY, whose tuneful and well-measured
 song
 First taught our English music how to
 span
 Words with just note and accent, not to
 sean
 With Midas' ears, committing short and
 long,
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the
 throng,
 With praise enough for Envy to look
 wan;
 To after age thou shalt be writ the man
 That with smooth air couldst humour
 best our tongue.
 Thou honour'st Verse, and Verse must
 lend her wing
 To honour thee, the priest of Phœbus'
 quire,
 That tunest their happiest lines in hymn
 or story.
 Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee
 higher

Than his Casella, whom he wooed to sing,
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY
OF MRS. CATHERINE THOM-
SON, MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND,
DECEASED DEC. 16, 1646

(1646)

WHEN Faith and Love, which parted from
thee never,
Had ripened thy just soul to dwell with
God,
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly
load
Of death, called life, which us from life
doth sever.

Thy works, and alms, and all thy good en-
deavour,
Stayed not behind, nor in the grave were
trod;
But, as Faith pointed with her golden
rod,
Followed thee up to joy and bliss for
ever.

Love led them on; and Faith, who knew
them best
Thy handmaids, clad them o'er with pur-
ple beams
And azure wings, that up they flew so
drest,
And speak the truth of thee on glorious
themes
Before the Judge; who thenceforth bid
thee rest,
And drink thy fill of pure immortal
streams.

ON THE LORD GENERAL FAIR-
FAX AT THE SIEGE OF COL-
CHESTER

(1648)

FAIRFAX, whose name in arms through
Europe rings,
Filling each mouth with envy or with
praise,
And all her jealous monarchs with amaze,
And rumours loud that daunt remotest
kings,

Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings
Victory home, though new rebellions
raise

Their Hydra heads, and the false North
displays
Her broken league to imp their serpent
wings.

O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand
(For what can war but endless war still
breed?)

Till truth and right from violence be
freed,
And public faith cleared from the shame-
ful brand
Of public fraud. In vain doth Valour
bleed,
While Avarice and Rapine share the
land.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROM-
WELL, ON THE PROPOSALS OF
CERTAIN MINISTERS AT THE
COMMITTEE FOR PROPAGA-
TION OF THE GOSPEL

(1652)

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through
a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless forti-
tude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast
ploughed,
And on the neck of crownèd Fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work
pursued,
While Darwen stream, with blood of
Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field, resounds thy praises
loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath: yet much
remains
To conquer still; Peace hath her victo-
ries
No less renowned than War: new foes
arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with secular
chains.
Help us to save free conscience from the
paw
Of hireling wolves, whose Gospel is their
maw.

TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER

(1652)

VANE, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
 Than whom a better senator ne'er held
 The helm of Rome, when gowns, not
 arms, repelled
 The fierce Epirot and the African bold,
 Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
 The drift of hollow states hard to be
 spelled;
 Then to advise how war may best, up-
 held,
 Move by her two main nerves, iron and
 gold,
 In all her equipage; besides, to know
 Both spiritual power and civil, what
 each means,
 What severs each, thou hast learned,
 which few have done.
 The bounds of either sword to thee we
 owe:
 Therefore on thy firm hand Religion
 leans
 In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEMONTE

(1655)

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughtered Saints,
 whose bones
 Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains
 cold;
 Even them who kept thy truth so pure
 of old,
 When all our fathers worshiped stocks and
 stones,
 Forget not: in thy book record their groans
 Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient
 fold
 Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that
 rolled
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their
 moans
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
 To heaven. Their martyred blood and
 ashes sow

O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth
 sway
 The triple Tyrant; that from these may
 grow
 A hundredfold, who, having learnt thy way,
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

(1655)

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days in this dark world and
 wide,
 And that one Talent which is death to
 hide
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul
 more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and pre-
 sent
 My true account, lest He returning chide,
 "Doth God exact day-labour, light de-
 nied?"
 I fondly ask. But Patience, to pre-
 vent
 That murmur, soon replies, "God doth
 not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts.
 Who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best.
 His state
 Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without
 rest;
 They also serve who only stand and
 wait."

TO MR. LAWRENCE

(1656)

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,
 Now that the fields are dank, and ways
 are mire,
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by
 the fire
 Help waste a sullen day, what may be
 won
 From the hard season gaining? Time will
 run
 On smoother, till Favonius reinspire
 The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh at-
 tire

The lily and rose, that neither sowed nor spun.
 What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
 Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
 To hear the lute well touched, or artful voice
 Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air ?
 He who of those delights can judge, and spare
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

TO CYRIACK SKINNER

(1656)

CYRIACK, whose grandsire on the royal banch
 Of British Themis, with no mean applause,
 Pronounced, and in his volumes taught,
 our laws,
 Which others at their bar so often wrench,
 To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
 In mirth that after no repenting draws;
 Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,
 And what the Swede intend, and what the French.
 To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
 Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
 For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,
 And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains

TO THE SAME

(1655)

CYRIACK, this three years' day these eyes,
 though clear,
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot,

Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
 Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
 Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
 Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate
 a jot
 Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask ?
 The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
 In Liberty's defence, my noble task,
 Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
 This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask
 Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE

(1658)

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint
 Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
 Rescued from Death by force, though pale and faint.
 Mine, as whom washed from spot of child-bed taint
 Purification in the Old Law did save,
 And such as yet once more I trust to have
 Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
 Came vested all in white, pure as her mind.
 Her face was veiled; yet to my fancied sight
 Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
 So clear as in no face with more delight.
 But, oh ! as to embrace me she inclined,
 I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

TRANSLATIONS

THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE,
LIB. I.

Quis multā gracilis te puer in rosā.

Rendered almost word for word, without rhyme, according to the Latin measure, as near as the language will permit.

WHAT slender youth, bedewed with liquid odours,
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,
Plain in thy neatness? Oh, how oft shall
he
On faith and changed gods complain, and
seas
Rough with black winds and storms
Unwonted shall admire,
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold;
Who always vacant, always amiable,
Hopes thee, of flattering gales
Unmindful! Hapless they
To whom thou untried seem'st fair! Me,
in my vowed
Picture, the sacred wall declares to have
hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern God of Sea.

THE ORIGINAL

AD PYRRHAM. ODE V.

*Horatius ex Pyrrhæ illecebris tanquam e nau-
fragio enataverat, cuius amore irretitos affirmat
esse miseros.*

QUIS multā gracilis te puer in rosā
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam
Simplex munditie? Hie, quoties fidem
Mutatosque Deos flebit, et aspera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur insolens,
Qui nunc te fruitur credulæ aureæ;
Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem,
Sperat, nescius auræ
Fallacis! Miseri quibus

Intentata nites. Me tabulā sacer
Votivā paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo.

NINE OF THE PSALMS DONE
INTO METRE

Wherein all, but what is in a different character, are the very words of the Text, translated from the original.

(April, 1648.)

PSALM LXXX

- 1 THOU Shepherd that dost Israel keep,
Give ear in time of need,
Who leadest like a flock of sheep
Thy loved Joseph's seed,
That sitt'st between the Cherubs bright,
Between their wings outspread;
Shine forth, and from thy cloud give light,
And on our foes thy dread.
- 2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
And in Manasseh's sight,
Awake¹ thy strength, come, and be seen²
To save us by thy might.
- 3 Turn us again; thy grace divine
To us, O God, vouchsafe;
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.
- 4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,
How long wilt thou declare
Thy² smoking wrath, and angry brow,
Against thy people's prayer?
- 5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of
tears;
Their bread with tears they eat;
And mak'st them largely³ drink the
tears
Wherewith their cheeks are wet.
- 6 A strife thou mak'st us and a prey
To every neighbour foe;
Among themselves they⁴ laugh, they⁴
play,
And⁴ flouts at us they throw.

¹ Gnorera.
³ Shalish.

² Gnashanta.
⁴ Jilgnugu.

7 Return us, *and thy grace divine,*
O God of Hosts, *vouchsafe;* 30
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.

8 A Vine from Egypt thou hast brought,
Thy free love made it thine,
And drov'st out nations proud and haut,
To plant this *lovely* Vine.

9 Thou didst prepare for it a place,
And root it deep and fast,
That it *began to grow apace,*
And filled the land at last. 40

10 With her *green shade* that covered all
The hills were *overspread;*
Her boughs as high as cedars tall
Advanced their lofty head.

11 Her branches on the western side
Down to the sea she sent,
And *upward to that river wide*
Her other branches *went.*

12 Why hast thou laid her hedges low,
And broken down her fence, 50
That all may pluck her, as they go,
With rudest violence?

13 The *tusked* boar out of the wood
Upturns it by the roots;
Wild beasts there browse, and make
their food
Her grapes and tender shoots.

14 Return now, God of Hosts; look down
From Heaven, thy seat divine;
Behold us, *but without a frown,*
And visit this thy Vine. 60

15 Visit this Vine, which thy right hand
Hath set, and planted *long,*
And the young branch, that for thyself
Thou hast made firm and strong.

16 But now it is consumed with fire,
And cut with axes down;
They perish at thy dreadful ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.

17 Upon the Man of thy right hand
Let thy *good* hand be *laid;* 70
Upon the Son of Man, whom Thou
Strong for thyself hast made.

18 So shall we not go back from thee
To ways of sin and shame:
Quicken us thou; then *gladly* we
Shall call upon thy Name.

19 Return us, *and thy grace divine,*
Lord God of Hosts, *vouchsafe:*
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe. 80

PSALM LXXXI

1 To God our strength sing loud and
clear;
Sing loud to God *our King;*
To Jacob's God, *that all may hear,*
Loud acclamations ring.

2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a song;
The timbrel hither bring;
The *cheerful* psaltery bring along,
And harp with pleasant string.

3 Blow, *as is wont,* in the new moon,
With trumpets' *lofty sound,* 10
The appointed time, the day whereon
Our solemn feast comes round.

4 This was a statute *given of old*
For Israel to observe,
A law of Jacob's God to hold,
From whence they might not swerve.

5 This he a testimony ordained
In Joseph, *not to change,*
When as he passed through Egypt-
land;
The tongue I heard was strange. 20

6 From burden, *and from slavish toil,*
I set his shoulder free;
His hands from pots, and *miry soil,*
Delivered were by me.

7 When trouble did thee sore assail,
On me then didst thou call,
And I to free thee *did not fail,*
And led thee out of thrall.
I answered thee in ¹ thunder deep,
With clouds encompassed round; 30
I tried thee at the water steep
Of Meriba renowned.

8 Hear, O my people, *hearken well:*
I testify to thee,
Thou ancient stock of Israel,
If thou wilt list to me:

9 Throughout the land of thy abode
No alien God shall be,
Nor shalt thou to a foreign god
In honour bend thy knee. 40

10 I am the Lord thy God, which brought
Thee out of Egypt-land;
Ask large enough, and I, *besought,*
Will grant thy full demand.

11 And yet my people would not *hear,*
Nor hearken to my voice;
And Israel, *whom I loved so dear,*
Misliked me for his choice.

¹ *Be Seither ragnam.*

12 Then did I leave them to their will,
And to their wandering mind; ⁵⁰
Their own conceits they followed still
Their own devices blind.

13 Oh that my people would be wise,
To serve me *all their days!*
And oh that Israel would advise
To walk my righteous ways!

14 Then would I soon bring down their foes,
That now so proudly rise,
And turn my hand against *all those*
That are their enemies. ⁶⁰

15 Who hate the Lord should then be fain
To bow to him and bend;
But *they, his people, should remain;*
Their time should have no end.

16 And he would feed them *from the shock*
With flour of finest wheat,
And satisfy them from the rock
With honey *for their meat.*

PSALM LXXXII

1 God in the ¹great¹ assembly stands
Of kings and lordly states;

2 Among the gods ² on both his hands
He judges and debates.

2 How long will ye ³pervert the right
With ³judgment false and wrong,
Favouring the wicked *by your might,*
Who thence grow bold and strong?

3 ⁴Regard the ⁴weak and fatherless;
⁴Despatch the ⁴poor man's cause; ¹⁰
And ⁵raise the man in deep distress
By ⁵just and equal laws.

4 Defend the poor and desolate,
And rescue from the hands
Of wicked men the low estate
Of him *that help demands.*

5 They know not, nor will understand;
In darkness they walk on;
The earth's foundations all are ⁶moved,
And ⁶out of order gone. ²⁰

6 I said that ye were gods, yea all
The sons of God Most High;

7 But ye shall die like men, and fall
As other princes die.

8 Rise, God; ⁷judge thou the earth in
might;
This *wicked* earth ⁷redress;
For thou art he who shalt by right
The nations all possess.

¹ *Bagnadath-sl.*³ *Tishphetu gnavel.*⁵ *Hatzdiku.*² *Bekerev.*⁴ *Shiphtu-dal.*⁶ *Jimmotu.*⁷ *Shiphta.*

PSALM LXXXIII

1 Be not thou silent *now at length;*
O God, hold not thy peace:
Sit thou not still, O God of strength;
We cry and do not cease.

2 For lo ! thy *furious* foes now ¹swell,
And ¹storm outrageously;
And they that hate thee, *proud and fell,*
Exalt their heads full high.

3 Against thy people they ² contrive
³ Their plots and counsels deep;
⁴ Them to ensnare they chiefly strive
⁵ Whom thou dost hide and keep.

4 "Come, let us cut them off," say they,
"Till they no nation be;
That Israel's name for ever may
Be lost in memory."

5 For they consult ⁶ with all their might,
And all as one in mind
Themselves against thee they unite,
And in firm union bind. ²⁰

6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
Of *scornful* Ishmael,
Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,
That in the desert dwell,

7 Gebal and Ammon *there conspire,*
And *hateful* Amalec,
The Philistines, and they of Tyre,
Whose bounds the sea doth check.

8 With them *great* Ashur also bands,
And doth confirm the knot;
All these have lent their armed hands
To aid the sons of Lot. ³⁰

9 Do to them as to Midian *bold,*
That wasted all the coast;
To Sisera, and as is told
Thou didst to Jabin's host,
When at the brook of Kishon old
They were repulsed and slain,

10 At Endor quite cut off, and rolled
As dung upon the plain. ⁴⁰

11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,
So let their princes speed;
As Zeba and Zalmunna bled,
So let their princes bleed.

12 For they *amidst their pride* have said,
"By right now shall we seize
God's houses, and *will now invade*
⁷ Their stately palaces."

13 My God, oh make them as a wheel;
No quiet let them find; ⁵⁰

¹ *Jehemajun.*⁴ *Jithjagnatsu gnal.*⁶ *Lev jachdau.*² *Jagnarimu.*⁵ *Sod.*⁷ *Tsephuneaca.*⁸ *Neoth Elohim bears both*

Giddy and restless let them reel,
Like stubble from the wind.

14 *As, when an aged wood takes fire*
Which on a sudden strays,
The greedy flame runs higher and higher,
Till all the mountains blaze;

15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,
And with thy tempest chase;

16 ¹ And till they yield thee honour due,
Lord, fill with shame their face. ⁶⁰

17 Ashamed and troubled let them be,
Troubled and shamed for ever,
Ever confounded, and so die
With shame, and scape it never.

18 Then shall they know that thou, whose
name
Jehovah is, alone
Art the Most High, and thou the same
O'er all the earth art One.

PSALM LXXXIV

1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair !
O Lord of Hosts, how dear
The pleasant tabernacles are
Where thou dost dwell so near !

2 My soul doth long and almost die
Thy courts, O Lord, to see;
My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
O living God, for thee.

3 There even the sparrow, freed from
wrong,
Hath found a house of rest; ¹⁰
The swallow there, to lay her young,
Hath built her brooding nest;
Even by thy altars, Lord of Hosts,
They find their safe abode;
And home they fly from round the coasts
Toward thee, my King, my God.

4 Happy who in thy house reside,
Where thee they ever praise !

5 Happy whose strength in thee doth
bide,
And in their hearts thy ways ! ²⁰

6 They pass through Baca's thirsty vale,
That dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful watery dale
Where springs and showers abound.

7 They journey on from strength to
strength
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Sion do appear.

¹ They seek thy name : *Heb.*

8 Lord God of Hosts, hear now my
prayer,
O Jacob's God, give ear:

9 Thou, God, our shield, look on the ³⁰
face
Of thy anointed dear.

10 For one day in thy courts to be
Is better and more blest
Than in the joys of vanity
A thousand days at best.

11 I in the temple of my God
Had rather keep a door
Than dwell in tents and rich abode
With sin for evermore. ⁴⁰

12 For God, the Lord, both sun and shield,
Gives grace and glory bright;
No good from them shall be withheld
Whose ways are just and right.

13 Lord God of Hosts that reign'st on high,
That man is truly blest
Who only on thee doth rely,
And in thee only rest.

PSALM LXXXV

1 THY land to favour graciously
Thou hast not, Lord, been slack;
Thou hast from hard captivity
Returned Jacob back.

2 The iniquity thou didst forgive
That wrought thy people woe,
And all their sin that did thee grieve
Hast hid where none shall know.

3 Thine anger all thou hadst removed,
And calmly didst return
From thy ¹ fierce wrath, which we had
proved
Far worse than fire to burn.

4 God of our saving health and peace,
Turn us, and us restore;
Thine indignation cause to cease
Toward us, and chide no more.

5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
For ever angry thus ?
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
From age to age on us ? ²⁰

6 Wilt thou not ² turn and hear our voice,
And thus again ² revive,
That so thy people may rejoice,
By thee preserved alive ?

7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord;
To us thy mercy shew;

¹ *Heb.* : The burning heat of thy wrath.² *Heb.* : Turn to quicken us.

Thy saving health to us afford,
And life in us renew.

8 And now what God the Lord will speak
I will go straight and hear, 30
For to his people he speaks peace,
And to his saints full dear;
To his dear saints he will speak peace:
But let them never more
Return to folly, *but surcease*
To trespass as before.

9 Surely to such as do him fear
Salvation is at hand,
And glory shall *ere long appear*
To dwell within our land. 40

10 Mercy and Truth, *that long were missed,*
Now joyfully are met;
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have
kissed,
And hand in hand are set.

11 Truth from the earth *like to a flower*
Shall bud and blossom *then;*
And Justice from her heavenly bower
Look down on mortal men.

12 The Lord will also then bestow
Whatever thing is good; 50
Our land shall forth in plenty throw
Her fruits *to be our food.*

13 Before him Righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger:
Then ¹ will he come, and not be slow;
His footsteps cannot err.

PSALM LXXXVI

- 1 THY gracious ear, O Lord, incline;
 O hear me, *I thee pray*;
For I am poor, and almost pine
 With need *and sad decay*.
- 2 Preserve my soul; for ² I have trod
 Thy ways, and love the just;
Save thou thy servant, O my God,
 Who *still* in thee doth trust.
- 3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
 I call; 4 Oh make rejoice
 Thy servant's soul! for, Lord, to thee
 I lift my soul *and voice*.
- 5 For thou art good; thou, Lord, art
 prone

¹ *Heb.* : He will set his steps to the way.

² Heb.: I am good, loving, a doer of good & holy things.

To pardon; thou to all
Art full of mercy, thou *alone*,
To them that on thee call.

6 Unto my supplication, Lord,
Give ear, and to the cry
Of my *incessant* prayers afford
Thy hearing graciously.

7 I in the day of my distress
Will call on thee for aid;
For thou wilt grant me *free access*,
And answer what I prayed.

8 Like thee among the gods is none,
O Lord; nor any works
Of all that other gods have done
Like to thy *glorious* works.

9 The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, and *all shall frame*
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.

10 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done;
Thou in thy *everlasting seat*
Remainest God alone.

11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *most right*;
I in thy truth will bide;
To fear thy name my heart unite;
So shall it never slide.

12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
Thee honour and adore
With my whole heart, and blaze
abroad
Thy name for evermore.

13 For great thy mercy is toward me,
And thou hast freed my soul,
Ev'n from the lowest hell set free,
From deepest darkness foul.

14 O God, the proud against me rise,
And violent men are met
To seek my life, and in their eyes
No fear of thee have set.

15 But thou, Lord, art the God most
mild,
Readiest thy grace to shew,
Slow to be angry, and *art styled*
Most merciful, most true.

16 Oh turn to me thy *face at length*,
And me have mercy on;
Unto thy servant give thy strength,
And save thy handmaid's son.

17 Some sign of good to me afford,
And let my foes then see,
And be ashamed, because thou, Lord,
Dost help and comfort me.

PSALM LXXXVII

1 AMONG the holy mountains *high*
Is his foundation fast;
There seated in his sanctuary,
His temple there is placed.

2 Sion's fair gates the Lord loves more
Than all the dwellings fair
Of Jacob's land, though there be store,
And all within his care.

3 City of God, most glorious things
Of thee abroad are spoke. ¹⁰
I mention Egypt, where proud kings
Did our forefathers yoke;

4 I mention Babel to my friends,
Philistia full of scorn,
And Tyre, with Ethiop's utmost ends :
Lo ! this man there was born.

5 But twice that praise shall in our ear
Be said of Sion last :
This and this man was born in her;
High God shall fix her fast. ²⁰

6 The Lord shall write it in a scroll,
That ne'er shall be out-worn,
When he the nations doth enroll,
That this man there was born.

7 Both they who sing and they who dance
With sacred songs are there;
In thee fresh brooks and soft streams
glance,
And all my fountains clear.

PSALM LXXXVIII

1 LORD God, that dost me save and keep,
All day to thee I cry,
And all night long before thee weep,
Before thee prostrate lie.

2 Into thy presence let my prayer,
With sighs devout, ascend;
And to my cries, that ceaseless are,
Thine ear with favour bend.

3 For, cloyed with woes and trouble store,
Surcharged my soul doth lie; ¹⁰
My life, at death's uncheerful door,
Unto the grave draws nigh.

4 Reckoned I am with them that pass
Down to the dismal pit;
I am a ¹ man but weak, alas !
And for that name unfit,

5 From life discharged and parted quite
Among the dead to sleep,
And like the slain in bloody fight

¹ Heb. : A man without manly strength.

That in the grave lie deep; ²⁰
Whom thou rememberest no more,
Dost never more regard:
Them, from thy hand delivered o'er,
Death's hideous house hath barred.

6 Thou, in the lowest pit profound,
Hast set me all forlorn,
Where thickest darkness hovers round,
In horrid deeps to mourn.

7 Thy wrath, from which no shelter saves,
Full sore doth press on me; ³⁰
1 Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,
¹ And all thy waves break me.

8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
And mak'st me odious,
Me to them odious, for they change,
And I here pent up thus.

9 Through sorrow and affliction great
Mine eye grows dim and dead;
Lord, all the day I thee entreat,
My hands to thee I spread. ⁴⁰

10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead ?
Shall the deceased arise
And praise thee from their loathsome bed
With pale and hollow eyes ?

11 Shall they thy loving-kindness tell
On whom the grave hath hold ?
Or they who in perdition dwell
Thy faithfulness unfold ?

12 In darkness can thy mighty hand
Or wondrous acts be known ?
Thy justice in the gloomy land
Of dark oblivion ? ⁵⁰

13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry
Ere yet my life be spent;
And up to thee my prayer doth hie
Each morn, and thee prevent.

14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake
And hide thy face from me,

15 That am already bruised, and ² shake
With terror sent from thee; ⁶⁰
Bruised and afflicted, and so low
As ready to expire,
While I thy terrors undergo,
Astonished with thine ire ?

16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow;
Thy threatenings cut me through:

17 All day they round about me go;
Like waves they me pursue.

18 Lover and friend thou hast removed,
And severed from me far:
They fly me now whom I have loved, ⁷⁰
And as in darkness are.

¹ The Hebrew bears both.² Heb. : *Præ concussions.*

PSALM I

(1653)

BLEST is the man who hath not walked astray
 In counsel of the wicked, and i' the way
 Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
 Of scorers hath not sat; but in the great
 Jehovah's Law is ever his delight,
 And in his law he studies day and night.
 He shall be as a tree which planted grows
 By watery streams, and in his season
 knows
 To yield his fruit; and his leaf shall not
 fall;
 And what he takes in hand shall prosper
 all.
 Not so the wicked; but, as chaff which
 fanned
 The wind drives, so the wicked shall not
 stand
 In judgment, or abide their trial then,
 Nor sinners in the assembly of just men.
 For the Lord knows the upright way of the
 just,
 And the way of bad men to ruin must.

PSALM II

(August 8, 1653 — *Terzetti*)

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations
 Muse a vain thing, the kings of the earth
 upstand
 With power, and princes in their congregations
 Lay deep their plots together through each land
 Against the Lord and his Messiah dear?
 "Let us break off," say they, "by strength of hand,
 Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
 Their twisted cords." He who in Heaven doth dwell
 Shall laugh; the Lord shall scoff them, then severe
 Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell
 And fierce ire trouble them. "But I,"
 saith he,

"Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)
 On Sion my holy hill." A firm decree
 I will declare: the Lord to me hath said,
 "Thou art my Son; I have begotten thee
 This day; ask of me, and the grant is made:
 As thy possession I on thee bestow
 The Heathen, and, as thy conquest to be swayed,
 Earth's utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full low
 With iron sceptre bruised, and them disperse
 Like to a potter's vessel shivered so.²⁰
 And now be wise at length, ye kings averse;
 Be taught, ye judges of the earth; with fear
 Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse
 With trembling; kiss the Son, lest he appear
 In anger, and ye perish in the way,
 If once his wrath take fire, like fuel sere.
 Happy all those who have in him their stay.

PSALM III

(August 9, 1653)

When he fled from Absalom

LORD, how many are my foes!
 How many those
 That in arms against me rise!
 Many are they
 That of my life distrustfully thus say,
 "No help for him in God there lies."
 But thou, Lord, art my shield, my glory;
 Thee, through my story,
 The exalter of my head I count:
 Aloud I cried
 Unto Jehovah; he full soon replied,
 And heard me from his holy mount.
 I lay and slept; I waked again:
 For my sustain
 Was the Lord. Of many millions
 The populous rout
 I fear not, though, encamping round about,
 They pitch against me their pavilions.
 Rise, Lord; save me, my God! for thou
 Hast smote ere now
 On the cheek-bone all my foes,²⁰

Of men abhorred
Hast broke the teeth. This help was
from the Lord;
Thy blessing on thy people flows.

PSALM IV

(August 10, 1653)

ANSWER me when I call,
God of my righteousness;
In straits and in distress
Thou didst me disenthralled
And set at large: now spare,
Now pity me, and hear my earnest prayer.
Great ones, how long will ye
My glory have in scorn?
How long be thus forborne
Still to love vanity?
To love, to seek, to prize
Things false and vain, and nothing else but
lies?
Yet know the Lord hath chose,
Chose to himself apart,
The good and meek of heart
(For whom to choose he knows),
Jehovah from on high
Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.
Be awed, and do not sin;
Speak to your hearts alone
Upon your beds, each one,
And be at peace within.
Offer the offerings just
Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.
Many there be that say
"Who yet will show us good?"
Talking like this world's brood;
But, Lord, thus let me pray:
On us lift up the light,
Lift up the favour, of thy count'nance
bright.
Into my heart more joy
And gladness thou hast put
Than when a year of glut
Their stores doth over-cloy,
And from their plenteous grounds
With vast increase their corn and wine
abounds.
In peace at once will I
Both lay me down and sleep;
For thou alone dost keep
Me safe where'er I lie:
As in a rocky cell
Thou, Lord, alone in safety mak'st me
dwell.

PSALM V

(August 12, 1653)

JEHOVAH, to my words give ear,
My meditation weigh;
The voice of my complaining hear,
My King and God, for unto thee I pray.
Jehovah, thou my early voice
Shalt in the morning hear;
I the morning I to thee with choice
Will rank my prayers, and watch till thou
appear.
For thou art not a God that takes
In wickedness delight; " "
Evil with thee no bidding makes;
Fools or mad men stand not within thy
sight.
All workers of iniquity
Thou hat'st; and them unblest
Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie;
The bloody and guileful man doth God de-
test.
But I will in thy mercies dear,
Thy numerous mercies, go
Into thy house; I, in thy fear,
Will towards thy holy temple worship
low.
Lord, lead me in thy righteousness,
Lead me, because of those
That do observe if I transgress;
Set thy ways right before where my step
goes.
For in his faltering mouth unstable
No word is firm or sooth;
Their inside, troubles miserable;
An open grave their throat, their tongue
they smooth.
God, find them guilty; let them fall
By their own counsels quelled; 30
Push them in their rebellions all
Still on; for against thee they have re-
belled.
Then all who trust in thee shall bring
Their joy, while thou from blame
Defend'st them: they shall ever sing,
And shall triumph in thee, who love thy
name.
For thou, Jehovah, wilt be found
To bless the just man still:
As with a shield thou wilt surround
Him with thy lasting favour and good
will. 40

PSALM VI

(August 13, 1653)

LORD, in thy anger do not reprehend me,
Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;
Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,
And very weak and faint; heal and amend
me:
For all my bones, that even with anguish
ache,
Are troubled; yea, my soul is troubled
sore;
And thou, O Lord, how long? Turn,
Lord; restore
My soul; oh, save me, for thy goodness'
sake!
For in death no remembrance is of thee;
Who in the grave can celebrate thy
praise?¹⁰
Wearied I am with sighing out my days;
Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea;
My bed I water with my tears; mine eye
Through grief consumes, is waxen old
and dark
I' the midst of all mine enemies that
mark.
Depart, all ye that work iniquity,
Depart from me; for the voice of my weep-
ing
The Lord hath heard; the Lord hath
heard my prayer;
My supplication with acceptance fair
The Lord will own, and have me in his
keeping.²⁰
Mine enemies shall all be blank, and dashed
With much confusion; then, grown red
with shame,
They shall return in haste the way they
came,
And in a moment shall be quite abashed.

PSALM VII

(August 14, 1653)

Upon the words of Chush the Benjamite against
him.

LORD, my God, to thee I fly;
Save me, and secure me under
Thy protection while I cry;
Lest, as a lion (and no wonder),

He haste to tear my soul asunder,
Tearing and no rescue nigh.

Lord, my God, if I have thought
Or done this; if wickedness
Be in my hands; if I have wrought
Ill to him that meant me peace;
Or to him have rendered less,
And not freed my foe for naught:¹⁰

Let the enemy pursue my soul,
And overtake it; let him tread
My life down to the earth, and roll
In the dust my glory dead,
In the dust, and there outspread
Lodge it with dishonour foul.

Rise, Jehovah, in thine ire;
Rouse thyself amidst the rage
Of my foes that urge like fire;
And wake for me, their fury assuage;
Judgment here thou didst engage
And command, which I desire.²⁰

So the assemblies of each nation
Will surround thee, seeking right:
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high, and in their sight.
Jehovah judgeth most upright
All people from the world's foundation.²⁹

Judge me, Lord; be judge in this
According to my righteousness,
And the innocence which is
Upon me: cause at length to cease
Of evil men the wickedness,
And their power that do amiss.³⁹

But the just establish fast,
Since thou art the just God that tries
Hearts and reins. On God is cast
My defence, and in him lies;
In him who, both just and wise,
Saves the upright of heart at last.⁴⁰

God is a just judge and severe,
And God is every day offended;
If the unjust will not forbear,
His sword he whets; his bow hath bend-
ed
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death that waits him near.

(His arrows purposely made he
For them that persecute.) Behold
50

He travails big with vanity;
Trouble he hath conceived of old
As in a womb, and from that mould
Hath at length brought forth a lie.

He digg'd a pit, and delved it deep,
And fell into the pit he made:
His mischief, that due course doth keep,
Turns on his head: and his ill trade
Of violence will undelayed
Fall on his crown with ruin steep.

Then will I Jehovah's praise
According to his justice raise,
And sing the Name and Deity
Of Jehovah the Most High.

60

PSALM VIII

(August 14, 1653)

O JEHOVAH our Lord, how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the
earth,
So as above the heavens thy praise to
set!
Out of the tender mouths of latest bearth,
Dut of the mouths of babes and sucklings
thou
Hast founded strength, because of all
thy foes,

To stint the enemy, and slack the avenger's
brow,
That bends his rage thy providence to
oppose.

When I behold thy heavens, thy fingers' art,
The moon and stars, which thou so
bright hast set ¹⁰
In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,
Oh, what is man that thou rememberest
yet
And think'st upon him, or of man begot
That him thou visit'st, and of him art
found?
Scarce to be less than gods thou mad'st his
lot;
With honour and with state thou hast
him crowned.

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st
him lord;
Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,
All flocks and herds, by thy commanding
word,
All beasts that in the field or forest
meet, ²⁰
Fowl of the heavens, and fish that through
the wet
Sea-paths in shoals do slide, and know
no dearth.
O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all
the earth!

PARADISE LOST

1658-1665

PARADISE LOST

I

In the Cambridge "Vacation Exercise" we get the first trace of the epic ambition forming in Milton's mind, where the young poet longs to sing:

" Of kings and queens and heroes old,
Such as the wise Demodocus once told
In solemn songs at king Alcinoüs feast."

In the Latin verses, *In Quintum Novembris*, also, Professor Masson detects some embryos of *Paradise Lost* in those passages which have to do with the "personality and agency of Satan, and the physical connection between Hell and Man's world." Milton's naïve confession to Diodati, at Horton, that he was "pluming his wings for a flight," meant doubtless some effort of a much more sustained sort than *Lycidas*, which immediately followed. But it was the unstinted praise which he received at the hands of the Italian academies, together with his reading of Tasso, Ariosto, and Boiardo, which first set him seriously thinking of a poem of heroic dimensions.

The first subject to which he gave much thought was the legendary history of King Arthur, as he explicitly states in the Latin poem to Manso, his Neapolitan host, and in the *Epitaphium Damonis*. The latter, written shortly after his return from abroad, informs us that he had decided to write in English, and that he had, indeed, already begun. One portion of this passage arouses interesting conjecture. He says,

" I will not say what lofty strain my pipe was sounding — 'tis now the twelfth day since — and perchance it was to new reeds that I had set my lips, when they burst their fastenings, and refused longer to endure the grave sounds."

Whether the "new reeds" meant a new stanza, a new verse-line, the untried epic form, or the English language put to novel uses, it is certain that when burst they were thrown aside forever, so far as this particular poem was concerned.

Without definitely casting aside the subject of King Arthur, Milton undertook, during the comparatively unemployed time between 1639-1642, a systematic course of reading in the Bible, in the chronicle-histories of Holinshed and Speed, and in the older chronicles of Bede, Geoffrey of Monmouth, and William of Malmesbury, with the design of setting down all the hopeful subjects which occurred to him in perusal. These jottings have been preserved to us among the Milton manuscripts in Trinity College, Cambridge. They consist of ninety-nine subjects, of which two thirds are from old and new testament Scripture, and the remainder from British history. For the most part the subjects are barely indicated, but in some cases pains have been taken to elaborate a little outline of treatment. Among these last, the subject of the fall of Adam stands out conspicuously; there are two outlines and two elaborated drafts of it, occupying in all nearly a page and a half of the seven pages of notes. All the drafts are for dramas; the possibility of epic treatment is not suggested. The first presents merely a list of *dramatis personæ*, — chief among which, after the human pair, are Michael and Lucifer: there is a chorus of angels and a number of allegorical figures, Heavenly Love, Conscience, Death, etc., introduced as "mutes." In the second draft Moses takes the place of Michael. The third is elaborated to show the course of the action and

the division into acts. The fourth is of sufficient interest to be given entire:—

“ADAM UNPARADISED:—The Angel Gabriel, either descending or entering—showing, since the globe is created, his frequency as much on Earth as in Heaven—describes Paradise. Next the Chorus, showing the reason of his coming—to keep his watch, after Lucifer’s rebellion, by the command of God—and withal expressing his desire to see and know more concerning this excellent and new creature, Man. The Angel Gabriel, as by his name signifying a Prince of Power, passes by the station of the Chorus, and, desired by them, relates what he knew of Man, as the creation of Eve, with their love and marriage.—After this, Lucifer appears, after his overthrow; bewoans himself; seeks revenge upon Man. The Chorus prepares resistance at his first approach. At last, after discourse of enmity on either side, he departs; whereat the Chorus sing of the battle and victory in Heaven against him and his accomplices, as before, after the first Act, was sung a hymn of the Creation.—Here again may appear Lucifer, relating and consulting on what he had done to the destruction of Man. Man next and Eve, having been by this time seduced by the Serpent, appear confusedly, covered with leaves. Conscience, in a shape, accuses him; Justice cites him to the place whither Jehovah called for him. In the meantime the Chorus entertains the stage and is informed by some Angel of the manner of the Fall. Here the Chorus bewails Adam’s fall.—Adam and Eve return and accuse one another; but especially Adam lays the blame to his wife—is stubborn in his offence. Justice appears, reasons with him, convinces him. The Chorus admonishes Adam, and bids him beware Lucifer’s example of impenitence.—The Angel is sent to banish them out of Paradise; but, before, causes to pass before his eyes, in shapes, a masque of all the evils of this life and world. He is humbled, relents, despairs. At last appears Mercy, comforts him, promises him the Messiah; then calls in Faith, Hope, Charity; instructs him. He repents, gives God the glory, submits to his penalty. The Chorus briefly concludes.—Compare this with the former Draft.”

As will appear below, not only the idea of the dramatic form, but the specific handling here indicated, were beyond reasonable doubt suggested to Milton in Italy, where several dramas treating of the fall

of Man, notably the *Adamo* of Andreini, can hardly have failed to fall under his notice. Though temporarily fascinated by these showy productions, he could not abandon the epic form without long debate. The following passage from the *Reason of Church Government*, published in 1641, while this course of reading and pondering was still in progress, is interesting, aside from the nobility of its diction, as showing his hesitation:—

“Time serves not now . . . to give any certain account of what the mind at home, in the spacious circuit of her musings, hath liberty to propose to herself, though of highest hope and hardest attempting—whether that Epic form whereof the two poems of Homer and those other two of Virgil and Tasso are a diffuse, and the book of Job a brief model; . . . or whether those Dramatic constitutions wherein Sophocles and Euripides reign shall be found more doctrinal and exemplary to a nation.”

He balances, too, the idea of a national historical Epic over against that of a drama or pastoral play drawn from Holy Writ:—

“As Tasso gave to the prince of Italy his choice whether he would command him to write of Godfrey’s expedition against the infidels . . . or Charlemagne against the Lombards, if to the instinct of nature and the emboldening of art aught may be trusted . . . it haply would be no rashness, from an equal diligence and inclination, [for me] to present the like offer in our ancient stories. . . . The Scripture also affords us a divine Pastoral Drama in the song of Solomon . . . and the Apocalypse of St. John is the majestic image of a high and stately Tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies.”

Whatever should be the subject and form selected, the selection was to be made from the point of view of the moral teacher. Milton is already determined to be the assertor of Eternal providence:—

"Lastly, whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave . . . with a solemn and treatable smoothness to paint out and describe; teaching over the whole book of sanctity and virtue, through all the instances of example, with such delight . . . that, whereas the paths of honesty and good life appear now rugged and difficult, though they be indeed easy and pleasant, they would then appear to all men both easy and pleasant, though they were rugged and difficult indeed."

There is plainly apparent here the temper which would ultimately have decided Milton against a purely romantic theme, and in favor of that one among those drawn from the Bible, which was most instinct with ethical and religious doctrine, even if national circumstances had not thrown him more and more inevitably upon the subject of Satan's rebellion and revenge. Just when his decision was finally made, either as to subject or form, it is impossible to say. We do know, on the authority of Edward Phillips, that as early as 1642 Milton made a tentative beginning upon a drama such as had been indicated in his notes. Several verses which now form part of Satan's speech as he stands for the first time on earth and beholds the splendor of the sun in Heaven (Book IV, 32-37) formed the opening lines of this incipient drama. The suppression of stage plays and closing of the theatres by Parliament in 1642, and the great distrust of the drama felt by all Puritans, may have been instrumental in diverting Milton's intention. The next positive information concerning the growth of *Paradise Lost* is Phillips's statement that his uncle began the composition of it in its present form "about two years before the king came in," i. e., about 1658, while he was still Cromwell's secretary. Its further progress, until it was shown to young Ellwood at Chalfont in 1665, has been traced, conjecturally, in the introductory biography.

Two editions of *Paradise Lost* appeared

in Milton's lifetime. In the first edition, 1667, the poem appears in ten books; in the second, 1674, this number is increased to twelve by a division of the seventh and tenth books into two each. A third edition appeared in 1678.

II

It has been shown that the subject of *Paradise Lost* took tolerably definite shape in Milton's mind as early as 1641-2. During the twenty odd years between this date and the completion of the poem, the theme lay in the background of his consciousness, accreting to itself a rich alluvium, slowly deposited from reading and reflection. A portion of the patience with which he bore the delay of his project was undoubtedly due to the necessity he felt for a long preparation. His poem was not one, he says in the *Reason of Church Government*, "to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapors of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amoret, or the trencher fury of a rhyming parasite, nor to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit which can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out His Seraphim with the hallowed fire of His altars, to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases. To this must be added *industrious and select reading*, steady observation, insight into all seemly arts and affairs." The underscored words are significant. During those years of preparation Milton travelled through an immense cycle of reading, constantly selecting and assimilating. The question of the "origins" of *Paradise Lost* is therefore a very complicated one, leading in a hundred unexpected directions, traversing indeed, in one form or another, nearly the whole area of European literature. Of the thirty or forty works which have been cited by commentators, many, such as the *Divine Weeks and Works of*

Du Bartas, the *Adamus Exul* of Grotius, the *Scena Tragica d' Adamo ed Eva* of Lancetta, the *Bellum Angelicum* of Taubmann, and the *Sospetto d' Herode* of Crashaw, we may put aside as exhibiting vague, slight, or merely verbal resemblances. A few books, however, remain, which are so closely connected with Milton's work that some consideration of them is imperative. They are taken up here in the order in which Milton probably encountered them.

1. In 1627, while Milton was still at Cambridge, there was published a long poem in Latin entitled *Locustæ*, and an English version of the same under the title of *The Apollyonists*. The author was Phineas Fletcher, a Cambridge man, better known as the author of *The Purple Island*. He was already a poet of considerable fame, especially in academic quarters, and his book could hardly have escaped falling into Milton's hands at once; nor can it have failed to make a strong impression, both because of its vigor and of its timely subject. It deals with the origin and culmination of the Gunpowder Plot, tracing the conspiracy to the newly-founded order of Jesuits, who are represented as urged on by infernal powers. The opening cantos narrate the gathering of the fallen angels in council, and their deliberations. The description of the gathering, and the arguments put forth by the various chiefs in the course of debate, the final selection of Apollyon to be sent forth on the errand of guile, and the breaking up of the Satanic parliament,—all bear remarkable resemblance to well-known passages in the opening books of *Paradise Lost*. The earlier picture placed beside the later is like some odd laborious German woodcut beside an altar-piece of Tintoretto; but the curious similarity of the main traits in each compels the belief that the impression made by Fletcher's poem upon Milton's mind at its most sensitive period emerged as a determining force in his imagination thirty

years later, when he began to write his epic. The belief is strengthened by a similar correspondence between *Paradise Regained* and the *Christ's Victory* of Phineas Fletcher's brother Giles. The relations traceable between *Paradise Lost* and the *Sospetto d' Herode* of another Cambridge poet, Richard Crashaw, are, compared with those just mentioned, insignificant.

2. Voltaire, while residing in England in 1727, stated positively, though without giving his authority, that Milton had seen at Florence a comedy called *Adamo*, by one Andreini, and that "piercing through the absurdity of that performance to the hidden majesty of the subject," he had taken "from that ridiculous trifle the first hint of the noblest work which human imagination has ever attempted, and which he executed twenty years after." Voltaire could not have read the play in question, for it is neither a comedy nor a ridiculous trifle, but a sacred drama of no little dignity, in spite of some minor lapses in taste. It goes over the whole ground covered by *Paradise Lost* except the fall of the Angels and the creation of the world, which events have already taken place when the action opens. Two circumstances lend weight to the theory of Milton's indebtedness to Andreini: the first is that after his return from Italy, when Andreini's play would have been still fresh in his mind, he proposed to treat the subject of Adam's fall in dramatic form, though he had thought only of the epic form for the Arthurian legends; the second is that in the early drafts of the proposed drama various allegorical personages appear, corresponding in some cases precisely to those profusely employed by Andreini, and so long before abandoned by serious dramatists in England that their presence in Milton's sketch points forcibly to an outside influence.

3. The indebtedness of Milton to the Dutch poet Joost van den Vondel was in 1885 investigated by Mr. George Edmundson, whose conclusions are somewhat start-

ling. He points out the close acquaintance with the public affairs and even with some of the private gossip of the Low Countries, exhibited in Milton's pamphlets against Morus. He proves also that Milton was taught the Dutch language by Roger Williams, during the visit of the latter to England in 1651-54. He then attempts to show by copious excerpts "not only that the language and imagery of the Lucifer" (the only work of Vondel referred to by previous critics) "exercised a powerful and abiding influence on the mind of Milton, and have left indelible traces upon the pages of *Paradise Lost*, but that other writings of Vondel have affected in no less degree all the great poems of Milton's later life." These other writings are *John the Baptist*, published in 1661, believed by Mr. Edmundson to have influenced both *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*; *Adam in Banishment*, published in 1664, and offering "remarkable coincidences with the ninth and tenth books, which were probably written after its appearance;" *Reflections on God and Religion*, a didactic-religious poem, published in 1661, passages from which are "almost reproduced in portions of the eighth book of *Paradise Lost*;" and *Samson*, a drama published in 1660, which "exhibits all the features" of *Samson Agonistes* "which have been regarded as most peculiar." A good deal must be deducted from all this on the score of pioneer enthusiasm, but after all deductions are made, the bulk of evidence remains considerable.

Professor Masson discredits all investigation into the origins of Milton's poetry as futile, and "for the most part laborious nonsense." Surely, however, some good has been achieved in the process. In the first place we have arrived thereby at a far truer understanding of the texture of Milton's mind and of its workings than would otherwise have been possible. It was perhaps the most extraordinarily assimilative mind in the history of poetry. In its ear-

liest as well as its latest phases, it shows the same sensitiveness to literary impression. Its richness is made up of a hundred borrowed dyes. As Shakespeare's mind held, as in a magic mirror, all the faces and forms of the world of men, Milton's held those of the world of books. The cases noted above are the chief ones in which an influence upon the large outlines of his work can be traced, but on every page, almost in every line, there is an echo of some earlier singer. In one sense Milton is the least original of poets. Over against his haughty independence as a man, we find in him as a poet a supple yielding to the fascination of voice or gesture in those to whom he listened. This is doubtless the case with all poets in youth; Milton is unique in having preserved to old age this instinct of eager assimilation.

But if we left the case here, we should leave unstated the essential element of his power, — a mysterious element, which it is possible only to suggest by saying that with him the assimilation is complete. The borrowed particle is transmuted not only into a different thing, but always into a Miltonic thing; and after such transmutation, it takes its place in the whole poetic structure, not as something added but as something organic. So that *Paradise Lost*, in spite of its immense freight of erudition, has a clean-limbed athletic movement very different — to go to the drama for a comparison — from that of the *Sejanus* of Ben Jonson, in whose work a similar vastness of learning is scarcely assimilated at all.

A second worthy outcome of investigation into the sources of *Paradise Lost* has been to reveal the fact that the subject had for a long time lain upon the imaginations of poets throughout Europe with a kind of obsession. In the first half of the seventeenth century at least a score of serious efforts were made, in Italy, Spain, France, the Low Countries, and even in Germany, to grapple in verse with the problem of the origin of evil as set forth in

Genesis. The figures of Adam and Eve, Lucifer and Michael, had exerted over the poets a fascination which was in part pictorial, in part due to the religious questioning of the age. With most of these works Milton was doubtless familiar, and he was acting according to true epic tradition when he gathered into a work of commanding scope and unity the detached attempts of his predecessors. In this restricted but still significant sense, *Paradise Lost* is a "natural epic," with a law of growth like that of *Beowulf*, or the *Iliad*.

III

Paradise Lost is eminently a cosmological poem, and demands on the part of the reader a clear visualization of the scheme of the universe which it presupposes. This scheme is so remote from our present conception that a few words of explanation or reminder may be called for.

In spite of the announcement by Copernicus, a century before Milton began to consider his subject, of the true physical order, and in spite of the work of Kepler and Galileo, establishing the theory on a secure basis, the new astronomy had made, by the middle of the seventeenth century, little progress toward supplanting the old Ptolemaic system which had held its place since the first century of the Christian era. This old system, discarded by a few advanced scientific minds, still furnished the cosmologic outline for the world's thought, and was endeared to men's minds by a thousand associations of poetry and religion. Whether for such reasons or because of his own skepticism concerning the new theory, Milton cast his poem into the traditional mould, making, however, some important reservations and changes.

The fundamental difference between the Ptolemaic and the Copernican system is that in the old one the earth, not the sun, was made the centre about which all other bodies revolve. These other bodies, more-

over, instead of moving freely through space, held in leash only by the force of gravitation (or, as was at first believed, by magnetic attraction), were conceived of as firmly fastened in concentric spheres or shells of some indeterminate transparent material, which shells moved upon one another in such a way as to bring about the bewildering irregularities noticeable in the movements of the bodies they carried. The order of these spheres was, beginning with the one nearest the earth, immediately surrounding the terrestrial air-belt: — first, the sphere of the Moon; second, the sphere of Mercury; third, the sphere of Venus; fourth, the sphere of the Sun; fifth, the sphere of Mars; sixth, the sphere of Jupiter; seventh, the sphere of Saturn; eighth, the sphere of the Fixed Stars. This eighth sphere was known as the Firmament, because of its supposed function of steadyng the more volatile spheres within. Accordinging to the original Ptolemaic scheme, this eighth sphere formed the outside limit of the created universe, — the Mundus or Macrocosm; but later speculation added a ninth, called the Crystalline, to account for the precession of the equinoxes, and a tenth, called the Primum Mobile, or "First-moved." This last sphere, unlike the others, was conceived of as solid and non-transparent. It carried along by its momentum the spheres within, in their various revolutions; and it served, conveniently for the finite imagination, as a sort of necessary containing envelope for the whole.

Thus far, Milton's conception is identical with that of the mediæval cosmologists. In his account of the creation (Book VII., 192-550) he does not, it is true, take account of the Ptolemaic spheres, perhaps because of the wavering state of his belief in them, but more probably because of his desire to keep close to the Biblical account. But elsewhere (Book III., 481-483) he makes clear his adoption of the traditional belief concerning them. As to what lay outside the Primum Mobile,

however, *Paradise Lost* makes some innovations. The mediæval belief had been that through this outside region, of infinite extent, spread the radiant Empyrean, or Heaven of Heavens, the mysterious seat of the God-head, and the pinnacle (to use a term of one dimension) of that graduated hierarchy of heavens of which the sphere of the Moon was the lowest, and in all which dwelt angelic presences. Before Milton's day, this conception of Heaven as including the ten spheres of the Mundus or material universe, had become at least obsolescent ; and Heaven had been transferred, in most minds, entirely to the mystical realm which spread beyond the envelope of the Primum Mobile, — in other words, it had been made identical with the Empyrean, till then set apart as the crown and culmination of the heavenly orbs. But as it was extremely difficult to picture Heaven thus as a sphere, enveloping the material universe on all sides, a further contraction naturally followed, and Heaven came to be thought of as "above," that is, as situated in the zenith-portion, humanly speaking, of extra-cosmic infinitude.

This naïve popular conception Milton followed, and made even more picturesque and tangible. He is careful to say that wherever he speaks of heavenly things concretely, it is always as symbols that they are to be understood ; but this is only a theologian's apology. As poet, his business was with concretions, and he took pains at every point to make the setting of his drama optically rememberable. Heaven he represents as a place of radiance in the "zenith portion" of infinite space, separated by walls and towers of light from Chaos, a dark amorphous region of warring elements beneath. Before the fall of the rebellious angels and before the creation of the Mundus, or world of Earth and its enveloping spheres, Chaos occupied all this lower portion of infinitude; but after those events, Hell was hollowed out in the nadir portion of Chaos to receive the

defeated armies of Lucifer; and the Earth with her enveloping spheres was also created out of Chaos to receive Man, the inheritor of the divine affection forfeited by the rebel angels at their fall.

Not content with even so tangible a division of space as this, Milton makes unmistakable the relative positions of Heaven, the Universe, and Hell, as well as telling us something of their comparative sizes and distances. The Universe hangs by a golden chain from the floor of Heaven, or rather from its brink, — for of course, for purposes of visualization, a length and breadth limit must be set to the region. When Satan far off in Chaos catches sight of the world-ball hanging thus from the luminous stretch of Heaven, he likens it to "a star of smallest magnitude close by the moon." Hell, we are further told, is situated three times as far from Heaven as the centre of the earth is distant from the Primum Mobile, or, in other words, three semi-diameters of the world-ball beneath Heaven, and nearly one semi-diameter beneath that ball itself. To complete the "stage-setting" of the action, we must add a few details. A ladder of light reaches downward from the gate of Heaven to an opening directly beneath in the Primum Mobile; this ladder constitutes the regular means of communication between God and his World, and can be raised at will when not needed by his angelic messengers. After the temptation and fall of Adam, a corresponding means of communication between Hell and the Universe comes into existence in the shape of a bridge built by Sin and Death across the dark and warring abyss of Chaos. If we will push the visual image to its last point of exactness, we must conceive this bridge stretching from Hell-gate upward to a point on the outer surface of the Primum Mobile near the foot of the heavenly ladder, since there alone is ingress afforded into the spheres which encircle the earth.

The extreme exactness of Milton's delin-

eration tempts one to an ungenerous urging of discrepancies. How, one may ask, is the idea of the ladder and the chain to be reconciled with the idea of the revolving motion of the world-spheres? And how, if the outer shell of the Universe is non-transparent, can Satan liken it to a star hanging by the moon? Of course this is to inquire too curiously. For the purposes of his action the delineation is consistent enough, and although to our minds, accustomed to the spacial immensities and harmonious physical law which the modern astronomy has demonstrated, Milton's cosmology seems, when thus stripped to its skeleton, curiously arbitrary and wooden, his handling makes it august enough.

The question remains an interesting one whether Milton still held as true the Ptolemaic astronomy, or whether he adopted it because of its hold on the popular imagination and its adaptability to poetic treatment. A famous passage in the poem (Book VIII., 15-178) seems to betray a wavering state of mind, a distrust of the new system coupled with dissatisfaction over the arbitrariness and complexities of the old. We should have expected Milton, with his intellectual daring, his radical temper, and his virile imagination, to be the first to welcome the new theories, especially after his meeting with Galileo in Italy. But he was held back by the most powerful of checks. The whole passion of Puritanism went to dignify the individual, to place man face to face with his Creator, and to make his salvation or damnation the Almighty's chief concern. The degradation of the earth from its proud station immovable at the centre of ten ministerant spheres, to the position of an insignificant satellite of the sun, would have seemed to belittle Man, to deny his spiritual prerogative. This aspect of the new cosmology could not but make it peculiarly repellent to a mind like Milton's, in which the Puritan conception of human dignity and responsibility was unusually stern. It is

probable that he shut his mind more or less deliberately to the rational appeal of the Copernican theory.

We cannot be sorry that he did so. The lack of definite outline in the new cosmology would have rendered it difficult for concrete treatment, even if it had been possible for the poet to assimilate suddenly ideas involving such a complete restatement of his thought-world. In reading the poem, there are two things which a reader has to do, — first, to visualize in all its concreteness the picture of Heaven, Hell, Chaos, and the Universe, as the poet has given them physical embodiment; second, to accept his reservation that these are pictures merely, symbols made tangible to human sense, of mysteries which are spiritual.

IV

It was in Italy, as we have seen, that Milton's vague literary ambitions crystallized, and it was the Italian heroic poems which turned his thoughts toward the epic form. The influence of the romantic poetry of the south came to him while he was still in the Elizabethan mood, and, reinforcing as it did the glamour of Spenser with the spell of Italian syllables, sank so deeply into his mind that it lingered on after the native romance of his temperament had evaporated. It is curious to see how recollections of Boiardo, Ariosto, and Tasso throw even across the umber and gray of *Paradise Regained* purpureal illuminations, the unexpectedness and incongruity of which are almost ghostly. The epic subject which he determined upon while in Italy, the adventures of King Arthur and his knights, was perhaps the nearest parallel in British legend to the themes which these poets had treated, though its greater ethical possibilities made a special appeal to Milton's nature. He rejected, in the end, this purely romantic material, but he did not reject the romantic manner of treatment learned in the southern school

Paradise Lost is the last great episode in the movement of imagination of which Ariosto and Tasso in Italy, Camoëns in Portugal, and Spenser in England, are exemplars. With one of these, indeed, Camoëns, Milton stands in a peculiarly interesting relation. The *Lusiad* of Camoëns treats of the voyages of the famous Portuguese navigators ; its theme, therefore, is taken from recent, almost contemporary, history. This theme, however, is treated, one may say, centrifugally, the imagination of the poet circling out in such a way as to invest it with all manner of religious and mythopoeic suggestion. Milton, on the other hand, starting with a great religious and mythic theme, impressed upon it, consciously or unconsciously, the traits of the Puritan revolution in England.

For not only are the theology of the poem and its doctrine of social relations entirely Puritan, but, as has often been remarked, its chief figure and real hero, Lucifer, is an embodiment of that very spirit of revolt against arbitrary authority which swept Charles I. from the throne. Roughly speaking, Satan is an unsuccessful Cromwell, refusing to bow before the tyranny of irresponsible might, and Jehovah is a triumphant Stuart, robed in the white light of omnipotence. The theology and the politics of the poet are at variance, and this fact introduces into much of the poem an unconscious insincerity. The words of the rebel angel have an intense eloquence, and the account of his doings and of his domain a persuasive vividness and majesty, which contrasts oddly with the pedantic woodenness of many of the passages consecrated to the Deity. It was largely in the attempt to overcome this paradox by which his villain insisted upon being his hero, that Milton lost himself in those long disquisitions that make some of the later books of the poem rather dreary reading.

Perhaps another fact contributing to the same result was that the writing of *Para-*

dise Lost was, as Taine suggests, really a feat of anachronism. Milton was producing a cosmology in an age of psychology. The whole tendency of Puritanism had been to make men look within, to fix attention upon the individual spirit and its responsibilities ; Bunyan's *Grace Abounding* was therefore the significant book for the times, significant, at least, for one half the nation ; the other half was drifting fast toward the spirit of pure criticism. It is not strange, under these conditions, that Milton felt a constant temptation to abandon the picture for the sermon. His solemnly avowed intention to "justify the ways of God to men" was in the end a serious drag upon him.

There lurked in the subject another difficulty. The title *Paradise Lost*, although it suggests the central point about which the action moves, does not adequately suggest that action itself. The fall of man from innocence is only the point of convergence for a cosmic drama, the theatre of which is all space, and the time of which extends far back into the abyss before Time was. In this unimaginable vastness the earth hangs a mere drop, and the little drama of the Garden of Paradise dwindles necessarily almost into insignificance. Milton was never able to overcome this fault of perspective ; however much he lingers over the human pair he is never able to centre our interest there. It is as if our eyes, accustomed to the glooms of Hell and the glories of Heaven, had lost their power to see the temperate small sights of earth with keenness.

When all deductions are made, however, *Paradise Lost* remains for us one of the greatest of poems. With the exception of *Beowulf*, which by its language and subject lies remote from our every-day appreciation, it is the only English poem with sufficient largeness of theme and breadth of treatment to deserve the name of epic. It is of course not an epic of the Homeric type, springing spontaneously in an unlet-

tered age from the imaginative life of a whole nation; but granted the age of sophistication in which it was produced, it did in a remarkable way seize and draw together the imaginative elements of English thought. The Bible was in Milton's day the very centre and substance of that thought. It was for many years almost the only book accessible to the nation at large, and that too at a time when intellectual curiosity was profoundly stirred by the impulses of the Renaissance. The stories of the Bible, its cosmogony, its chronology, its imagery, had sunk into the tissue of English thought like a rich and sombre dye. When Milton adopted the story of Genesis as his subject, he was seizing with true epic instinct upon material genuinely national, — much more national than the story of King Arthur or any of the historical British kings could have been, because not only the belief but the passion of the race was engaged by it.

Unfortunately for one part of Milton's appeal, the fabric upon which he wrought had in it elements of decay of which no one of his generation, and he least of all, had an inkling. As we have come to apprehend more clearly the essentials of religious truth as distinguished from its accidental outlines, one great hold which the poem had over the minds of readers has failed.

But in this case "less is more." Our fathers saw in *Paradise Lost* a system of irrefragable truth such as we cannot see, but as a consequence of this falling away of the veil of dogma, we see in it qualities of beauty which escaped their pious gaze. No crash of systems can drown its noble music, and the fading away of dogma leaves the splendor of its symbolism only the more essentially worthy of regard. Then, too, as we get farther away from the conditions which gave the poem birth, its human meaning takes on a pathos which the very sternness of their belief prevented our forefathers from seeing.

It is style, both in the broad and in the narrow sense, which gives *Paradise Lost* its surest claim to enduring admiration. Everywhere there is an indefinable distinction of thought and image; the imagination speaks with a divine largeness of idiom. Or if not quite everywhere, — if Christ's marking off of the creation with golden compasses, if the description of Sin and Death as guardians of the gates of Hell, if the cannonading of the celestial armies in Heaven, are instances of unplastic imagination, — these exceptions serve only to throw into relief a myriad other pictures of commanding vitality and splendor. It is questionable whether any other poem except the *Divine Comedy* affords so many unforgettable pictures. Milton's blindness, which at first thought might be deemed crushingly against him here, really helped him. Cut off forever from the light of the sun, he turned his imagination passionately in upon the memories of color and form which he had carried with him into darkness, and took delight in giving to the obscure shades of hell and the vague glories of heaven a startling concreteness and actuality. And these pictures, almost without exception, possess a quality very rare in the history of imagination, a quality which can only be hinted at by the abused epithet "sublime." Even the pictures of Dante, placed beside them, have an everyday colloquial look. Milton's all "dilated stand like Teneriffe or Atlas." De Quincey was right in declaring that the pervading presence of this quality gives *Paradise Lost* its unique worth, and makes of it a work which, if lost, could not be guessed at from the work of other minds. And to match this quality in the manner of thought there is everywhere present a corresponding quality of expression, a diction and a rhythm so large that they seem made for more than mortal lips to tell of more than earthly happenings, yet so harmoniously adjusted to their task that their largeness is felt less than their justice. William Blake,

in one of his prophetic books, says that Milton's house in the Spiritual Kingdom is Palladian, not Gothic. Palladian it is, and in this century we have dwelt by preference in the Gothic house of mind, loving the

wayward humor of its adornment, the mysticism and confusion of its design. But from time to time we must purify our vision with the more ample and august lines of the house which Milton has builded.

ON PARADISE LOST

[PREFIXED TO THE SECOND EDITION]

WHEN I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,
In slender book his vast design unfold —
Messiah crowned, God's reconciled decree,
Rebelling Angels, the Forbidden Tree,
Heaven, Hell, Earth, Chaos, All — the ar-
gument

Held me a while misdoubting his intent,
That he would ruin (for I saw him strong)
The sacred truths to fable and old song
(So Samson groped the temple's posts in
spite).

The world o'erwhelming to revenge his
sight.

Yet, as I read, soon growing less severe,
I liked his project, the success did fear —
Through that wide field how he his way
should find

O'er which lame Faith leads Understanding
blind;

Lest he perplexed the things he would ex-
plain,

And what was easy he should render
vain.

Or, if a work so infinite he spanned,
Jealous I was that some less skilful hand
(Such as disquiet always what is well,
And by ill-imitating would excel,) —
Might hence presume the whole Creation's
day
To change in scenes, and show it in a
play.

Pardon me, mighty Poet; nor despise
My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.
But I am now convinced, and none will
dare
Within thy labours to pretend a share.

Thou hast not missed one thought that
could be fit,

And all that was improper dost omit;
So that no room is here for writers left,
But to detect their ignorance or theft.

The majesty which through thy work
doth reign
Draws the devout, deterring the profane.
And things divine thou treat'st of in such
state

As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.
At once delight and horror on us seize;
Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease,
And above human flight dost soar aloft
With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft.
The bird named from the Paradise you sing
So never flags, but always keeps on wing.

Where could'st thou words of such a
compass find ?

Whence furnish such a vast expense of
mind ?

Just Heaven, thee like Tiresias to requite,
Rewards with prophecy thy loss of sight.

Well might'st thou scorn thy readers to
allure

With tinkling rime, of thy own sense se-
cure;

While the Town-Bayes writes all the while
and spells,
And, like a pack-horse, tires without his
bells.

Their fancies like our bushy points appear;
The poets tag them, we for fashion wear.
I too, transported by the mode, offend,
And, while I meant to *praise* thee, must
commend.

Thy verse, created, like thy theme sublime,
In number, weight, and measure, needs
not rime.

ANDREW MARVELL.

THE VERSE

The measure is English heroic verse without rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin — rime being no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame metre ; graced indeed since by the use of some famous modern poets, carried away by custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse, than else they would have expressed them. Not without cause therefore some both Italian and Spanish poets of prime note have rejected rime both in longer and shorter works, as have also long since our best English tragedies, as a thing of itself, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true musical delight ; which consists only in apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings — a fault avoided by the learned ancients both in poetry and all good oratory. This neglect then of rime so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be esteemed an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recovered to heroic poem from the troublesome and modern bondage of riming.

BOOK I

THE ARGUMENT

This First Book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject — Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise, wherein he was placed : then touches the prime cause of his fall — the Serpent, or rather Satan in the Serpent ; who, revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of Angels, was, by the command of God, driven out of Heaven, with all his crew, into the great Deep. Which action passed over, the Poem hastens into the midst of things ; presenting Satan, with his Angels, now fallen into Hell — described here not in the Centre (for heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accused), but in a place of utter darkness, fitless called Chaos. Here Satan, with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunderstruck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion ; calls up him who, next in order and dignity, lay by him : they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded. They rise : their numbers ; array of battle ; their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech ; comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven ; but tells them, lastly, of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy, or report, in Heaven — for that Angels were long before this visible creation was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the Deep : the infernal Peers there sit in council.

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the World, and all our
woe,

With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat,
Sing, Heavenly Muse, that, on the secret
top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire

That Shepherd who first taught the chosen
seed

In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of Chaos: or, if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that
flowed

Fast by the oracle of God, I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer

Before all temples the upright heart and
pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from
the first

Wast present, and, with mighty wings out-
spread,
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is
dark

IIIumine, what is low raise and support;
That, to the highth of this great argument,
I may assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first — for Heaven hides nothing
from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell — say first what
cause
Moved our grand Parents, in that happy
state,

Favoured of Heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will,
For one restraint, lords of the World be-
sides.

Who first seduced them to that foul revolt ?

The infernal Serpent; he it was whose
guile,
Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived
The mother of mankind, what time his
pride
Had cast him out from Heaven, with all
his host
Of rebel Angels, by whose aid, aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equalled the Most
High,
If he opposed, and, with ambitious aim ⁴⁰
Against the throne and monarchy of God,
Raised impious war in Heaven and battle
proud,
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty
Power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal
sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day
and night ⁵⁰
To mortal men, he, with his horrid crew,
Lay vanquished, rowling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded, though immortal. But his
doom
Reserved him to more wrath; for now the
thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him: round he throws his baleful
eyes,
That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
Mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast
hate.
At once, as far as Angels ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild. ⁶⁰
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
As one great furnace flamed; yet from
those flames
No light; but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where
peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all, but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.
Such place Eternal Justice had prepared
For those rebellious; here their prison or-
dained ⁷⁰
In utter darkness, and their portion set,

As far removed from God and light of
Heaven
As from the centre thrice to the utmost
pole.
Oh how unlike the place from whence they
fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'er-
whelmed
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous
fire,
He soon discerns; and, weltering by his
side,
One next himself in power, and next in
crime, ⁷⁹
Long after known in Palestine, and named
BEEŁZEBUB. To whom the Arch-Enemy,
And thence in Heaven called SATAN, with
bold words
Breaking the horrid silence, thus began:—
“ If thou beest he — but Oh how fallen!
how changed
From him ! — who, in the happy realms of
light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst
outshine
Myriads, though bright — if he whom mu-
tual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Joined with me once, now misery hath
joined ⁹⁰
In equal ruin; into what pit thou seest
From what highth fallen: so much the
stronger proved
He with his thunder: and till then who
knew
The force of those dire arms ? Yet not for
those,
Nor what the potent Victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent, or change,
Though changed in outward lustre, that
fixed mind,
And high disdain from sense of injured
merit,
That with the Mightiest raised me to con-
tend,
And to the fierce contention brought
along ¹⁰⁰
Innumerable force of Spirits armed.
That durst dislike his reign, and, me pre-
ferring,
His utmost power with adverse power op-
posed
In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven,

And shook his throne. What though the field be lost ?

All is not lost — the unconquerable will, And study of revenge, immortal hate, And courage never to submit or yield: And what is else not to be overcome ? ¹⁰⁹ That glory never shall his wrath or might Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace With suppliant knee, and deify his power Who, from the terror of this arm, so late Doubted his empire — that were low indeed;

That were an ignominy and shame beneath This downfall; since, by fate, the strength of Gods,

And this empyreal substance, cannot fail; Since, through experience of this great event,

In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,

We may with more successful hope resolve ¹²⁰

To wage by force or guile eternal war, Irreconcilable to our grand Foe, Who now triumphs', and in the excess of

joy Sole reigning holds the tyranny of Heaven."

So spake the apostate Angel, though in pain, Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep despair;

And him thus answered soon his bold Com-peer: —

" O Prince, O Chief of many thronèd Powers

That led the imbattled Seraphim to war Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds ¹³⁰

Fearless, endangered Heaven's perpetual King,

And put to proof his high supremacy, Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate !

Too well I see and rue the dire event That, with sad overthrow and foul defeat, Hath lost us Heaven, and all this mighty host

In horrible destruction laid thus low, As far as Gods and Heavenly Essences Can perish: for the mind and spirit remain

Invincible, and vigour soon returns, ¹⁴⁰ Though all our glory extinct, and happy state

Here swallowed up in endless misery. But what if He our Conqueror (whom I ~~put~~ now

Of force believe almighty, since no less Than such could have o'erpowered such force as ours)

Have left us this our spirit and strength entire,

Strongly to suffer and support our pains, That we may so suffice his vengeful ire, Or do him mightier service as his thralls By right of war, whate'er his business be, ¹⁵⁰

Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire, Or do his errands in the gloomy Deep ?

What can it then avail though yet we feel Strength undiminished, or eternal being To undergo eternal punishment ?"

Whereto with speedy words the Arch-Fiend replied: —

" Fallen Cherub, to be weak is miserable, Doing or suffering: but of this be sure — To do aught good never will be our task, But ever to do ill our sole delight, ¹⁶⁰ As being the contrary to His high will Whom we resist. If then his providence Out of our evil seek to bring forth good, Our labour must be to pervert that end, And out of good still to find means of evil; Which oftentimes may succeed so as perhaps Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb His inmost counsels from their destined aim.

But see ! the angry Victor hath recalled His ministers of vengeance and pursuit ¹⁷⁰ Back to the gates of Heaven: the sulphurous hail,

Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid The fiery surge that from the precipice Of Heaven received us falling; and the thunder,

Winged with red lightning and impetuous rage, Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now

To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.

Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.

Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild, ¹⁸⁰

The seat of desolation, void of light, Save what the glimmering of these livid flames

Casts pale and dreadful ? Thither let us tend

From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
There rest, if any rest can harbour there;
And, re-assembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend

Our Enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from
hope, 190
If not what resolution from despair."

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest Mate,
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides

Prone on the flood, extended long and
large,

Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian or Earth-born, that warred on
Jove,

Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast 200
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean-stream.
Him, haply slumbering on the Norway
foam,

The pilot of some small night-foundered
skiff,

Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind,
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays.
So stretched out huge in length the Arch-

Fiend lay,
Chained on the burning lake; nor ever
thence 210

Had risen, or heaved his head, but that the
will

And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others, and enraged might see
How all his malice served but to bring
forth

Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy, shewn
On Man by him seduced, but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance
poured. 220

Forthwith upright he rears from off the
pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the
flames
Driven backward slope their pointing spires,
and rowled

In billows, leave i' the midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his
flight

Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
That felt unusual weight; till on dry land
He lights — if it were land that ever burned
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire,
And such appeared in hue as when the
force 230

Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side
Of thundering *Ætna*, whose combustible
And fuelled entrails, thence conceiving fire,
Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a singèd bottom all involved
With stench and smoke. Such resting found
the sole

Of unblest feet. Him followed his next
Mate;

Both glorying to have scaped the Stygian
flood.

As gods, and by their own recovered
strength, 240

Not by the sufferance of supernal power.
"Is this the region, this the soil, the
clime,"

Said then the lost Archangel, "this the seat
That we must change for Heaven? — this
mournful gloom

For that celestial light? Be it so, since
He

Who now is sovran can dispose and bid
What shall be right: fardest from Him is
best,

Whom reason hath equalled, force hath
made supreme

Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors!
hail, 250

Infernall World! and thou, profoundest
Hell,

Receive thy new possessor — one who
brings

A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of
Heaven.

What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here
at least

We shall be free; the Almighty hath not
built

Here for his envy, will not drive us
hence: 260

Here we may reign secure; and, in my choice,

To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell: Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.

But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,

The associates and co-partners of our loss, Lie thus astonished on the oblivious pool, And call them not to share with us their part

In this unhappy mansion, or once more With rallied arms to try what may be yet Regained in Heaven, or what more lost in Hell?"

So Satan spake; and him Beëlzebub Thus answered:—"Leader of those armies bright

Which, but the Omnipotent, none could have foiled!

If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge

Of hope in fears and dangers — heard so oft

In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge Of battle, when it raged, in all assaults Their surest signal — they will soon resume New courage and revive, though now they lie

Grovelling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,

As we erewhile, astounded and amazed; No wonder, fallen such a pernicious hight!" He scarce had ceased when the superior

Fiend

Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield,

Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round, Behind him cast. The broad circumference

Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb

Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views At evening, from the top of Fesole,

Or in Valdarno, to deserty new lands,

Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.

His spear — to equal which the tallest pine Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast

Of some great Admiral, were but a wand — He walked with, to support uneasy steps

Over the burning marble, not like those steps On Heaven's azure; and the torrid clime Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.

Nathless he so endured, till on the beach Of that inflamed sea he stood, and called

His legions — Angel Forms, who lay entranced

Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks

In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades High over-arched imbower; or scattered sedge

Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion armed Hath vexed the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew

Busiris and his Memphian chivalry, While with perfidious hatred they pursued The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld From the safe shore their floating carcasses

And broken chariot-wheels. So thick bestrown,

Abject and lost, lay these, covering the flood,

Under amazement of their hideous change. He called so loud that all the hollow deep Of Hell resounded:—"Princes, Potentates, Warriors, the Flower of Heaven — once yours; now lost,

If such astonishment as this can seize Eternal Spirits! Or have ye chosen this place

After the toil of battle to repose

Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven? Or in this abject posture have ye sworn To adore the Conqueror, who now beholds Cherub and Seraph rowling in the flood With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon His swift pursuers from Heaven-gates discern

The advantage, and, descending, tread us down

Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf? —

Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!"

They heard, and were abashed, and up they sprung

Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch, On duty sleeping found by whom they dread,

Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.

Nor did they not perceive the evil plight In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;

Yet to their General's voice they soon obeyed

Innumerable. As when the potent rod Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,

Waved round the coast, up-called a pitchy cloud

Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like Night, and darkened all the land of Nile;

So numberless were those bad Angels seen
Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell,
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;
Till, as a signal given, the uplifted spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light

On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain:

A multitude like which the populous North
Poured never from her frozen loins to pass
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the South, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.
Forthwith, from every squadron and each band,
The heads and leaders thither haste where stood
Their great Commander — godlike Shapes, and Forms

Excelling human; princely Dignities;
And Powers that erst in Heaven sat on thrones,

Though of their names in Heavenly records now

Be no memorial, blotted out and rased
By their rebellion from the Books of Life.
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
Got them new names, till, wandering o'er the earth,
Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man,

By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and the invisible
Glory of Him that made them to transform

Oft to the image of a brute, adorned
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities:

Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the heathen world.
Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who last,

Roused from the slumber on that fiery couch,

At their great Emperor's call, as next in worth
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof.

The chief were those who, from the pit of Hell

Roaming to seek their prey on Earth, durst fix
Their seats, long after, next the seat of God,

Their altars by His altar, gods adored
Among the nations round, and durst abide
Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned
Between the Cherubim; yea, often placed
Within His sanctuary itself their shrines,
Abominations; and with cursèd things
His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned,

And with their darkness durst affront His light.

First, Moloch, horrid King, besmeared with blood

Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears;
Though, for the noise of drums and timbrels loud,
Their children's cries unheard that passed through fire

To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worshiped in Rabba and her watery plain,
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart

Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right against the temple of God

On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove

The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence

And black Gehenna called, the type of Hell.
Next Chemos, the obscene dread of Moab's sons,

From Aroar to Nebo and the wild
Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebōr
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines,

And Elealè to the Asphaltick Pool:
Peor his other name, when he enticed Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile

To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.

Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarged Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate, Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell. With these came they who, from the bordering flood

Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts ⁴²⁰ Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names

Of *Baalim* and *Ashtaroth* — those male, These feminine. For Spirits, when they please, Can either sex assume, or both; so soft And uncompounded is their essence pure, Not tied or manacled with joint or limb, Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,

Like cumbrous flesh; but, in what shape they choose,

Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure, Can execute their airy purposes, ⁴³⁰ And works of love or enmity fulfil. For those the race of Israel oft forsook Their Living Strength, and unfrequented left

His righteous altar, bowing lowly down To bestial gods; for which their heads, as low

Bowed down in battle, sunk before the spear

Of despicable foes. With these in troop Came *Astoreth*, whom the Phœnicians called Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent horns;

To whose bright image nightly by the moon

⁴⁴⁰ Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs; In Sion also not unsung, where stood Her temple on the offensive mountain, built By that uxorious king whose heart, though large,

Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell To idols foul. *Thammuz* came next behind,

Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured The Syrian damsels to lament his fate In amorous ditties all a summer's day, While smooth Adonis from his native rock

⁴⁵⁰ Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood Of *Thammuz* yearly wounded: the love-tale Infected Sion's daughters with like heat, Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch

Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led, His eye surveyed the dark idolatries Of alienated Judah. Next came one Who mourned in earnest, when the captive Ark

Maimed his brute image, head and hands lopt off,

In his own temple, on the grunsel-edge, ⁴⁶⁰ Where he fell flat and shamed his worshippers:

Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man And downward fish; yet had his temple high

Reared in Azotus, dreaded through the coast

Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon, And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds. Him followed *Rimmon*, whose delightful seat

Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks Of Abbana and Pharpar, lucid streams. He also against the house of God was bold:

⁴⁷⁰ A leper once he lost, and gained a king — Ahaz, his sottish conqueror, whom he drew God's altar to disparage and displace For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn His odious offerings, and adore the gods Whom he had vanquished. After these appeared

A crew who, under names of old renown — *Osiris*, *Isis*, *Orus*, and their train — With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused

Fanatic Egypt and her priests to seek ⁴⁸⁰ Their wandering gods disguised in brutish forms

Rather than human. Nor did Israel scape The infection, when their borrowed gold composed

The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan, Likening his Maker to the grazed ox — Jehovah, who, in one night, when he passed From Egypt marching, equalled with one stroke

Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.

Belial came last; than whom a Spirit more lewd

⁴⁹⁰ Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love Vice for itself. To him no temple stood Or altar smoked; yet who more oft than he In temples and at altars, when the priest

Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who filled
With lust and violence the house of God ?
In courts and palaces he also reigns,
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,
And injury and outrage; and, when night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the
sons

Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
Witness the streets of Sodom, and that
night

In Gibeah, when the hospitable door
Exposed a matron, to avoid worse rape.

These were the prime in order and in
might:

The rest were long to tell; though far re-
nowned

The Ionian gods — of Javan's issue held
Gods, yet confessed later than Heaven and
Earth,

Their boasted parents; — *Titan*, Heaven's
first-born,
With his enormous brood, and birthright
seized

By younger *Saturn*: he from mightier Jove,
His own and Rhea's son, like measure
found;

So *Jove* usurping reigned. These, first in
Crete

And Ida known, thence on the snowy top
Of cold Olympus ruled the middle air,
Their highest heaven; or on the Delphian
cliff,

Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields,
And o'er the Celtic roamed the utmost
Isles.

All these and more came flocking; but
with looks

Downcast and damp; yet such wherein ap-
peared

Obscure some glimpse of joy to have found
their Chief

Not in despair, to have found themselves
not lost

In loss itself; which on his countenance east
Like doubtful hue. But he, his wonted
pride

Soon recollecting, with high words, that
bore

Semblance of worth, not substance, gently
raised

Their fainting courage, and dispelled their
fears.

Then straight commands that, at the war-
like sound

Of trumpets loud and clarions, be upreared
His mighty standard. That proud honour
claimed

Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall:
Who forthwith from the glittering staff
unfurled

The imperial ensign; which, full high ad-
vanced,

Shon like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich imblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds: 540
At which the universal host up-sent
A shout that tore Hell's concave, and be-
yond

Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were
seen

Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
With orient colours waving: with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging
helms

Appeared, and serried shields in thick ar-
ray

Of depth immeasurable. Anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood 550
Of flutes and soft recorders — such as
raised

To highth of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle, and instead of rage
Deliberate valour breathed, firm, and un-
moved

With dread of death to flight or foul re-
treat;

Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
With solemn touches troubled thoughts,
and chase

Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow
and pain

From mortal or immortal minds. Thus
they,

Breathing united force with fixed thought,
Moved on in silence to soft pipes that
charmed

Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil.
And now

Advanced in view they stand — a horrid
front

Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in
guise

Of warriors old, with ordered spear and
shield,

Awaiting what command their mighty Chief

Had to impose. He through the arm'd files
 Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse
 The whole battalion views — their order
 due,
 Their visages and stature as of Gods; 570
 Their number last he sums. And now his
 heart
 Distends with pride, and, hardening in his
 strength,
 Glories: for never, since created Man,
 Met such imbodyed force as, named with
 these,
 Could merit more than that small infantry
 Warred on by cranes — though all the
 giant brood
 Of Phlegra with the heroic race were joined
 That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each
 side
 Mixed with auxiliar gods; and what re-
 sounds
 In fable or romance of Uther's son, 580
 Begirt with British and Armorie knights;
 And all who since, baptized or infidel,
 Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,
 Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,
 Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore
 When Charlemain with all his peerage
 fell
 By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed
 Their dread Commander. He, above the
 rest
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent, 590
 Stood like a tower. His form had yet not
 lost
 All her original brightness, nor appeared
 Less than Archangel ruined, and the excess
 Of glory obscured: as when the sun new-
 risen
 Looks through the horizontal misty air
 Shorn of his beams, or, from behind the
 moon,
 In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
 On half the nations, and with fear of change
 Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet
 shon
 Above them all the Archangel: but his
 face
 Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and 600
 care
 Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
 Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
 Waiting revenge. Cruel his eye, but cast
 Signs of remorse and passion, to behold

The fellows of his crime, the followers
 rather
 (Far other once beheld in bliss), condemned
 For ever now to have their lot in pain —
 Millions of Spirits for his fault amerced
 Of Heaven, and from eternal splendours
 flung 610
 For his revolt — yet faithful how they
 stood,
 Their glory withered; as, when heaven's fire
 Hath scathed the forest oaks or mountain
 pines,
 With singed top their stately growth,
 though bare,
 Stands on the blasted heath. He now pre-
 pared
 To speak; whereat their doubled ranks
 they bend
 From wing to wing, and half enclose him
 round
 With all his peers: Attention held them
 mute.
 Thrice he assayed, and thrice, in spite of
 scorn,
 Tears, such as Angels weep, burst forth:
 at last 620
 Words interwove with sighs found out
 their way:—
 “O myriads of immortal Spirits! O
 Powers
 Matchless, but with the Almighty! — and
 that strife
 Was not inglorious, though the event was
 dire,
 As this place testifies, and this dire change,
 Hateful to utter. But what power of
 mind,
 Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
 Of knowledge past or present, could have
 feared
 How such united force of gods, how such
 As stood like these, could ever know re-
 pulse? 630
 For who can yet believe, though after loss,
 That all these puissant legions, whose exile
 Hath emptied Heaven, shall fail to re-
 ascend,
 Self-raised, and re-possess their native seat?
 For me, be witness all the host of Heaven,
 If counsels different, or danger shunned
 By me, have lost our hopes. But he who
 reigns
 Monarch in Heaven till then as one secure
 Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
 Consent or custom, and his regal state 640

Put forth at full, but still his strength concealed —
 Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
 Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,
 So as not either to provoke, or dread
 New war provoked: our better part remains
 To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
 What force effected not; that he no less
 At length from us may find, Who overcomes
 By force hath overcome but half his foe.
 Space may produce new Worlds; whereof so rife
 There went a fame in Heaven that He ere long
 Intended to create, and therein plant
 A generation whom his choice regard
 Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven.
 Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
 Our first eruption — thither, or elsewhere;
 For this infernal pit shall never hold
 Cœlestials Spirits in bondage, nor the Abyss
 Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
 Full counsel must mature. Peace is despairs;
 For who can think submission? War, then,
 war
 Open or understood, must be resolved.”
 He spake; and, to confirm his words,
 out-flew
 Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
 Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze
 Far round illumined Hell. Highly they raged
 Against the Highest and fierce with grasped arms
 Clash'd on their sounding shields the din
 of war,
 Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.
 There stood a hill not far, whose griesly top
 Belched fire and rowling smoke; the rest entire
 Shon with a glossy scurf — undoubted sign
 That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
 The work of sulphur. Thither, winged with speed,
 A numerous brigad hastened: as when bands

Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe armed,
 Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
 Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on —
 Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell
 From Heaven; for even in Heaven his looks and thoughts
 Were always downward bent, admiring more
 The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodder gold,
 Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed
 In vision beatific. By him first
 Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
 Ransacked the Centre, and with impious hands
 Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth
 For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
 Opened into the hill a spacious wound,
 And digged out ribs of gold. Let none admire
 That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best
 Deserve the pretious bane. And here let those
 Who boast in mortal things, and wondering tell
 Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
 Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,
 And strength, and art, are easily outdone
 By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour
 What in an age they, with incessant toil
 And hands innumerable, scarce perform.
 Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepared,
 That underneath had veins of liquid fire
 Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude
 With wondrous art founded the massy ore,
 Severing each kind, and scummed the bulion-dross.
 A third as soon had formed within the ground
 A various mould, and from the boiling cells
 By strange conveyance filled each hollow nook;
 As in an organ, from one blast of wind,
 To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.
 Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
 Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
 Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet —
 Built like a temple, where pilasters round
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid

With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures
graven:

The roof was fretted gold. Not Babilon
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
Equalled in all their glories, to inshrine
Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat ⁷²⁰
Their kings, when Ægypt with Assyria
strove

In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile
Stood fixed her stately highth; and straight
the doors,

Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide
Within, her ample spaces o'er the smooth
And level pavement: from the archèd roof,
Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude ⁷³⁰
Admiring entered; and the work some
praise,

And some the Architect. His hand was
known

In Heaven by many a towered structure
high,
Where sceptred Angels held their resi-
dence,
And sat as Princes, whom the supreme
King

Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the Orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unadored
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
Men called him Mulciber; and how he
fell

From Heaven they fabled, thrown by an-
gry Jove ⁷⁴⁰
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from
morn

To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day, and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith, like a falling star,
On Lemnos, the Ægæan isle. Thus they
relate,

Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor aught availed him
now

To have built in Heaven high towers; nor
did he scape

By all his engines, but was headlong
sent,

With his industrious crew, to build in Hell.
Meanwhile the wingèd Haralds, by com-
mand

Of sovran power, with awful ceremony

And trumpet's sound, throughout the host
proclaim

A solemn council forthwith to be held
At Pandæmonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers. Their summons
called

From every band and squarèd regiment
By place or choice the worthiest: they anon
With hundreds and with thousands troop-
ing came ⁷⁶⁰

Attended. All access was thronged; the
gates

And porches wide, but chief the spacious
hall

(Though like a covered field, where cham-
pions bold

Wont ride in armed, and at the Soldan's
chair

Defied the best of Panim chivalry
To mortal combat, or career with lance),
Thick swarmed, both on the ground and in
the air,

Brushed with the hiss of rustling wings.
As bees

In spring-time, when the Sun with Taurus
rides,

Pour forth their populous youth about the
hive ⁷⁷⁰

In clusters; they among fresh dews and
flowers

Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New rubbed with balm, expatiate, and
confer

Their state-affairs: so thick the aerie crowd
Swarmed and were straitened; till, the
signal given,

Behold a wonder! They but now who
seemed

In bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow
room

Throng numberless — like that pygmean
race ⁷⁸⁰

Beyond the Indian mount; or faery elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest-side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the
Moon

Sits arbitress, and nearer to the Earth
Wheels her pale course: they, on their
mirth and dance

Intent, with jocond music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart re-
bounds.

Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms
Reduced their shapes immense, and were
at large,
Though without number still, amidst the ⁷⁹⁰
hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves,

The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat,
A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence
then,
And summons read, the great consult be-
gan.

BOOK II

THE ARGUMENT

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: some advise it, others dissuade. A third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan — to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature, equal, or not much inferior, to themselves, about this time to be created. Their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search: Satan, their chief, undertakes alone the voyage; is honoured and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to Hell-gates; finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them; by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the great gulf between Hell and Heaven. With what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new World which he sought.

HIGH on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshon the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest
hand

Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and
gold,

Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence; and, from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with Heaven; and, by success
untaught,

His proud imaginations thus displayed: —
“ Powers and Dominions, Deities of

Heaven! —

For, since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigour, though oppressed and
fallen,
I give not Heaven for lost: from this de-
scent

Celestial Virtues rising will appear
More glorious and more dread than from
no fall,

And trust themselves to fear no second
fate! —

Me though just right, and the fixed laws
of Heaven,

Did first create your leader — next, free
choice,
With what besides in council or in fight ²⁰
Hath been achieved of merit — yet this loss,
Thus far at least recovered, hath much
more

Established in a safe, unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier
state

In Heaven, which follows dignity, might
draw

Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's
aim

Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest
share

Of endless pain? Where there is, then, no
good

For which to strive, no strife can grow up
there

From faction: for none sure will claim in
Hell

Precedence; none whose portion is so small
Of present pain that with ambitious mind
Will covet more! With this advantage,
then,

To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in Heaven, we now re-
turn

To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us; and by what best
way,

Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate. Who can advise may
speak.”

He ceased; and next him Moloch, sce-
pored king,
Stood up — the strongest and the fiercest

Spirit
That fought in Heaven, now fiercer by
despair.

His trust was with the Eternal to be
deemed

Equal in strength, and rather than be less
Cared not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or
worse,

He recked not, and these words thereafter
spake: —

“ My sentence is for open war. Of wiles,
More unexp'rt, I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need;
not now.

For, while they sit contriving, shall the
rest —

Millions that stand in arms, and longing
wait

The signal to ascend — sit lingering here,
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-
place

Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of His tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No! let us rather choose, &
Armed with Hell-flames and fury, all at
once

O'er Heaven's high towers to force resist-
less way,

Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the Torturer; when, to meet the
noise

Of his almighty engine, he shall hear
Infernal thunder, and, for lightning, see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his Angels, and his throne itself
Mixed with Tartarean sulphur and strange
fire,

His own invented torments. But perhaps
The way seems difficult, and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe!
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat; descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken
rear

Insulting, and pursued us through the
Deep,

With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy,
then;

The event is feared! Should we again
provoke

Our stronger, some worse way his wrath
may find

To our destruction, if there be in Hell
Fear to be worse destroyed! What can
be worse

Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss,
condemned

In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour,
Calls us to penance? More destroyed than
thus,

We should be quite abolished, and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to in-
cence

His utmost ire? which, to the hight en-
raged,

Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential — happier far
Than miserable to have eternal being! —
Or, if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his Heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal Throne:
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.”

He ended frowning, and his look de-
nounced

Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous
To less than gods. On the other side up
rose

Belial, in act more graceful and humane.
A fairer person lost not Heaven; he
seemed

For dignity composed, and high exploit.
But all was false and hollow; though his

tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse
appear

The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were
low —

To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful. Yet he pleased the

ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began: —

“ I should be much for open war, O
Peers,

As not behind in hate, if what was urged
Main reason to persuade immediate war
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to
cast

Ominous conjecture on the whole success;
When he who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels and in what excels
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope

Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
 First, what revenge ? The towers of Heaven are filled ¹²⁹
 With armed watch, that render all access Impregnable: oft on the bordering Deep Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing
 Scout far and wide into the realm of Night,
 Scorning surprise. Or, could we break our way
 By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise
 With blackest insurrection to confound Heaven's purest light, yet our great Enemy,
 All incorruptible, would on his throne Sit unpolluted, and the ethereal mould, Incapable of stain, would soon expel ¹⁴⁰ Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire, Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope Is flat despair: we must exasperate The Almighty Victor to spend all his rage; And that must end us; that must be our cure —

To be no more. Sad cure ! for who would lose,
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being, Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
 To perish rather, swallowed up and lost In the wide womb of uncreated Night, ¹⁵⁰ Devoid of sense and motion ? And who knows,
 Let this be good, whether our angry Foe Can give it, or will ever ? How he can Is doubtful; that he never will is sure. Will He, so wise, let loose at once his ire, Belike through impotence or unaware, To give his enemies their wish, and end Them in his anger whom his anger saves To punish endless ? 'Wherefore cease we, then ?'
 Say they who counsel war; 'we are decreed, ¹⁶⁰
 Reserved, and destined to eternal woe; Whatever doing, what can we suffer more, What can we suffer worse ?' Is this, then, worst —
 Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms ? What when we fled amain, pursued and strook
 With Heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought

The Deep to shelter us ? This Hell then seemed A refuge from those wounds. Or when we lay Chained on the burning lake ? That sure was worse. What if the breath that kindled those grim fires, ¹⁷⁰ Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold rage, And plunge us in the flames; or from above Should intermittent vengeance arm again His red right hand to plague us ? What if all Her stores were opened, and this firmament Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire, Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall One day upon our heads; while we perhaps, Designing or exhorting glorious war, Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurled, Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey ¹⁸¹ Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains, There to converse with everlasting groans, Unrespected, unpitied, unreproved, Ages of hopeless end ? This would be worse. War, therefore, open or concealed, alike My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile With Him, or who deceive His mind, whose eye Views all things at one view ? He from Heaven's highth ¹⁹⁰ All these our motions vain sees and derides, Not more almighty to resist our might Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles. Shall we, then, live thus vile — the race of Heaven Thus trampled, thus expelled, to suffer here Chains and these torments ? Better these than worse, By my advice; since fate inevitable Subdues us, and omnipotent decree, The Victor's will. To suffer, as to do, Our strength is equal; nor the law unjust

That so ordains. This was at first resolved,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh when those who at the spear are bold
And venturous, if that fail them, shrink, and fear
What yet they know must follow — to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their conqueror. This is now
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our Supreme Foe in time may much remit
His anger, and perhaps, thus far removed,
Not mind us not offending, satisfied
With what is punished; whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Their noxious vapour; or, inured, not feel;
Or, changed at length, and to the place conformed
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat; and, void of pain,
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light;
Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance,
what change
Worth waiting — since our present lot appears
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
If we procure not to ourselves more woe.²²⁰
Thus Belial, with words clothed in reason's garb,
Counselled ignoble ease and peaceful sloth,
Not peace; and after him thus Mammon spake:—
“ Either to disenthrone the King of Heaven
We war, if war be best, or to regain
Our own right lost. Him to unthrone we then
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife.
The former, vain to hope, argues as vain
The latter; for what place can be for us

Within Heaven's bound, unless Heaven's Lord Supreme
We overpower? Suppose he should relent,
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive
Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forced Halleluiahs, while he lordly sits
Our envied sovran, and his altar breathes Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings? This must be our task
In Heaven, this our delight. How wearisome
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue,
By force impossible, by leave obtained ²³⁰
Unacceptable, though in Heaven, our state
Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free and to none accountable, preferring Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,
We can create, and in what place soe'er Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
Through labour and indurance. This deep world ²⁴⁰
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth Heaven's all-ruling Sire
Choose to reside, his glory unobscured, And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne, from whence deep thunders roar,
Mustering their rage, and Heaven resembles Hell!
As He our darkness, cannot we His light Imitate when we please? This desert soil ²⁵⁰
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;

Nor want we skill or art from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can Heaven shew more?

Our torments also may, in length of time,
Become our elements, these piercing fires
As soft as now severe, our temper changed
Into their temper; which must needs remove

The sensible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order, how in safety best we may ²⁸⁰
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are and where, dismissing quite
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise."

He scarce had finished, when such murmur filled
The assembly as when hollow rocks retain
The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Seafaring men o'erwatched, whose bark by chance,

Or pinnace, anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest. Such applause was heard ²⁹⁰
As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,
Advising peace: for such another field
They dreaded worse than Hell; so much the fear

Of thunder and the sword of Michaël
Wrought still within them; and no less desire

To found this nether empire, which might rise,
By policy and long process' of time,

In emulation opposite to Heaven.
Which when Beelzebub perceived — than whom,

Satan except, none higher sat — with grave ³⁰⁰

Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
A pillar of state. Deep on his front engravings

Deliberation sat, and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shon,
Majestic, though in ruin. Sage he stood,
With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his

look
Drew audience and attention still as night

Or summer's noon tide air, while thus he spake: —

"Thrones and Imperial Powers, Offspring of Heaven, ³¹⁰

Ethereal Virtues! or these titles now
Must we renounce, and, changing style, be called

Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote
Inclines — here to continue, and build up
here
A growing empire; doubtless! while we dream,
And know not that the King of Heaven
hath doomed
This place our dungeon — not our safe retreat

Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From Heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league
Banded against his throne, but to remain ³²⁰
In strictest bondage, though thus far removed,
Under the inevitable curb, reserved
His captive multitude. For He, be sure,
In height or depth, still first and last will reign

Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part
By our revolt, but over Hell extend
His empire, and with iron sceptre rule
Us here, as with his golden those in Heaven.
What sit we then projecting peace and war?
War hath determined us and foiled with loss ³³⁰

Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Voutsafed or sought; for what peace will be given

To us enslaved, but custody severe,
And stripes and arbitrary punishment inflicted?
And what peace can we return,
But, to our power, hostility and hate,
Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though slow,

Yet ever plotting how the Conqueror least
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice

In doing what we most in suffering feel? ³⁴⁰
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
With dangerous expedition to invade
Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault
or siege,

Or ambush from the Deep. What if we find

Some easier enterprise? There is a place
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven

Err not) — another World, the happy seat
Of some new race, called Man, about this
time

To be created like to us, though less
In power and excellence, but favoured
more

Of Him who rules above; so was His will
Pronounced among the gods, and by an
oath
That shook Heaven's whole circumference
confirmed.

Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to
learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what
mould
Or substance, how endued, and what their
power
And where their weakness: how attempted
best,
By force or subtlety. Though Heaven be
shut,
And Heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lie
exposed,

The utmost border of his kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it: here, perhaps,
Some advantageous act may be achieved
By sudden onset — either with Hell-fire
To waste his whole creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive, as we are driven,
The puny habitants; or, if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting
hand

Abolish his own works. This would sur-
pass

Common revenge, and interrupt His joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In His disturbance; when his darling sons,
Hurled headlong to partake with us, shall
curse

Their frail original, and faded bliss —
Faded so soon! Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires." Thus Beelzebub
Pleaded his devilish counsel — first devised
By Satan, and in part proposed: for
whence,

But from the author of all ill, could spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and Earth with

Hell

To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator? But their spite still
serves

His glory to augment. The bold design
Pleased highly those Infernal States, and
joy

Sparkled in all their eyes: with full assent
They vote: whereat his speech he thus
renews: —

" Well have ye judged, well ended long
debate,

Synod of Gods, and, like to what ye are,
Great things resolved, which from the low-
est deep

Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient Seat — perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence, with
neighbouring arms,
And opportune excursion, we may chance
Re-enter Heaven; or else in some mild
zone

Dwell, not unvisited of Heaven's fair light,
Secure, and at the brightening orient beam
Purge off this gloom: the soft delicious
air,

To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,
Shall breathe her balm. But, first, whom
shall we send

In search of this new World? whom shall
we find

Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandering
feet

The dark, unbottomed, infinite Abyss,
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his aerie flight,
Upborne with indefatigable wings
Over the vast Abrupt, ere he arrive

The happy Isle? What strength, what art,
can then

Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict sentries and stations
thick

Of Angels watching round? Here he had
need

All circumspection: and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we
send

The weight of all, and our last hope, relies."

This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appeared
To second, or oppose, or undertake

The perilous attempt. But all sat mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts;
and each

In other's countenance read his own dis-
may,
Astonished. None among the choice and
prime

Of those Heaven-warring champions could
be found

So hardy as to proffer or accept,
Alone, the dreadful voyage; till, at last,
Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride
Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus
spake:—

“O Progeny of Heaven! Empyreal
Thrones! 430

With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seized us, though undismayed. Long is
the way

And hard, that out of Hell leads up to
Light.

Our prison strong, this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold; and gates of burning adamant,
Barred over us, prohibit all egress.
These passed, if any pass, the void pro-
found

Of unessential Night receives him next,
Wide-gaping, and with utter loss of be-
ing 440

Threatens him, plunged in that abortive
gulf.

If thence he scape, into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers, and as hard es-
cape?

But I should ill become this throne, O Peers,
And this imperial sovereignty, adorned
With splendour, armed with power, if
aught proposed

And judged of public moment in the shape
Of difficulty or danger, could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I as-
sume 450

These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him
due

Of hazard more as he above the rest
High honoured sits? Go, therefore, mighty
Powers,

Terror of Heaven, though fallen; intend at
home,
While here shall be our home, what best
may ease

The present misery, and render Hell 459
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion: intermit no watch
Against a wakeful Foe, while I abroad

Through all the coasts of dark destruction
seek

Deliverance for us all. This enterprise
None shall partake with me.” Thus say-
ing, rose

The Monarch, and prevented all reply;
Prudent lest, from his resolution raised,
Others among the chief might offer now,
Certain to be refused, what erst they
feared, 470

And, so refused, might in opinion stand
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
Which he through hazard huge must earn.

But they

Dreaded not more the adventure than his
voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they
rose.

Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Towards him
they bend

With awful reverence prone, and as a God
Extol him equal to the Highest in Heaven.
Nor failed they to express how much they
praised 480

That for the general safety he despised
His own: for neither do the Spirits damned
Lose all their virtue; lest bad men should
boast

Their specious deeds on earth, which glory
excites,

Or close ambition varnished o'er with zeal.
Thus they their doubtful consultations
dark

Ended, rejoicing in their matchless Chief:
As, when from mountain-tops the dusky
clouds

Ascending, while the North-wind sleeps,
o'erspread 480

Heaven's cheerful face, the louring element
Scowls o'er the darkened lantskip snow or
shower,

If chance the radiant sun, with farewell
sweet,

Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating
herds

Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O shame to men! Devil with devil damned
Firm concord holds; men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly grace, and, God proclaiming
peace,

Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife 500
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars

Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
That day and night for his destruction
wait!

The Stygian council thus dissolved; and
forth

In order came the grand Infernal Peers:
Midst came their mighty Paramount, and
seemed

Alone the Antagonist of Heaven, nor less
Than Hell's dread Emperor, with pomp
supreme,

And god-like imitated state: him round
A globe of fiery Seraphim inclosed
With bright imblazonry, and horrent arms.
Then of their session ended they bid cry
With trumpet's regal sound the great re-
sult:

Toward the four winds four speedy Cheru-
bim

Put to their mouths the sounding alchymy,
By harald's voice explained; the hollow
Abyss

Heard far and wide, and all the host of
Hell
With deafening shout returned them loud
acclaim.

Thence more at ease their minds, and some-
what raised

By false presumptuous hope, the rangèd
Powers

Disband; and, wandering, each his several
way

Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
Leads him perplexed, where he may likeli-
est find

Truce to his restless thoughts, and enter-
tain

The irksome hours, till his great Chief
return.

Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,
Upon the wing or in swift race contend,
As at the Olympian games or Pythian
fields;

Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the
goal

With rapid wheels, or fronted brigads
form:

As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
Waged in the troubled sky, and armies
rush

To battle in the clouds; before each van
Frick forth the aerie knights, and couch
their spears,

Till thickest legions close; with feats of
arms
From either end of heaven the welkin
burns.

Others, with vast Typhcean rage, more fell,
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the
air

In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild
uproar:—

As when Alcides, from Oechalia crowned
With conquest, felt the envenomed robe,
and tore

Through pain up by the roots Thessalian
pines,

And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw
Into the Euboic sea. Others, more mild,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds, and hapless fall
By doom of battle, and complain that Fate
Free Virtue should enthrall to Force or
Chance.

Their song was partial; but the harmony
(What could it less when Spirits immortal
sing?)

Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience. In discourse more
sweet

(For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the
Sense)

Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned
high

Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and
Fate—

Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge ab-
solute—

And found no end, in wandering mazes
lost.

Of good and evil much they argued then,
Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and apathy, and glory and shame:
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy!—
Yet, with a pleasing sorcery, could charm
Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm the obdured breast
With stubborn patience as with triple
steel.

Another part, in squadrons and gross
bands,

On bold adventure to discover wide
That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
Might yield them easier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying march, along the
banks

Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge
Into the burning lake their baleful
streams —

Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep;
Coeytus, named of lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegon,
580
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with
rage.

Far off from these, a slow and silent stream,
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rows
Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks
Forthwith his former state and being for-
gets —

Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and
pain.

Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual
storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm
land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin
seems

590
Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,
A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damia and Mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk: the parch-
ing air

Burns frore, and cold performs the effect
of fire.

Thither, by harpy-footed Furies haled,
At certain revolutions all the damned
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter
change

Of fierce extremes, extremes by change
more fierce,

From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to
pine

600
Immovable, infixed, and frozen round
Periods of time, — thence hurried back to
fire.

They ferry over this Lethean sound
Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to
reach

The tempting stream, with one small drop
to lose

In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and so near the brink;
But Fate withstands, and, to oppose the
attempt,

610
Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
The ford, and of itself the water flies

All taste of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
In confused march forlorn, the adventurous
bands,
With shuddering horror pale, and eyes
aghast,
Viewed first their lamentable lot, and
found

No rest. Through many a dark and dreary
vale

They passed, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
620
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and
shades of death —

A universe of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good;
Where all life dies, death lives, and Na-
ture breeds,

Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious
things,

Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feigned or fear con-
ceived,

Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire.
Meantwhile the Adversary of God and
Man,

Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest
design,
630
Puts on swift wings, and toward the gates
of Hell

Explores his solitary flight: sometimes
He scours the right hand coast, sometimes
the left;
Now shaves with level wing the Deep, then
soars

Up to the fiery concave towering high.
As when far off at sea a fleet descried
Hangs in the clouds, by æquinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengal, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants
bring

Their spicy drugs; they on the trading
flood,

640
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,
Ply stemming nightly toward the pole: so
seemed

Far off the flying Fiend. At last appear
Hell-bounds, high reaching to the horrid
roof,

And thrice threefold the gates; three folds
were brass,

Three iron, three of adamantine rock,
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,
Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there
sat

On either side a formidable Shape.
The one seemed woman to the waist, and
fair,
But ended foul in many a scaly fold,
Voluminous and vast — a serpent armed
With mortal sting. About her middle
round
A cry of Hell-hounds never-ceasing barked
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and
rung
A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would
creep,
If aught disturbed their noise, into her
womb,
And kennel there; yet there still barked
and howled
Within unseen. Far less abhorred than
these
Vexed Scylla, bathing in the sea that
parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore;
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when,
called
In secret, riding through the air she comes,
Lured with the smell of infant blood, to
dance
With Lapland witches, while the labouring
moon
Eclipses at their charms. The other
Shape —
If shape it might be called that shape had
none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be called that shadow
seemed,
For each seemed either — black it stood as
Night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
And shook a dreadful dart: what seemed
his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast
With horrid strides; Hell trembled as he
strode.
The undaunted Fiend what this might be
admired —
Admired, not feared (God and his Son ex-
cept,
Created thing naught valued he nor
shunned),
And with disdainful look thus first be-
gan: —
“ Whence and what art thou, execrable
Shape,

That dar'st, though grim and terrible, ad-
vance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? Through them I mean
to pass,
That be assured, without leave asked of
thee.
Retire; or taste thy folly, and learn by
proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of
Heaven.”
To whom the Goblin, full of wrath,
replied: —
“ Art thou that Traitor-Angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in Heaven and faith,
till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of Heaven's
sons,
Conjured against the Highest — for which
both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here con-
demned
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'st thou thyself with Spirits of
Heaven,
Hell-doomed, and breath'st defiance here
and scorn,
Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee
more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punish-
ment,
False fugitive; and to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this
dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt
before.”
So spake the griesly Terror, and in
shape,
So speaking and so threatening, grew ten-
fold
More dreadful and deform. On the other
side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burned,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In the artick sky, and from his horrid
hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the
head
Levelled his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend; and such a frown
Each cast at the other as when two black
clouds,

With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
 Over the Caspian, — then stand front to front
 Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
 To join their dark encounter in mid-air.
 So frowned the mighty combatants that Hell
 Grew darker at their frown; so matched they stood; ⁷²⁰
 For never but once more was either like
 To meet so great a foe. And now great deeds
 Had been achieved, whereof all Hell had rung,
 Had not the snaky Sorceress, that sat Fast by Hell-gate and kept the fatal key,
 Risen, and with hideous outcry rushed between.
 "O father, what intends thy hand," she cried,
 "Against thy only son? What fury, O son,
 Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
 Against thy father's head? And know'st for whom? ⁷³⁰
 For Him who sits above, and laughs the while
 At thee, ordained his drudge to execute Whate'er his wrauth, which He calls justice, bids —
 His wrauth, which one day will destroy ye both!"
 She spake, and at her words the hellish Pest
 Forbore: then these to her Satan returned: —
 "So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange"
 Thou interposest, that my sudden hand, Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds What it intends, till first I know of thee
 What thing thou art, thus double-formed, and why, ⁷⁴¹
 In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st Me father, and that fantasm call'st my son. I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
 Sight more detestable than him and thee." To whom thus the Fortress of Hell-gate replied: —
 "Hast thou forgot me, then; and do I seem
 Now in thine eye so foul? — once deemed so fair

In Heaven, when at the assembly, and in sight ⁷⁴⁹
 Of all the Seraphim with thee combined In bold conspiracy against Heaven's King, All on a sudden miserable pain Surprised thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum
 In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast Threw forth, till on the left side opening wide, Likest to thee in shape and countenance bright, Then shining heavenly fair, a goddess armed, Out of thy head I sprung. Amazement seized All the host of Heaven; back they recoiled afraid ⁷⁵⁹
 At first, and called me *Sin*, and for a sign Portentous held me; but, familiar grown, I pleased, and with attractive graces won The most averse — thee chiefly, who, full oft Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing, Becam'st enamoured; and such joy thou took'st
 With me in secret that my womb conceived A growing burden. Meanwhile war arose, And fields were fought in Heaven: wherein remained (For what could else?) to our Almighty Foe
 Clear victory; to our part loss and rout ⁷⁷⁰ Through all the Empyrean. Down they fell, Driven headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down Into this Deep; and in the general fall I also: at which time this powerful Key Into my hands was given, with charge to keep
 These gates for ever shut, which none can pass
 Without my opening. Pensive here I sat Alone; but long I sat not, till my womb, Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown, Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes. At last this odious offspring whom thou seest, ⁷⁸¹
 Thine own begotten, breaking violent way, Tore through my entrails, that, with fear and pain Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew Transformed: but he my inbred enemy

Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart,
Made to destroy. I fled, and cried out
Death!
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and
sighed
From all her caves, and back resounded
Death!
I fled; but he pursued (though more, it
seems,
Inflamed with lust than rage), and, swifter
far,
Me overtook, his mother, all dismayed,
And, in embraces forcible and foul
Engendering with me, of that rape begot
These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless
cry
Surround me, as thou saw'st — hourly con-
ceived
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
To me: for, when they list, into the womb
That bred them they return, and howl, and
gnaw
My bowels, their repast; then, bursting
forth
Afresh, with conscious terrors vex me
round,
That rest or intermission none I find.
Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death, my son and foe, who sets
them on,
And me, his parent, would full soon de-
vour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involved, and knows
that I
Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
Whenever that shall be: so Fate pro-
nounced.
But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
Though tempered heavenly; for that mor-
tal dint,
Save He who reigns above, none can re-
sist.”
She finished; and the subtle Fiend his
lore
Soon learned, now milder, and thus an-
swered smooth: —
“ Dear daughter — since thou claim'st
me for thy sire,
And my fair son here show'st me, the dear
pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in Heaven, and
joys

Then sweet, now sad to mention, through
dire change
820
Befallen us unforeseen, unthought-of —
know,
I come no enemy, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of
pain
Both him and thee, and all the Heavenly
host
Of Spirits that, in our just pretences armed,
Fall with us from on high. From them I
go
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
The unfounded Deep, and through the void
immense
To search, with wandering quest, a place
foretold
Should be — and, by concurring signs, ere
830
now
Created vast and round — a place of bliss
In the pourlieues of Heaven; and therein
placed
A race of upstart creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more
removed,
Lest Heaven, surcharged with potent mul-
titude,
Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or
aught
Than this more secret, now designed, I
haste
To know; and, this once known, shall soon
return,
And bring ye to the place where thou and
Death
840
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down un-
seen
Wing silently the buxom air, imbalmed
With odours. There ye shall be fed and
filled
Immeasurably; all things shall be your
prey.”
He ceased; for both seemed highly
pleased, and Death
Grinned horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be filled, and blessed his
maw
Destined to that good hour. No less re-
joiced
His mother bad, and thus bespake her
Sire: —
“ The key of this infernal Pit, by due
And by command of Heaven's all-powerful
King,
850

I keep, by Him forbidden to unlock
 These adamantine gates; against all force
 Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
 Fearless to be o'ermatched by living might.
 But what owe I to His commands above,
 Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me
 down

Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
 To sit in hateful office here confined,
 Inhabitant of Heaven and heavenly-
 born —

Here in perpetual agony and pain,
 With terrors and with clamours compassed
 round
 Of mine own brood, that on my bowels
 feed?

Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
 My being gav'st me; whom should I obey
 But thee? whom follow? Thou wilt bring
 me soon
 To that new world of light and bliss, among
 The gods who live at ease, where I shall
 reign

At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
 Thy daughter and thy darling, without
 end.”

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
 Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
 And, toward the gate rowling her bestial
 train,

Forthwith the huge porcullis high up-drew,
 Which, but herself, not all the Stygian
 Powers

Could once have moved; then in the key-
 hole turns

The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
 Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
 Unfastens. On a sudden open fly,
 With impetuous recoil and jarring sound, 880
 The infernal doors, and on their hinges
 grate

Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom
 shook

Of Erebus. She opened; but to shut
 Exceeded her power: the gates wide open
 stood,

That with extended wings a bannered host,
 Under spread ensigns marching, might pass
 through

With horse and chariots ranked in loose
 array;

So wide they stood, and like a furnace-
 mouth

Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy
 flame.

Before their eyes in sudden view appear
 The secrets of the hoary Deep — a dark
 Illimitable ocean, without bound,
 Without dimension; where length, breadth,
 and hight,

And time, and place, are lost; where eld-
 est Night

And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
 Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
 Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
 For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four cham-
 pions fierce,

Strive here for maistrie, and to battle bring
 Their embryon atoms: they around the
 flag

Of each his faction, in their several clans,
 Light-armed or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift,
 or slow,

Swarm populous, unnumbered as the sands
 Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
 Leved to side with warring winds, and
 poise

Their lighter wings. To whom these most
 adhere

He rules a moment: Chaos umpire sits,
 And by decision more imbroils the fray
 By which he reigns: next him, high arbiter,
 Chance governs all. Into this wild Abyss,
 The womb of Nature, and perhaps her
 grave,

Of neither Sea, nor Shore, nor Air, nor Fire,
 But all these in their pregnant causes mixed
 Confusedly, and which thus must ever fight,
 Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain
 His dark materials to create more worlds —
 Into this wild Abyss the wary Fiend
 Stood on the brink of Hell and looked a
 while,

Pondering his voyage; for no narrow frith
 He had to cross. Nor was his ear less
 pealed

With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
 Great things with small) than when Bellona
 storms

With all her battering engines, bent to rase
 Some capital city; or less than if this frame
 Of heaven were falling, and these elements
 In mutiny had from her axle torn
 The steadfast Earth. At last his sail-broad
 vans

He spreads for flight, and, in the surging
 smoke

Uplifted, spurns the ground; thence many
 a league,
 As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides

930

Andacious; but, that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuity. All unawares,
Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb-down
he drops
Ten thousand fadom deep, and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not, by ill
chance,
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous
cloud,
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
As many miles aloft. That fury stayed —
Quenched in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,
Nor good dry land — nigh foundered, on
he fares,
Treading the crude consistence, half on
foot,
Half flying; behoves him now both oar and
sail.
As when a gryfon through the wilderness
With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,
Pursues the Arimaspians, who by stealth
Had from his wakeful custody purloined
The guarded gold; so eagerly the Fiend
O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough,
dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues
his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps,
or flies.
At length a universal hubbub wild
Of stunning sounds, and voices all confused,
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his
ear
With loudest vehemence. Thither he plies
Undaunted, to meet there whatever Power
Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
Which way the nearest coast of darkness
lies
Bordering on light; when straight behold
the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread
Wide on the wasteful Deep ! With him
enthroned
Sat sable-vested *Night*, eldest of things,
The consort of his reign; and by them stood
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon ; Rumour next, and
Chance,
And Tumult, and Confusion, all imbroiled,
And Discord with a thousand various
mouths.
To whom Satan, turning boldly, thus: —
“ Ye Powers
And Spirits of this nethermost Abyss,

Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your realm; but, by constraint
Wandering this darksome desart, as my way
Lies through your spacious empire up to light,
Alone and without guide, half lost, I seek,
What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds
Confine with Heaven; or, if some other place,
From your dominion won, the Ethereal King
Possesses lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound. Direct my course:
Directed, no mean recompence it brings
To your behoof, if I that region lost,
All usurpation thence expelled, reduce
To her original darkness and your sway
(Which is my present journey), and once more
Erect the standard there of ancient Night.
Yours be the advantage all, mine the revenge !”
Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,
With faltering speech and visage incomposed,
Answered: — “ I know thee, stranger, who thou art —
That mighty leading Angel, who of late
Made head against Heaven's King, though overthrown.
I saw and heard; for such a numerous host
Fled not in silence through the frightened Deep,
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded; and Heaven-gates
Poured out by millions her victorious bands,
Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here
Keep residence; if all I can will serve
That little which is left so to defend,
Encroached on still through our intestine broils
Weakening the sceptre of old *Night*: first, Hell,
Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath;
Now lately Heaven and Earth, another world
Hung o'er my realm, linked in a golden chain

To that side Heaven from whence your legions fell !
 If that way be your walk, you have not far;
 So much the nearer danger. Go, and speed;
 Havoc, and spoil, and ruin, are my gain." He ceased; and Satan staid not to reply,
 But, glad that now his sea should find a shore,
 With fresh alacrity and force renewed Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire, ¹⁰¹⁰
 Into the wild expanse, and through the shock
 Of fighting elements, on all sides round Environed, wins his way; harder beset
 And more endangered than when Argo passed
 Through Bosphorus betwixt the justling rocks,
 Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunned Charybdis, and by the other Whirlpool steered. ¹⁰²⁰
 So he with difficulty and labour hard Moved on. With difficulty and labour he;
 But, he once passed, soon after, when Man fell,
 Strange alteration ! Sin and Death amain, Following his track (such was the will of Heaven)
 Paved after him a broad and beaten way Over the dark Abyss, whose boiling gulf Tamely endured a bridge of wondrous length,
 From Hell continued, reaching the utmost Orb

Of this frail World; by which the Spirits perverse ¹⁰³⁰
 With easy intercourse pass to and fro To tempt or punish mortals, except whom God and good Angels guard by special grace. But now at last the sacred influence Of light appears, and from the walls of Heaven Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night A glimmering dawn. Here Nature first begins Her fardest verge, and Chaos to retire, As from her outmost works, a broken foe, With tumult less and with less hostile din; That Satan with less toil, and now with ease, ¹⁰⁴⁰
 Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light, And, like a weather-beaten vessel, holds Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn; Or in the emptier waste, resembling air, Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold Far off the empyreal Heaven, extended wide In circuit, undetermined square or round, With opal towers and battlements adorned Of living sapphire, once his native seat, ¹⁰⁵⁰
 And, fast by, hanging in a golden chain, This pendent World, in bigness as a star Of smallest magnitude close by the moon. Thither, full fraught with mischievous revenge, Accurst, and in a cursed hour, he hies.

BOOK III

THE ARGUMENT

God, sitting on his throne, sees Satan flying towards this World, then newly created; shews him to the Son, who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own Justice and Wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free, and able enough to have withstood his Tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man: but God again declares that Grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of Divine Justice; Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead, and therefore, with all his progeny, devoted to death, must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself to ransom for Man: the Father accepts him, ordains his

incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all Names in Heaven and Earth; commands all the Angels to adore him. They obey, and, hymning to their harps in full quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Meanwhile Satan alights upon the bare convex of this World's outermost orb; where wandering he first finds a place since called the Limbo of Vanity; what persons and things ny up thither: thence comes to the gate of Heaven, described ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it. His passage thence to the orb of the Sun: he finds there Uriel, the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner Angel, and, pretending a zealous desire to behold the new Creation, and Man whom God had placed here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed: Alights first on Mount Niphates.

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born !
 Or of the Eternal coeternal beam
 May I express thee unblamed ? since God is light,

And never but in unapproachèd light
 Dwelt from eternity — dwelt then in thee,
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate !
 Or hear'st thou rather pure Ethereal
 Stream,
 Whose fountain who shall tell ? Before
 the Sun,
 Before the Heavens, thou wert, and at the
 voice
 Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest ¹⁰
 The rising World of waters dark and deep,
 Won from the void and formless Infinite !
 Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
 Escaped the Stygian Pool, though long de-
 tained
 In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight,
 Through utter and through middle Dark-
 ness borne,
 With other notes than to the Orphean lyre
 I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,
 Taught by the Heavenly Muse to venture
 down
 The dark descent, and up to re-ascend, ²⁰
 Though hard and rare. Thee I revisit
 safe,
 And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that rowl in vain
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
 So thick a drop serene hath quenched their
 orbs,
 Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
 Smit with the love of sacred song; but
 chief
 Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks be-
 neath,
 That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling
 flow, ³⁰
 Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
 Those other two equalled with me in fate,
 (So were I equalled with them in renown !)
 Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides,
 And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old:
 Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move
 Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
 Sings darkling, and, in shadiest covert hid,
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the
 year ⁴⁰
 Seasons return; but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or
 morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's
 rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;

But cloud instead and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of
 men
 Cut off, and, for the book of knowledge
 fair,
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of Nature's works, to me expunged and
 rased,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut
 out. ⁵⁰
 So much the rather thou, Celestial Light,
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her
 powers
 Irradiate; there plant eyes; all mist from
 thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.
 Now had the Almighty Father from
 above,
 From the pure Empyrean where He sits
 High throned above all highth, bent down
 his eye,
 His own works and their works at once to
 view:
 About him all the Sanctities of Heaven ⁶⁰
 Stood thick as stars, and from his sight re-
 ceived
 Beatitude past utterance; on his right
 The radiant image of his glory sat,
 His only Son. On Earth he first beheld
 Our two first parents, yet the only two
 Of mankind, in the Happy Garden placed,
 Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
 Uninterrupted joy, unrivalled love,
 In blissful solitude. He then surveyed
 Hell and the gulf between, and Satan
 there ⁷⁰
 Coasting the wall of Heaven on this side
 Night,
 In the dun air sublime, and ready now
 To stoop, with wearied wings and willing
 feet,
 On the bare outside of this World, that
 seemed
 Firm land imbosomed without firmament,
 Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.
 Him God beholding from his prospect high,
 Wherein past, present, future, he beholds,
 Thus to His only Son foreseeing spake:—
 “ Only-begotten Son, seest thou what
 rage ⁸⁰
 Transports our Adversary ? whom no
 bounds
 Prescribed, no bars of Hell, nor all the
 chains

Heaped on him there, nor yet the main
Abyss
Wide interrupt, can hold; so bent he seems
On desperate revenge, that shall redound
Upon his own rebellious head. And now,
Through all restraint broke loose, he wings
his way
Not far off Heaven, in the precincts of
light,
Directly towards the new-created World,
And Man there placed, with purpose to
assay ⁹⁰
If him by force he can destroy, or, worse,
By some false guile pervert: and shall
pervert;
For Man will hearken to his glozing lies,
And easily transgress the sole command,
Sole pledge of his obedience: so will fall
He and his faithless progeny. Whose fault?
Whose but his own? Ingrate, he had of me
All he could have; I made him just and
right,
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
Such I created all the Ethereal Powers ¹⁰⁰
And Spirits, both them who stood and them
who failed;
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who
fell.
Not free, what proof could they have given
sincere
Of true allegiance, constant faith, or love,
Where only what they needs must do ap-
peared,
Not what they would? What praise could
they receive,
What pleasure I, from such obedience
paid,
When Will and Reason (Reason also is
Choice),
Useless and vain, of freedom both de-
spoiled,
Made passive both, had served Necessity,
Not Me? They, therefore, as to right be-
longed ¹¹¹
So were created, nor can justly accuse
Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,
As if Predestination overruled
Their will, disposed by absolute decree
Or high foreknowledge. They themselves
decreed
Their own revolt, not I. If I foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influence on their
fault,
Which had no less proved certain unfore-
known.

So without least impulse or shadow of fate,
Or aught by me immutably foreseen, ¹²¹
They trespass, authors to themselves in
all,
Both what they judge and what they choose;
for so
I formed them free, and free they must re-
main
Till they enthrall themselves: I else must
change
Their nature, and revoke the high decree
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordained
Their freedom; they themselves ordained
their fall.
The first sort by their own suggestion fell,
Self-tempted, self-depraved; Man falls, de-
ceived ¹³⁰
By the other first: Man, therefore, shall
find grace;
The other, none. In mercy and justice
both,
Through Heaven and Earth, so shall my
glory excel;
But mercy, first and last, shall brightest
shine." ¹⁴⁰
Thus while God spake ambrosial fra-
grance filled
All Heaven, and in the blessed Spirits elect
Sense of new joy ineffable diffused.
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
Most glorious; in him all his Father shon
Substantially expressed; and in his face ¹⁴⁰
Divine compassion visibly appeared,
Love without end, and without measure
grace;
Which uttering, thus He to his Father
spake:—
"O Father, gracious was that word which
closed
Thy sovran sentence, that Man should find
grace;
For which both Heaven and Earth shall
high extol
Thy praises, with the innumerable sound
Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy
throne
Encompassed shall resound thee ever blest.
For, should Man finally be lost—should
Man, ¹⁵⁰
Thy creature late so loved, thy youngest
son,
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though
joined
With his own folly—! That be from
thee far,

That far be from thee, Father, who art
judge

Of all things made, and judgest only right !
Or shall the Adversary thus obtain
His end, and frustrate thine ? Shall he
fulfil

His malice, and thy goodness bring to
naught

Or proud return, though to his heavier
doom

Yet with revenge accomplished, and to
Hell

Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
By him corrupted ? Or wilt thou thyself
Abolish thy creation, and unmake,
For him, what for thy glory thou hast
made ? —

So should thy goodness and thy greatness
both

Be questioned and blasphemed without de-
fence.”

To whom the great Creator thus re-
plied: —

“ O Son, in whom my soul hath chief de-
light,

Son of my bosom, Son who art alone

169 My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,
All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are,
all

As my eternal purpose hath decreed.
Man shall not quite be lost, but saved who
will;

Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely voutsafed. Once more I will renew
His lapsèd powers, though forfeit, and en-
thralled

By sin to foul exorbitant desires:
Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
On even ground against his mortal foe —
By me upheld, that he may know how
frais

180 His fallen condition is, and to me owe
All his deliverance, and to none but me.
Some I have chosen of peculiar grace,
Elect above the rest; so is my will:
The rest shall hear me call, and oft be
warned

Their sinful state, and to appease betimes
The incensed Deity, while offered grace
Invites; for I will clear their senses dark
What may suffice, and soften stony hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.
To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endeavoured with sincere in-
tent,

192 Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not
shut.

And I will place within them as a guide
My umpire Conscience; whom if they will
hear,

Light after light well used they shall at-
tain,

And to the end persisting safe arrive.
This my long sufferance, and my day of
grace,

They who neglect and scorn shall never
taste;

But hard be hardened, blind be blinded
more,

200 That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;
And none but such from mercy I ex-
clude. —

But yet all is not done. Man disobeying,
Disloyal, breaks his fealty, and sins
Against the high supremacy of Heaven,
Affecting Godhead, and, so losing all,
To expiate his treason hath naught left,
But, to destruction sacred and devote,
He with his whole posterity must die; —
Die he or Justice must; unless for him

210 Some other, able, and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
Say, Heavenly Powers, where shall we find
such love ?

Which of ye will be mortal, to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and just, the unjust to
save ?

Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear ? ”
He asked, but all the Heavenly Quire
stood mute,

And silence was in Heaven: on Man's be-
half

Patron or intercessor none appeared —
Much less that durst upon his own head
draw

220 The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
And now without redemption all mankind
Must have been lost, adjudged to Death
and Hell

By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,
His dearest mediation thus renewed: —

“ Father, thy word is passed, Man shall
find grace;

And shall Grace not find means, that finds
her way,

230 The speediest of thy wingèd messengers,
To visit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplored, un-
sought ?

Happy for Man, so coming ! He her aid
Can never seek, once dead in sins and
lost —

Atonement for himself, or offering meet,
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring.
Behold me, then: me for him, life for life,
I offer; on me let thine anger fall;
Account me Man: I for his sake will leave
Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
Freely put off, and for him lastly die ²⁴⁰
Well pleased; on me let Death wreak all
his rage.

Under his gloomy power I shall not long
Lie vanquished. Thou hast given me to
possess

Life in myself for ever; by thee I live;
Though now to Death I yield, and am his
due,

All that of me can die, yet, that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome
grave

His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
For ever with corruption there to dwell;
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue ²⁵⁰
My vanquisher, spoiled of his vaunted spoil.
Death his death's wound shall then receive,
and stoop

Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarmed;
I through the ample air in triumph high
Shall lead Hell captive maugre Hell, and
show

The powers of Darkness bound. Thou, at
the sight

Pleased, out of Heaven shalt look down and
smile,

While, by thee raised, I ruin all my foes —
Death last, and with his carcase glut the
grave; ²⁵⁹

Then, with the multitude of my redeemed,
Shall enter Heaven, long absent, and re-
turn,

Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assured
And reconciliation: wrauth shall be no
more

Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy en-
tire."

His words here ended; but his meek as-
pect'

Silent yet spake, and breathed immortal
love

To mortal men, above which only shon ·
Filial obedience: as a sacrifice
Glad to be offered, he attends the will ²⁷⁰
Of his great Father. Admiration seized

All Heaven, what this might mean, and
whither tend,
Wondering; but soon the Almighty thus
replied: —

"O thou in Heaven and Earth the only
peace
Found out for mankind under wrauth, O
thou

My sole complacence ! well thou know'st
how dear

To me are all my works; nor Man the least,
Though last created, that for him I spare
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to
save, ²⁷⁹

By losing thee a while, the whole race lost !
Thou, therefore, whom thou only canst re-
deem,

Their nature also to thy nature join;
And be thyself Man among men on Earth,
Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin
seed,

By wondrous birth; be thou in Adam's
room

The head of all mankind, though Adam's
son.

As in him perish all men, so in thee,
As from a second root, shall be restored
As many as are restored; without thee,
none.

His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy
merit, ²⁹⁰

Imputed, shall absolve them who renounce
Their own both righteous and unrighteous
deeds,

And live in thee transplanted, and from
thee

Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,
Shall satisfy for Man, be judged and die,
And dying rise, and, rising, with him raise
His brethren, ransomed with his own dear
life.

So Heavenly love shall outdo Hellish hate,
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
So dearly to redeem what Hellish hate ³⁰⁰
So easily destroyed, and still destroys
In those who, when they may, accept not
grace.

Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume
Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.
Because thou hast, though throned in high-
est bliss

Equal to God, and equally enjoying
God-like fruition, quitted all to save
A world from utter loss, and hast been
found

By merit more than birthright Son of God,—
 Found worthiest to be so by being good, 310
 Far more than great or high; because in thee
 Love hath abounded more than glory abounds;
 Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt
 With thee thy manhood also to this Throne:
 Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign
 Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
 Anointed universal King. All power I give thee; reign for ever, and assume
 Thy merits; under thee, as Head Supreme, Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions,
 I reduce: 320
 All knees to thee shall bow of them that bide
 In Heaven, or Earth, or, under Earth, in Hell.
 When thou, attended gloriously from Heaven,
 Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send
 The summoning Archangels to proclaim
 Thy dread tribunal, forthwith from all winds
 The living, and forthwith the cited dead
 Of all past ages, to the general doom
 Shall hasten; such a peal shall rouse their sleep.
 Then, all thy Saints assembled, thou shalt judge 330
 Bad men and Angels; they arraigned shall sink
 Beneath thy sentence; Hell, her numbers full,
 Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Meanwhile
 The World shall burn, and from her ashes spring
 New Heaven and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell,
 And, after all their tribulations long, See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
 With Joy and Love triumph'ing, and fair Truth.
 Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by;
 For regal sceptre then no more shall need; God shall be All in All. But all ye Gods, Adore Him who, to compass all this, dies;
 Adore the Son, and honour him as me.” 343

No sooner had the Almighty ceased but
 —all
 The multitude of Angels, with a shout Loud as from numbers without number sweet
 As from blest voices, uttering joy — Heaven rung
 With jubilee, and loud hosannas filled The eternal regions. Lowly reverent Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground 350
 With solemn adoration down they cast Their crowns, inwove with amaranth and gold, —
 Immortal amaranth, a flower which once In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life, Began to bloom, but, soon for Man's offence To Heaven removed where first it grew, there grows
 And flowers aloft, shading the Fount of Life,
 And where the River of Bliss through midst of Heaven
 Rows o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream!
 With these, that never fade, the Spirits elect 360
 Bind their resplendent locks, inwreathed with beams.
 Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
 Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shon, Impurpled with celestial roses smiled.
 Then, crowned again, their golden harps they took —
 Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their side
 Like quivers hung; and with preamble sweet
 Of charming symphony they introduce Their sacred song, and waken raptures high:
 No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
 Melodious part; such concord is in Heaven. 370
 Thee, Father, first they sung, Omnipotent,
 Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
 Eternal King; thee, Author of all being,
 Fountain of light, thyself invisible
 Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sitt'st
 Throned inaccessible, but when thou shad'st The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud

Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine
 Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear,³⁸⁰
 Yet dazzle Heaven, that brightest Seraphim
 Approach not, but with both wings veil
 their eyes.
 Thee next they sang, of all creation first,
 Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
 In whose conspicuous countenance, without
 cloud
 Made visible, the Almighty Father shines,
 Whom else no creature can behold: on thee
 Impressed the effulgence of his glory
 abides;
 Transfused on thee his ample Spirit rests.
 He Heaven of Heavens, and all the Powers
 therein,³⁹⁰
 By thee created; and by thee threw down
 The aspiring Dominations. Thou that day
 Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not
 spare,
 Nor stop thy flaming chariot-wheels, that
 shook
 Heaven's everlasting frame, while o'er the
 necks
 Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarrayed.
 Back from pursuit, thy Powers with loud
 acclaim
 Thee only extolled, Son of thy Father's
 might,
 To execute fierce vengeance on his foes.
 Not so on Man: him, through their malice
 fallen,⁴⁰⁰
 Father of mercy and grace, thou didst not
 doom
 So strictly, but much more to pity enclined.
 No sooner did thy dear and only Son
 Perceive thee purposed not to doom frail
 Man
 So strictly, but much more to pity enclined,
 He, to appease thy wrauth, and end the
 strife
 Of mercy and justice in thy face discerned,
 Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat
 Second to thee, offered himself to die⁴⁰⁹
 For Man's offence. O unexampled love!
 Love nowhere to be found less than Divine!
 Hail, Son of God, Saviour of men! Thy
 name
 Shall be the copious matter of my song
 Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy
 praise
 Forget, nor from thy Father's praise dis-
 join!

Thus they in Heaven, above the Starry
 Sphere,
 Their happy hours in joy and hymning
 spent.
 Meanwhile, upon the firm opacious globe
 Of this round World, whose first convex
 divides
 The luminous inferior Orbs, enclosed⁴²⁰
 From Chaos and the inroad of Darkness old,
 Satan alighted walks. A globe far off
 It seemed; now seems a boundless conti-
 nent,
 Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of
 Night
 Starless exposed, and ever-threatening
 storms
 Of Chaos blustering round, inclement sky,
 Save on that side which from the wall of
 Heaven,
 Though distant far, some small reflection
 gains
 Of glimmering air less vexed with tempest
 loud.
 Here walked the Fiend at large in spacious
 field.⁴³⁰
 As when a vultur, on Imaus bred,
 Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar
 bounds,
 Dislodging from a region scarce of prey,
 To gorge the flesh of lambs or yeanling
 kids
 On hills where flocks are fed, flies toward
 the springs
 Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams,
 But in his way lights on the barren plains
 Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
 With sails and wind their cany waggons
 light;
 So, on this windy sea of land, the Fiend⁴⁴⁰
 Walked up and down alone, bent on his
 prey:
 Alone, for other creature in this place,
 Living or lifeless, to be found was none;—
 None yet; but store hereafter from the
 Earth
 Up hither like aerial vapours flew
 Of all things transitory and vain, when sin
 With vanity had filled the works of men—
 Both all things vain, and all who in vain
 things
 Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting
 fame,
 Or happiness in this or the other life.⁴⁵⁰
 All who have their reward on earth, the
 fruits

Of painful superstition and blind zeal,
Naught seeking but the praise of men, here
find
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds;
All the unaccomplished works of Nature's
hand,
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixed,
Dissolved on Earth, fleet hither, and in
vain,
Till final dissolution, wander here —
Not in the neighbouring Moon, as some
have dreamed: 459
Those argent fields more likely habitants,
Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold,
Betwixt the angelical and human kind.
Hither, of ill-joined sons and daughters
born,
First from the ancient world those Giants
came,
With many a vain exploit, though then re-
nowned:
The builders next of Babel on the plain
Of Sennaar, and still with vain design
New Babels, had they wherewithal, would
build:
Others came single; he who, to be deemed
A god, leaped fondly into Ætna flames, 470
Empedocles; and he who, to enjoy
Plato's Elysium, leaped into the sea,
Cleombrotus; and many more, too long,
Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars,
White, black, and grey, with all their
trumpery.
Here pilgrims roam, that strayed so far to
seek
In Golgotha him dead who lives in Heaven;
And they who, to be sure of Paradise,
Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,
Or in Franciscan think to pass disguised.
They pass the planets seven, and pass the
fixed, 481
And that crystal'lin sphere whose balance
weighs
The trepidation talked, and that first moved;
And now Saint Peter at Heaven's wicket
seems
To wait them with his keys, and now at
foot
Of Heaven's ascent they lift their feet,
when, lo !
A violent cross wind from either coast
Blows them transverse, ten thousand
leagues awry,
Into the devious air. Then might ye see

Cowls, hoods, and habits, with their wear-
ers, 490
ers, tost
And fluttered into rags; then reliques, beads,
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
The sport of winds: all these, upwhirled
aloft,
Fly o'er the backside of the World far off
Into a Limbo large and broad, since called
The Paradise of Fools; to few unknown
Long after, now unpeopled and untrod.
All this dark globe the Fiend found as
he passed;
And long he wandered, till at last a gleam
Of dawning light turned thitherward in
haste
His travelled steps. Far distant he de-500
scires,
Ascending by degrees magnificent
Up to the wall of Heaven, a structure high;
At top whereof, but far more rich, appeared
The work as of a kingly palace-gate,
With frontispice of diamond and gold
Imbellished; thick with sparkling orient
gems
The portal shon, inimitable on Earth
By model, or by shading pencil drawn.
The stairs were such as whereon Jacob
saw
Angels ascending and descending, bands 510
Of guardians bright, when he from Esau
fled
To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz
Dreaming by night under the open sky,
And waking cried, *This is the gate of Heaven.*
Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor
stood
There always, but drawn up to Heaven
sometimes
Viewless; and underneath a bright sea
flowed
Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
Who after came from Earth sailing ar-
rived
Wafted by Angels, or flew o'er the lake 520
Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.
The stairs were then let down, whether to
dare
The Fiend by easy ascent, or aggravate
His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss:
Direct against which opened from beneath,
Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,
A passage down to the Earth — a passage
wide;
Wider by far than that of after-times

Over Mount Sion, and, though that were
large, 530
Over the Promised Land to God so dear,
By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,
On high behests his Angels to and fro
Passed frequent, and his eye with choice
regard
From Paneas, the fount of Jordan's flood,
To Beërsaba, where the Holy Land
Borders on Ægypt and the Arabian shore.
So wide the opening seemed, where bounds
were set
To darkness, such as bound the ocean
wave. 539
Satan from hence, now on the lower stair,
That scaled by steps of gold to Heaven-gate,
Looks down with wonder at the sudden
view
Of all this World at once. As when a scout,
Through dark and desert ways with peril
gone
All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing
hill,
Which to his eye discovers unaware
The goodly prospect of some foreign land
First seen, or some renowned metropolis
With glistering spires and pinnacles
adorned, 550
Which now the rising sun gilds with his
beams;
Such wonder seized, though after Heaven
seen,
The Spirit malign, but much more envy
seized,
At sight of all this World beheld so fair.
Round he surveys (and well might, where
he stood
So high above the circling canopy
Of Night's extended shade) from eastern
point
Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas
Beyond the horizon; then from pole to
pole 560
He views in breadth, — and, without longer
pause,
Down right into the World's first region
throws
His flight precipitant, and winds with ease
Through the pure marble air his oblique
way
Amongst innumerable stars, that shon
Stars distant, but nigh-hand seemed other
worlds.

Or other worlds they seemed, or happy isles,
Like those Hesperian Gardens famed of old,
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flowery
vales;
Thrice happy isles! But who dwelt happy
there 570
He staid not to inquire: above them all
The golden Sun, in splendour likest Hea-
ven,
Allured his eye. Thither his course he
bends,
Through the calm firmament (but up or
down,
By centre or eccentric, hard to tell,
Or longitude) where the great luminary,
Allof the vulgar constellations thick,
That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
Dispenses light from far. They, as they
move
Their starry dance in numbers that com-
pute 580
Days, months, and years, towards his all-
cheering lamp
Turn swift their various motions, or are
turned
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
The Universe, and to each inward part
With gentle penetration, though unseen,
Shoots invisible virtue even to the Deep;
So wondrously was set his station bright.
There lands the Fiend, a spot like which
perhaps
Astronomer in the Sun's lucent orb
Through his glazed optic tube yet never
saw. 590
The place he found beyond expression
bright,
Compared with aught on Earth, metal or
stone —
Not all parts like, but all alike informed
With radiant light, as glowing iron with
fire.
If metal, part seemed gold, part silver
clear;
If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,
Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shon
In Aaron's breast-plate, and a stone besides,
Imagined rather oft than elsewhere seen —
That stone, or like to that, which here be-
low 600
Philosophers in vain so long have sought;
In vain, though by their powerful art they
bind
Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound
In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,

Drained through a limbec to his native form.
 What wonder then if fields and regions here
 Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run
 Potable gold, when, with one virtuous touch,
 The arch-chimic Sun, so far from us remote,
 Produces, with terrestrial humour mixed,⁶⁰⁹
 Here in the dark so many precious things
 Of colour glorious and effect so rare?
 Here matter new to gaze the Devil met
 Undazzled. Far and wide his eye commands;
 For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,
 But all sunshine, as when his beams at noon
 Culminate from the equator, as they now
 Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
 Shadow from body opaque can fall; and
 the air,
 Nowhere so clear, sharpened his visual ray
 To objects distant far, whereby he soon
 Saw within ken a glorious Angel stand,
 The same whom John saw also in the Sun.
 His back was turned, but not his brightness hid;
 Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar
 Circled his head, nor less his locks behind
 Illustrious on his shoulders fledge with wings
 Lay waving round: on some great charge
 employed
 He seemed, or fixed in cogitation deep.
 Glad was the Spirit impure, as now in hope
 To find who might direct his wandering flight
 To Paradise, the happy seat of Man,
 His journey's end, and our beginning woe.
 But first he casts to change his proper shape,
 Which else might work him danger or delay:
 And now a stripling Cherub he appears,
 Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
 Youth smiled celestial, and to every limb
 Suitable grace diffused; so well he feign'd.
 Under a coronet his flowing hair
 In curls on either cheek played; wings he wore
 Of many a coloured plume sprinkled with gold;

His habit fit for speed succinct; and held
 Before his decent steps a silver wand.
 He drew not nigh unheard; the Angel bright,
 Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turned,
 Admonished by his ear, and straight was known
 The Archangel Uriel — one of the seven
 Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,
 Stand ready at command, and are his eyes
 That run through all the Heavens, or down to the Earth
 Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,
 O'er sea and land. Him Satan thus accosts: —
 “ Uriel! for thou of those seven Spirits that stand
 In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,
 The first art wont his great authentic will
 Interpreter through highest Heaven to bring,
 Where all his Sons thy embassy attend,
 And here art likeliest by supreme decree
 Like honour to obtain, and as his eye
 To visit oft this new Creation round —⁶⁶⁰
 Unspeakable desire to see and know
 All these his wondrous works, but chiefly
 Man,
 His chief delight and favour, him for whom
 All these his works so wondrous he ordained,
 Hath brought me from the quires of Cherubim
 Alone thus wandering. Brightest Seraph, tell
 In which of all these shining orbs hath
 His fixed seat — or fixed seat hath none,
 But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell —⁶⁷⁰
 That I may find him, and with secret gaze
 Or open admiration him behold
 On whom the great Creator hath bestowed
 Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces
 poured;
 That both in him and all things, as is meet,
 The Universal Maker we may praise;
 Who justly hath driven out his rebel foes
 To deepest Hell, and, to repair that loss,
 Created this new happy race of Men
 To serve him better. Wise are all his ways!”⁶⁸⁰

So spake the false dissembler unperceived;
 For neither man nor angel can discern
 Hypocrisy — the only evil that walks
 Invisible, except to God alone,
 By his permissive will, through Heaven and
 Earth;
 And oft, though Wisdom wake, Suspicion
 sleeps
 At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity
 Resigns her charge, while Goodness thinks
 no ill
 Where no ill seems: which now for once
 beguiled
 Uriel, though Regent of the Sun, and held
 The sharpest-sighted Spirit of all in Heaven;
 Who to the fraudulent impostor foul,
 In his uprightness, answer thus returned: —
 “ Fair Angel, thy desire, which tends to
 know
 The works of God, thereby to glorify
 The great Work-maister, leads to no excess
 That reaches blame, but rather merits
 praise
 The more it seems excess, that led thee
 hither
 From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,
 To witness with thine eyes what some per-
 haps,
 Contented with report, hear only in Heaven:
 For wonderful indeed are all his works,
 Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
 Had in remembrance always with delight!
 But what created mind can comprehend
 Their number, or the wisdom infinite
 That brought them forth, but hid their
 causes deep?
 I saw when, at his word, the formless
 mass,
 This World's material mould, came to a
 heap:
 Confusion heard his voice, and wild Up-
 roar
 Stood ruled, stood vast Infinitude confined;
 Till, at his second bidding, Darkness fled,

Light shon, and order from disorder
 sprung.
 Swift to their several quarters hasted then
 The cumbrous elements — Earth, Flood,
 Air, Fire;
 And this ethereal quint'essence of Heaven
 Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
 That rowled orbicular, and turned to stars
 Numberless, as thou seest, and how they
 move:
 Each had his place appointed, each his
 course;
 The rest in circuit walls this Universe.
 Look downward on that globe, whose hither
 side
 With light from hence, though but reflected,
 shines:
 That place is Earth, the seat of Man; that
 light
 His day, which else, as the other hemi-
 sphere,
 Night would invade; but there the neigh-
 bouring Moon
 (So call that opposite fair star) her aid
 Timely interposes, and, her monthly round
 Still ending, still renewing, through mid-
 heaven,
 With borrowed light her countenance tri-
 form
 Hence fills and empties, to enlighten the
 Earth,
 And in her pale dominion checks the night.
 That spot to which I point is Paradise,
 Adam's abode; those lofty shades his bower.
 Thy way thou canst not miss; me mine re-
 quires.”
 Thus said, he turned; and Satan, bowing
 low,
 As to superior Spirits is wont in Heaven,
 Where honour due and reverence none neg-
 lects,
 Took leave, and toward the coast of Earth
 beneath,
 Down from the ecliptic, sped with hoped
 success,
 Throws his steep flight in many an aerie
 wheel,
 Nor staid till on Niphates' top he lights.

BOOK IV

THE ARGUMENT

Satan, now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions—fear, envy, and despair; but at length confirms himself in evil; journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described; overleaps the bounds, sits, in the shape of a Cormorant, on the Tree of Life, as highest in the Garden, to look about him. The Garden described; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse; thence gathers that the Tree of Knowledge was forbidden them to eat of under penalty of death, and thereon intends to found his temptation by seducing them to transgress; then leaves them a while, to know further of their state by some other means. Meanwhile Uriel, descending on a sunbeam, warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, that some evil Spirit had escaped the Deep, and passed at noon by his Sphere, in the shape of a good Angel, down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures in the Mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest: their bower described; their evening worship. Gabriel, drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the rounds of Paradise, appoints two strong Angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil Spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping: there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom questioned, he scornfully answers; prepares resistance; but, hindered by a sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradise.

O FOR that warning voice, which he who saw

The Apocalypse heard cry in Heaven aloud, Then when the Dragon, put to second rout, Came furious down to be revenged on men, *Woe to the inhabitants on Earth!* that now, While time was, our first parents had been warned

The coming of their secret Foe, and scaped, Haply so scaped, his mortal snare! For now

Satan, now first inflamed with rage, came down,

The tempter, ere the accuser, of mankind, To wreak on innocent frail Man his loss Of that first battle, and his flight to Hell. Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,

Begins his dire attempt; which, nigh the birth

Now rowling, boils in his tumultuous breast,

And like a devilish engine back recoils Upon himself. Horror and doubt distract

His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir

The hell within him; for within him Hell He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell

One step, no more than from himself, can fly

By change of place. Now conscience wakes despair

That slumbered; wakes the bitter memory Of what he was, what is, and what must be

Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue!

Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his view

Lay pleasant, his grieved look he fixes sad; Sometimes towards Heaven and the full-blazing Sun,

Which now sat high in his meridian tower: Then, much revolving, thus in sighs began:—

“ O thou that, with surpassing glory crowned,

Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god

Of this new World — at whose sight all the stars

Hide their diminished heads — to thee I call,

But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,

O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams, That bring to my remembrance from what state

I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere, Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,

Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless King!

Ah, wherefore? He deserved no such return

From me, whom he created what I was In that bright eminence, and with his good Upbraided none; nor was his service hard. What could be less than to afford him praise,

The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,

How due? Yet all his good proved ill in me,

And wrought but malice. Lifted up so high,

I 'sdained subjection, and thought one step higher

Would set me highest, and in a moment
quit

The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burthensome, still paying, still to owe;
Forgetful what from him I still received;
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged — what burden
then?

Oh, had his powerful destiny ordained
Me some inferior Angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had
raised

Ambition. Yet why not? Some other
Power
As great might have aspired, and me,
though mean,
Drawn to his part. But other Powers as
great

Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without to all temptations armed!
Hadst thou the same free will and power
to stand?

Thou hadst. Whom hast thou then, or
what, to accuse,
But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accursed, since, love or
hate,

To me alike it deals eternal woe.

Nay, cursed be thou; since against his thy
will

Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrauth and infinite despair?

Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,

To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.
O, then, at last relent! Is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?

None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the Spirits beneath, whom I seduced

With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
The Omnipotent. Ay me! they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,

Under what torments inwardly I groan.
While they adore me on the throne of Hell,
With diadem and sceptre high advanced,

The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery: such joy ambition finds!
But say I could repent, and could obtain,
By act of grace, my former state; how

soon

Would highth recal high thoughts, how
soon unsay

What feigned submission swore! Ease
would recant

Vows made in pain, as violent and void
(For never can true reconciliation grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced
so deep);

Which would but lead me to a worse re-
lapse

And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
Short intermission, bought with double
smart.

This knows my Punisher; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging,
peace.

All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
Of us, outcast, exiled, his new delight,
Mankind, created, and for him this World!
So farewell hope, and, with hope, farewell

 fear,
Farewell, remorse! All good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my Good: by thee at least
Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will

 reign;

As Man ere long, and this new World,

 shall know."

 Thus while he spake, each passion
 dimmed his face,
 Thrice changed with pale — ire, envy, and
 despair;

 Which marred his borrowed visage, and be-
 trayed

 Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld:
 For Heavenly minds from such distempers

 foul

 Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware
 Each perturbation smoothed with outward

 calm,

 Artificer of fraud; and was the first
 That practised falsehood under saintly

 shew,

 Deep malice to conceal, couched with re-
 venge:

 Yet not enough had practised to deceive
 Uriel, once warned; whose eye pursued
 him down

 The way he went, and on the Assyrian
 mount

 Saw him disfigured, more than could befall
 Spirit of happy sort: his gestures fierce
 He marked and mad demeanour, then
 alone,

 As he supposed, all unobserved, unseen.

So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure
green,
As with a rural mound, the champain head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and
wild,
Access denied; and overhead up-grew
Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching
palm,
A sylvan scene, and, as the ranks ascend 140
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their
tops
The verdurous wall of Paradise up-sprung;
Which to our general Sire gave prospect
large
Into his nether empire neighbouring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden
hue,
Appeared, with gay enamelled colours
mixed;
On which the sun more glad impressed his
beams 150
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath showered the earth: so
lovely seemed
That lantskip. And of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart ins-
pires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair. Now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they
stole
Those balmy spoils. As, when to them who
sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are
past 160
Mozambique, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the Blest, with such delay
Well pleased they slack their course, and
many a league
Cheered with the grateful smell old Ocean
smiles;
So entertained those odorous sweets the
Fiend
Who came their bane, though with them
better pleased
Than Asmodæus with the fishy fume

That drove him, though enamoured, from
the spouse
Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance
sent 170
From Media post to Ægypt, there fast
bound.
Now to the ascent of that steep savage
hill
Satan had journeyed on, pensive and slow;
But further way found none; so thick en-
twined,
As one continued brake, the undergrowth
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had per-
plexed
All path of man or beast that passed that
way.
One gate there only was, and that looked
east
On the other side. Which when the Arch-
Felon saw,
Due entrance he disdained, and, in con-
tempt, 180
At one slight bound high overleaped all
bound
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling
wolf,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for
prey,
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks
at eve,
In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold;
Or as a thief, bent to unhoard the cash
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial
doors,
Cross-barred and bolted fast, fear no as-
sault, 190
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles;
So climb this first grand Thief into God's
fold:
So since into his Church lewd hirelings
climb.
Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life,
The middle tree and highest there that
grew,
Sat like a Cormorant; yet not true life
Thereby regained, but sat devising death
To them who lived; nor on the virtue
thought
Of that life-giving plant, but only used
For prospect what, well used, had been the
pledge 200
Of immortality. So little knows
Any, but God alone, to value right

The good before him, but perverts best things
 To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.
 Beneath him, with new wonder, now he views,
 To all delight of human sense exposed,
 In narrow room Nature's whole wealth;
 yea, more! —
 A Heaven on Earth: for blissful Paradise
 Of God the garden was, by him in the east
 Of Eden planted. Eden stretched her line ²¹⁰
 From Auran eastward to the royal towers
 Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
 Or where the sons of Eden long before
 Dwelt in Telassar. In this pleasant soil
 His far more pleasant garden God ordained.
 Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow
 All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell,
 taste; And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,
 High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
 Of vegetable gold; and next to life, ²²⁰
 Our death, the Tree of Knowledge, grew fast by —
 Knowledge of good, bought dear by knowing ill.
 Southward through Eden went a river large,
 Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill
 Passed underneath ingulfed; for God had thrown
 That mountain, as his garden-mould, high raised
 Upon the rapid current, which, through veins
 Of porous earth with kindly thirst up-drawn,
 Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
 Watered the garden; thence united fell ²³⁰
 Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
 Which from his darksome passage now appears,
 And now, divided into four main streams,
 Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm
 And country whereof here needs no account;
 But rather to tell how, if Art could tell
 How, from that sapphire fount the crispèd brooks,
 Rowling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
 With mazy error under pendent shades
 Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed ²⁴⁰

Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice Art
 In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
 Poured forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
 Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
 The open field, and where the unpierced shade
 Imbrowned the noontide bowers. Thus was this place,
 A happy rural seat of various view:
 Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums
 and balm;
 Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,
 Hung amiable — Hesperian fables true, ²⁵⁰
 If true, here only — and of delicious taste.
 Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
 Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
 Or palmy hillock; or the flowery lap
 Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
 Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
 Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
 Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
 Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
 Luxuriant; meanwhile murmuring waters fall ²⁶⁰
 Down the slope hills dispersed, or in a lake,
 That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned
 Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
 The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
 Breathing the smell of field and grove, at-tune
 The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
 Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
 Led on the eternal Spring. Not that fair field
 Of Enna, where Proserpin gathering flowers,
 Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis ²⁷⁰
 Was gathered — which cost Ceres all that pain
 To seek her through the world — nor that sweet grove
 Of Daphne, by Orontes and the inspired Castalian spring, might with this Paradise
 Of Eden strive; nor that Nyseian isle,

Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan
Jove,
Hid Amalthea, and her florid son,
Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea's
eye; 279
Nor, where Abassin kings their issue guard,
Mount Amara (though this by some sup-
posed
True Paradise) under the Ethiop line
By Nilus' head, enclosed with shining rock,
A whole day's journey high, but wide re-
mote
From this Assyrian garden, where the
Fiend
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
Of living creatures, new to sight and
strange.
Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
God-like erect, with native honour clad
In naked majesty, seemed lords of all, 290
And worthy seemed; for in their looks di-
vine
The image of their glorious Maker shon,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and
pure —
severe, but in true filial freedom placed,
Whence true authority in men: though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed;
For contemplation he and valour formed,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him.
His fair large front and eye sublime de-
clared 300
Absolute rule; and Hyacinthin locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders
broad:
She, as a veil down to the slender waist,
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved
As the vine curls her tendrils — which im-
plied
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best received
Yielded, with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay. 311
Nor those mysterious parts were then con-
cealed;
Then was not guilty shame. Dishonest
shame
Of Nature's works, honour dishonourable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
With shews instead, mere shews of seem-
ing pure,

And banished from man's life his happiest
life,
Simplicity and spotless innocence !
So passed they naked on, nor shunned the
sight 319
Of God or Angel; for they thought no
ill:
So hand in hand they passed, the loveliest
pair
That ever since in love's imbraces met —
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons; the fairest of her daughters Eve.
Under a tuft of shade that on a green
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain-
side,
They sat them down; and, after no more
toil
Of their sweet gardening labour than suf-
ficed
To recommend cool Zephyr, and make ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to their supper-fruits they
fell — 331
Nectarine fruits, which the compliant
boughs
Yielded them, sidelong as they sat recline
On the soft downy bank damasked with
flowers.
The savoury pulp they chew, and in the
rind,
Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming
stream;
Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as beseems
Fair couple linked in happy nuptial league,
Alone as they. About them frisking played
All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of
all chase 341
In wood or wilderness, forest or den.
Sporting the lion ramped, and in his paw
Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces,
pards,
Gambolled before them; the unwieldy ele-
phant,
To make them mirth, used all his might,
and wreathed
His lithe proboscis; close the serpent sly,
Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
His breaded train, and of his fatal guile 349
Gave proof unheeded. Others on the grass
Couched, and, now filled with pasture, gaz-
ing sat,
Or bedward ruminating; for the sun,
Declined, was hastening now with prone
career

To the Ocean Isles, and in the ascending scale
 Of Heaven the stars that usher evening rose:
 When Satan, still in gaze as first he stood,
 Scarce thus at length failed speech recovered sad: —
 “ O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold ?
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanced
 Creatures of other mould — Earth - born perhaps, 360
 Not Spirits, yet to Heavenly Spirits bright Little inferior — whom my thoughts pursue
 With wonder, and could love; so lively shines
 In them divine resemblance, and such grace The hand that formed them on their shape hath poured.
 Ah ! gentle pair, ye little think how nigh Your change approaches, when all these delights
 Will vanish, and deliver ye to woe — More woe, the more your taste is now of joy:
 Happy, but for so happy ill secured 370
 Long to continue, and this high seat, your Heaven,
 Ill fenced for Heaven to keep out such a foe
 As now is entered; yet no purposed foe To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn, Though I unpitied. League with you I seek,
 And mutual amity, so strait, so close, That I with you must dwell, or you with me,
 Henceforth. My dwelling, haply, may not please, 380
 Like this fair Paradise, your sense; yet such
 Accept your Maker’s work; he gave it me, Which I as freely give. Hell shall unfold, To entertain you two, her widest gates, And send forth all her kings; there will be room,
 Not like these narrow limits, to receive Your numerous offspring; if no better place, Thank him who puts me, loath, to this revenge
 On you, who wrong me not, for him who wronged.
 And, should I at your harmless innocence Melt, as I do, yet public reason just — 389

Honour and empire with revenge enlarged By conquering this new World — compels me now
 To do what else, though damned, I should abhor.”
 So spake the Fiend, and with necessity, The tyrant’s plea, excused his devilish deeds.
 Then from his lofty stand on that high tree
 Down he alights among the sportful herd Of those four-footed kinds, himself now one,
 Now other, as their shape served best his end
 Nearer to view his prey, and, unespied, To mark what of their state he more might learn 400
 By word or action marked. About them round
 A lion now he stalks with fiery glare; Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spied In some pourlieu two gentle fawns at play, Straight crouches close; then rising, changes oft
 His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,
 Whence rushing he might surest seize them both
 Griped in each paw: when Adam, first of men,
 To first of women, Eve, thus moving speech, Turned him all ear to hear new utterance flow: —
 “ Sole partner and sole part of all these joys, 410
 Dearer thyself than all, needs must the Power
 That made us, and for us this ample World, Be infinitely good, and of his good As liberal and free as infinite;
 That raised us from the dust, and placed us here
 In all this happiness, who at his hand Have nothing merited, nor can perform Aught whereof he hath need; he who requires
 From us no other service than to keep 420
 This one, this easy charge — of all the trees In Paradise that bear delicious fruit So various, not to taste that only Tree Of Knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life ;
 So near grows Death to Life, whate’er Death is —

Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou know'st
 God hath pronounced it Death to taste that Tree:
 The only sign of our obedience left
 Among so many signs of power and rule
 Conferred upon us, and dominion given ⁴³⁰
 Over all other creatures that possess Earth, Air, and Sea. Then let us not think hard
 One easy prohibition, who enjoy Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
 Unlimited of manifold delights; But let us ever praise him, and extol His bounty, following our delightful task, To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers;
 Which, were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.
 — To whom thus Eve replied: — “ O thou for whom ⁴⁴⁰
 And from whom I was formed flesh of thy flesh,
 And without whom am to no end, my guide And head ! what thou hast said is just and right.
 For we to him, indeed, all praises owe, And daily thanks — I chiefly, who enjoy So far the happier lot, enjoying thee Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou Like consort to thyself canst nowhere find. That day I oft remember, when from sleep
 I first awaked, and found myself reposed, Under a shade, on flowers, much wondering where ⁴⁵¹
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
 Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
 Of waters issued from a cave, and spread Into a liquid plain; then stood unmoved, Pure as the expanse of Heaven. I thither went
 With unexperienced thought, and laid me down
 On the green bank, to look into the clear Smooth lake, that to me seemed another sky.
 As I bent down to look, just opposite ⁴⁶⁰
 A Shape within the watery gleam appeared, Bending to look on me. I started back, It started back; but pleased I soon returned,

Pleased it returned as soon with answering looks
 Of sympathy and love. There I had fixed Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
 Had not a voice thus warned me: ‘ What thou seest, What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself; With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
 And I will bring thee where no shadow stays ⁴⁷⁰
 Thy coming, and thy soft imbraces — he Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy
 Inseparably thine; to him shalt bear Multitudes like thyself, and thence be called
 Mother of human race.’ What could I do, But follow straight, invisibly thus led ? Till I espied thee, fair, indeed, and tall, Under a platan; yet methought less fair, Less winning soft, less amiably mild, Than that smooth watery image. Back I turned; ⁴⁸⁰
 Thou, following, cried’st aloud, ‘ Return, fair Eve;
 Whom fiest thou ? Whom thou fiest, of him thou art, His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
 Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart, Substantial life, to have thee by my side Henceforth an individual solace dear: Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim My other half.’ With that thy gentle hand Seized mine: I yielded, and from that time see
 How beauty is excelled by manly grace ⁴⁹⁰ And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.”
 So spake our general mother, and, with eyes
 Of conjugal attraction unreproved, And meek surrender, half-imbracing leaned On our first father; half her swelling breast Naked met his, under the flowing gold Of her loose tresses hid. He, in delight Both of her beauty and submissive charms, Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter On Juno smiles when he impregnates the clouds ⁵⁰⁰
 That shed May flowers, and pressed her matron lip With kisses pure. Aside the Devil turned

New troubles; him thy care must be to find."

To whom the wingèd Warrior thus returned: —

" Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight, Amid the Sun's bright circle where thou sitt'st,

See far and wide. In at this gate none pass

The vigilance here placed, but such as come

Well known from Heaven; and since meridian hour

No creature thence. If Spirit of other sort,

So minded, have o'erleaped these earthy bounds

On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude

Spiritual substance with corporeal bar.

But, if within the circuit of these walks,

In whatsoever shape, he lurk of whom

Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know."

So promised he; and Uriel to his charge Returned on that bright beam, whose point now raised

Bore him slope downward to the Sun, now fallen

Beneath the Azores; whether the Prime Orb,

Incredible how swift, had thither rowled Diurnal, or this less volubil Earth,

By shorter flight to the east, had left him there

Arraying with reflected purple and gold The clouds that on his western throne attend.

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray

Had in her sober livery all things clad; Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,

They to their grassy couch, these to their nests

Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale.

She all night long her amorous descant sung:

Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament

With living Saphirs; Hesperus, that led The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,

Rising in clouded majesty, at length

Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,

And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw; When Adam thus to Eve: — " Fair consort, the hour

Of night, and all things now retired to rest,

Mind us of like repose; since God hath set Labour and rest, as day and night, to men Successive, and the timely dew of sleep, Now falling with soft slumberous weight, inclines

Our eye-lids. Other creatures all day long Rove idle, unimployed, and less need rest;

Man hath his daily work of body or mind Appointed, which declares his dignity, And the regard of Heaven on all his ways;

While other animals unactive range, And of their doings God takes no account.

To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east

With first approach of light, we must be risen,

And at our pleasant labour, to reform Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green, Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,

That mock our scant manuring, and require

More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth.

Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,

That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsMOOTH, Ash riddance, if we mean to tread with ease.

Meanwhile, as Nature wills, Night bids us rest."

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorned: —

" My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st

Unargued I obey. So God ordains: God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more

Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.

With thee conversing, I forget all time, All seasons, and their change; all please alike.

Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,

With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the Sun,

To whom our general ancestor replied:—
"Daughter of God and Man, accomplished
Eve, 660
Those have their course to finish round the
Earth
By morrow evening, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Ministering light prepared, they set and
rise;
Lest total Darkness should by night regain
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In nature and all things; which these soft
fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence foment and warm, 669
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On Earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the Sun's more potent ray.
These, then, though un beheld in deep of
night,
Shine not in vain. Nor think, though men
were none,

That Heaven would want spectators, God
want praise.
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the
Earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we
sleep:
All these with ceaseless praise his works
behold
Both day and night. How often, from the
steep 680
Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator! Oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly round-
ing walk,
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number joined, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to
Heaven."
Thus talking, hand in hand alone they
passed 689
On to their blissful bower. It was a place
Chosen by the sovran Planter, when he
framed
All things to Man's delightful use. The
roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauti-
ous flower,
Iris all hues, roses, and gessamin,
Reared high their flourished heads be-
tween, and wrought
Mosaic; under foot the violet, 700
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broidered the ground, more coloured than
with stone
Of costliest emblem. Other creature here,
Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter
none;
Such was their awe of Man. In shadier
bower
More sacred and sequestered, though but
feigned,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph
Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in close re-
cess,
With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling
hearts,
Espoused Eve decked first her nuptial
bed, 710
And heavenly choirs the hymenæan sung,

What day the genial Angel to our Sire
Brought her, in naked beauty more adorned,
More lovely, than Pandora, whom the gods
Endowed with all their gifts; and, O ! too
like

In sad event, when, to the unwiser son
Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she en-
snared

Mankind with her fair looks, to be avenged
On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.

Thus at their shady lodge arrived, both
stood,

Both turned, and under open sky adored
The God that made both Sky, Air, Earth,
and Heaven,
Which they beheld, the Moon's resplendent
globe,
And starry Pole: — “ Thou also madest the
Night,

Maker Omnipotent; and thou the Day,
Which we, in our appointed work employed,
Have finished, happy in our mutual help
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
Ordained by thee; and this delicious place,
For us too large, where thy abundance
wants

Partakers, and uncopt falls to the ground.
But thou hast promised from us two a race
To fill the Earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of
sleep.”

This said unanimous, and other rites
Observing none, but adoration pure,
Which God likes best, into their inmost
bower

Handed they went; and, eased the putting-
off

These troublesome disguises which we
wear,

Straight side by side were laid; nor turned,
I ween,

Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the
rites

Mysterious of connubial love refused:
Whatever hypocrites austerely talk
Of purity, and place, and innocence,
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to some, leaves free
to all.

Our Maker bids increase; who bids abstain
But our destroyer, foe to God and Man ?
Hail, wedded Love, mysterious law, true
source

Of human offspring, sole propriety

In Paradise of all things common else !
By thee adulterous lust was driven from
men

Among the bestial herds to rauge; by
thee,

Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were
known.

Far be it that I should write thee sin or
blame,

Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets, 720
Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pro-
nounced,

Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs

used.

Here Love his golden shafts employs, here

lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple
wings,

Reigns here and revels; not in the bought
smile

Of harlots — loveless, joyless, unindeared,
Casual fruition; nor in court amours,
Mixed dance, or wanton mask, or midnight
bal,

Or serenate, which the starved lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with dis-
dain.

These, lulled by nightingales, imbracing
slept,

And on their naked limbs the flowery roof
Showered roses, which the morn repaired.

Sleep on,
Blest pair ! and, O ! yet happiest, if ye seek
No happier state, and know to know no
more !

Now had Night measured with her
shadowy cone

Half-way up-hill this vast sublunar vault,
And from their ivory port the Cherubim
Forth issuing, at the accustomed hour, stood
armed

To their night-watches in warlike parade;
When Gabriel to his next in power thus
spake: —

“ Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast
the south

With strictest watch; these other wheel the
north:

Our circuit meets full west.” As flame
they part,

Half wheeling to the shield, half to the
spear.

From these, two strong and subtle Spirits
he called
That near him stood, and gave them thus
in charge: —
“ Ithuriel and Zephon, with winged
speed
Search through this Garden; leave un-
searched no nook;
But chiefly where those two fair creatures
lodge, 790
Now laid perhaps asleep, secure of harm.
This evening from the Sun’s decline arrived
Who tells of some infernal Spirit seen
Hitherward bent (who could have
thought?), escaped
The bars of Hell, on errand bad, no doubt:
Such, where ye find, seize fast, and hither
bring.”
So saying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazzling the moon; these to the bower
direct
In search of whom they sought. Him there
they found
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,
Assaying by his devilish art to reach 801
The organs of her fancy, and with them
forge
Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams;
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
The animal spirits, that from pure blood
arise
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence
raise,
At least distempered, discontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,
Blown up with high conceits engendering
pride.
Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear 810
Touched lightly; for no falsehood can en-
dure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness. Up he starts,
Discovered and surprised. As, when a
spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
Fit for the tun, some magazin to store
Against a rumoured war, the smutty grain,
With sudden blaze diffused, inflames the
air;
So started up, in his own shape, the Fiend.
Back stept those two fair Angels, half
amazed 820
So sudden to behold the griesly King;
Yet thus, unmoved with fear, accost him
soon: —

“ Which of those rebel Spirits adjudged
to Hell
Com’st thou, escaped thy prison? and,
transformed,
Why satt’st thou like an enemy in wait,
Here watching at the head of these that
sleep? ”
“ Know ye not, then,” said Satan, filled
with scorn,
“ Know ye not me? Ye knew me once no
mate
For you, there sitting where ye durst not
soar!
Not to know me argues yourselves un-
known, 830
The lowest of your throng; or, if ye know,
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
Your message, like to end as much in
vain? ”
To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn
with scorn: —
“ Think not, revolted Spirit, thy shape the
same,
Or undiminished brightness, to be known
As when thou stood’st in Heaven upright
and pure.
That glory then, when thou no more wast
good,
Departed from thee; and thou resemblest
now
Thy sin and place of doom obscure and
foul. 840
But come; for thou, be sure, shalt give ac-
count
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and these from harm.”
So spake the Cherub; and his grave re-
buke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
Invincible. Abashed the Devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely — saw, and
pinched
His loss; but chiefly to find here observed
His lustre visibly impaired; yet seemed
Undaunted. “ If I must contend,” said
he, 851
“ Best with the best — the sender, not the
sent;
Or all at once: more glory will be won,
Or less be lost.” “ Thy fear,” said Zephon
bold,
“ Will save us trial what the least can do
Single against thee wicked, and thence
weak.”

The Fiend replied not, overcome with rage;
 But, like a proud steed reined, went haughty on,
 Chaumping his iron curb. To strive or fly
 He held it vain; awe from above had quelled
 His heart, not else dismayed. Now drew they nigh
 The western point, where those half-rounding guards
 Just met, and, closing, stood in squadron joined,
 Awaiting next command. To whom their chief,
 Gabriel, from the front thus called aloud:—
 “O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
 Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern
 Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade;
 And with them comes a third, of regal port,
 But faded splendour wan, who by his gait
 And fierce demeanour seems the Prince of Hell.—

Not likely to part hence without contest'.
 Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.”

He scarce had ended, when those two approached,
 And brief related whom they brought, where found,
 How busied, in what form and posture couched.
 To whom, with stern regard, thus Gabriel spake:—
 “Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescribed
 To thy transgressions, and disturbed the charge
 Of others, who approve not to transgress
 By thy example, but have power and right
 To question thy bold entrance on this place;
 Imployed, it seems, to violate sleep, and those
 Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?”

To whom thus Satan, with contemptuous brow:—
 “Gabriel, thou hadst in Heaven the esteem of wise;
 And such I held thee; but this question asked
 Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?

Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,
 Though thither doomed? Thou wouldest thyself, no doubt,
 And boldly venture to whatever place
 Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to change
 Torment with ease, and soonest recompense
 Dole with delight; which in this place I sought:
 To thee no reason, who know'st only good,
 But evil hast not tried. And wilt object
 His will who bound us? Let him surer bar
 His iron gates, if he intends our stay
 In that dark durance. Thus much what was asked:
 The rest is true; they found me where they say;
 But that implies not violence or harm.”

Thus he in scorn. The warlike Angel moved,
 Disdainfully half smiling, thus replied:—
 “O loss of one in Heaven to judge of wise,
 Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew,
 And now returns him from his prison scaped,
 Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise
 Or not who ask what boldness brought him hither
 Unlicensed from his bounds in Hell prescribed!
 So wise he judges it to fly from pain
 However, and to scape his punishment!
 So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wraught,
 Which thou incurst by flying, meet thy flight
 Sevenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,
 Which taught thee yet no better that no pain
 Can equal anger infinite provoked.
 But wherefore thou alone? Wherefore with thee
 Came not all Hell broke loose? Is pain to them
 Less pain, less to be fled? or thou than they
 Less hardy to endure? Courageous chief,
 The first in flight from pain, hadst thou alleged
 To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
 Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.”

To which the Fiend thus answered, frowning stern:—
 “ Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,
 Insulting Angel ! well thou know’st I stood
 Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid
 The blasting volleyed thunder made all speed
 And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.
 But still thy words at random, as before, 930
 Argue thy inexperience what behoves,
 From hard assays and ill successes past,
 A faithful leader — not to hazard all
 Through ways of danger by himself untried.

I, therefore, I alone, first undertook
 To wing the desolate Abyss, and spy
 This new-created World, whereof in Hell
 Fame is not silent, here in hope to find
 Better abode, and my afflicted Powers
 To settle here on Earth, or in mid Air; 940
 Though for possession put to try once more
 What thou and thy gay legions dare against;
 Whose easier business were to serve their

Lord

High up in Heaven, with songs to hymn his throne,
 And practised distances to cringe, not fight.”

To whom the Warrior-Angel soon replied:—

“ To say and straight unsay, pretending first
 Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,
 Argues no leader, but a liar traced,
 Satan; and couldst thou ‘ faithful ’ add ?

O name, 950

O sacred name of faithfulness profaned !
 Faithful to whom ? to thy rebellious crew ?
 Army of fiends, fit body to fit head !
 Was this your discipline and faith ingaged,
 Your military obedience, to dissolve
 Allegiance to the acknowledged Power Supreme ?

And thou, sly hypocrite, who now wouldest seem

Patron of liberty, who more than thou
 Once fawned, and cringed, and servilely adored

Heaven’s awful Monarch ? wherefore, but in hope 960

To dispossess him, and thyself to reign ?
 But mark what I areed thee now: Avaunt !
 Fly thither whence thou feld’st. If from this hour

Within these hallowed limits thou appear,
 Back to the Infernal Pit I drag thee chained,
 And seal thee so as henceforth not to scorn
 The facile gates of Hell too slightly barred.”
 So threatened he; but Satan to no threats
 Gave heed, but waxing more in rage, replied:—

“ Then, when I am thy captive, talk of chains, 970

Proud litory Cherub ! but ere then
 Far heavier load thyself expect to feel
 From my prevailing arm, though Heaven’s King

Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy Com-peers,
 Used to the yoke, draw’st his triumphant wheels
 In progress through the road of Heaven star-paved.”

While thus he spake, the angelic squad-ron bright
 Turned fiery red, sharpening in moonèd horns

Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
 With ported spears, as thick as when a field 980

Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends
 Her bearded grove of ears which way the wind

Sways them; the careful ploughman doubt-ing stands
 Lest on the threshing-floor his hopeful sheaves

Prove chaff. On the other side, Satan, alarmed,

Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
 Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremoved:
 His stature reached the sky, and on his crest
 Sat Horror plumed; nor wanted in his grasp

What seemed both spear and shield. Now dreadful deeds 990

Might have ensued; nor only Paradise,
 In this commotion, but the starry cope
 Of Heaven perhaps, or all the Elements
 At least, had gone to wrack, disturbed and torn.

With violence of this conflict, had not soon
 The Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
 Hung forth in Heaven his golden scales,
 yet seen

Betwixt Astræa and the Scorpion sign,
 Wherein all things created first he weighed,

The pendulous round Earth with balanced air
 In counterpoise, now ponders all events, Battles and realms. In these he put two weights,
 The sequel each of parting and of fight: The latter quick up flew, and kicked the beam;
 Which Gabriel spying thus bespake the Fiend:—
 “Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know’st mine,
 Neither our own, but given; what folly then

To boast what arms can do! since thine no more
 Than Heaven permits, nor mine, though doubled now
 To trample thee as mire. For proof look up,
 And read thy lot in yon celestial sign, Where thou art weighed, and shown how light, how weak
 If thou resist.” The Fiend looked up, and knew
 His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled Murmuring; and with him fled the shades of Night.

BOOK V

THE ARGUMENT

Morning approached, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: they come forth to their day labours: their morning hymn at the door of their bower. God, to render Man inexcusable, sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise; his appearance described; his coming discerned by Adam afar off, sitting at the door of his bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise, got together by Eve; their discourse at table. Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates, at Adam’s request, who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in Heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the North, and there incited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel, a seraph, who in argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

Now Morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
 Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl,
 When Adam waked, so customed; for his sleep
 Was aerie light, from pure digestion bred,
 And temperate vapours bland, which the only sound
 Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora’s fan,
 Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song
 Of birds on every bough. So much the more
 His wonder was to find unwakened Eve,
 With tresses discomposed, and glowing cheek,
 As through unquiet rest. He, on his side
 Leaning half raised, with looks of cordial love

Hung over her enamoured, and beheld Beauty which, whether waking or asleep, Shot forth peculiar graces; then, with voice

Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes, Her hand soft touching, whispered thus:—

“Awake,

My fairest, my espoused, my latest found, Heaven’s last, best gift, my ever-new delight!

Awake! the morning shines, and the fresh field

Calls us; we lose the prime to mark how spring

Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,

What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,

How Nature paints her colours, how the bee Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet.”

Such whispering waked her, but with startled eye

On Adam; whom imbracing, thus she spake:—

“O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,

My glory, my perfection! glad I see Thy face, and morn returned; for I this night

(Such night till this I never passed) have dreamed,

If dreamed, not, as I oft am wont, of thee, Works of day past, or morrow’s next design;

But of offence and trouble, which my mind Knew never till this irksome night. Me thought

Close at mine ear one called me forth to walk

With gentle voice; I thought it thine. It said,
 ' Why sleep'st thou, Eve ? now is the pleasant time,
 The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
 To the night-warbling bird, that now awake ⁴⁰
 Tunes sweetest his love-laboured song; now reigns
 Full-orbed the moon, and, with more pleasing light,
 Shadowy sets off the face of things—in vain,
 If none regard. Heaven wakes with all his eyes;
 Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire,
 In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
 Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze ?'
 I rose as at thy call, but found thee not:
 To find thee I directed then my walk;
 And on, methought, alone I passed through ways ⁵⁰
 That brought me on a sudden to the Tree
 Of interdicted Knowledge. Fair it seemed,
 Much fairer to my fancy than by day;
 And, as I wondering looked, beside it stood
 One shaped and winged like one of those from Heaven
 By us oft seen: his dewy locks distilled Ambrosia. On that Tree he also gazed;
 And, ' O fair plant,' said he, ' with fruit surcharged,
 Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet,
 Nor God nor Man ? Is knowledge so despised ?' ⁶⁰
 Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste ?
 Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold.
 Longer thy offered good, why else set here ?'
 This said, he paused not, but with ventrous arm
 He plucked, he tasted. Me damp horror chilled
 At such bold words vouch'd with a deed so bold;
 But he thus, overjoyed: ' O fruit divine,
 Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus ⁷⁰
 cropt,
 Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit
 For gods, yet able to make gods of men !

And why not gods of men, since good, the more
 Communicated, more abundant grows,
 The author not impaired, but honoured more ?
 Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve !
 Partake thou also: happy though thou art,
 Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be.
 Taste this, and be henceforth among the gods
 Thyself a goddess; not to Earth confined,
 But sometimes in the Air, as we; sometimes Ascend to Heaven, by merit thine, and see
 What life the gods live there, and such live thou.' ⁸¹
 So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
 Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part
 Which he had plucked: the pleasant savoury smell
 So quickened appetite that I, methought,
 Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds
 With him I flew, and underneath beheld
 The Earth outstretched immense, a prospect wide
 And various. Wondering at my flight and change
 To this high exaltation, suddenly ⁹⁰
 My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,
 And fell asleep; but, O, how glad I waked
 To find this but a dream !' Thus Eve her night
 Related, and thus Adam answered sad:—
 " Best image of myself, and dearer half,
 The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
 Affects me equally; nor can I like
 This uncouth dream—of evil sprung, I fear;
 Yet evil whence ? In thee can harbour none,
 Created pure. But know that in the soul
 Are many lesser faculties, that serve ¹⁰¹ Reason as chief. Among these Fancy next
 Her office holds; of all external things,
 Which the five watchful senses represent,
 She forms imaginations, aerie shapes,
 Which Reason, joining or disjoining, frames
 All what we affirm or what deny, and call
 Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
 Into her private cell when Nature rests.
 Oft, in her absence, mimic Fancy wakes ¹¹⁰

To imitate her; but, misjoining shapes,
Wild work produces oft, and most in
dreams,
Ill matching words and deeds long past or
late.
Some such resemblances, methinks, I find
Of our last evening's talk in this thy dream,
But with addition strange. Yet be not
sad:
Evil into the mind of God or Man
May come and go, so unapproved, and
leave
No spot or blame behind; which gives me
hope
That what in sleep thou didst abhor to
dream 120
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
Be not disheartened, then, nor cloud those
looks,
That wont to be more cheerful and serene
Than when fair Morning first smiles on the
world;
And let us to our fresh imployments rise
Among the groves, the fountains, and the
flowers,
That open now their choicest bosomed
smells,
Reserved from night, and kept for thee in
store."

So cheered he his fair spouse; and she
was cheered,
But silently a gentle tear let fall 130
From either eye, and wiped them with her
hair:
Two other precious drops that ready stood,
Each in their crystal sluice, he, ere they
fell,
Kissed as the gracious signs of sweet re-
morse
Aud pious awe, that feared to have of-
fended.
So all was cleared, and to the field they
haste.
But first, from under shady arborous roof
Soon as they forth were come to open sight
Of day-spring, and the Sun — who, scarce
uprisen,
With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean-
brim, 140
Shot parallel to the Earth his dewy ray,
Discovering in wide lantskip all the east
Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains —
Lowly they bowed, adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid
In various style; for neither various style

Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced, or
sung
Unmeditated; such prompt eloquence
Flowed from their lips, in prose or numer-
ous verse, 150
More tuneable than needed lute or harp
To add more sweetness. And they thus
began: —
“ These are thy glorious works, Parent
of good,
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair: Thyself how wondrous
then!
Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these hea-
vens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these de-
clare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power
divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye Sons of
Light, 160
Angels — for ye behold him, and with
songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing — ye in Heaven;
On Earth join, all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without
end.
Fairest of Stars, last in the train of Night,
If better thou belong not to the Dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smil-
ing morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy
sphere
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great World both eye
and soul, 170
Acknowledge him thy Greater; sound his
praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou
climb'st,
And when high noon hast gained, and when
thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient Sun, now
fiest,
With the fixed Stars, fixed in their orb that
flies;
And ye five other wandering Fires, that
move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise who out of Darkness called up
Light.
Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth 180

Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless
change

Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye Mists and Exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with
gold,

In honour to the World's great Author
rise;

Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured
sky,

Or wet the thirsty earth with falling
showers,

Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye Winds, that from four quar-

ters blow,

Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops,
ye Pines,

With every Plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye, that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his
praise.

Join voices, all ye living Souls. Ye Birds,
That, singing, up to Heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his
praise.

Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly
creep,

Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his
praise.

Hail, universal Lord ! Be bounteous still
To give us only good; and, if the night
Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark."

So prayed they innocent, and to their
thoughts

Firm peace recovered soon, and wonted
calm.

On to their morning's rural work they
haste,

Among sweet dews and flowers, where any
row

Of fruit-trees, over-woody, reached too far
Their pampered boughs, and needed hands
to check

Fruitless imbraces: or they led the vine
To wed her elm; she, spoused, about him
twines

Her marriageable arms, and with her
brings

Her dower, the adopted clusters, to adorn
His barren leaves. Them thus employed
beheld

With pity Heaven's high King, and to him
called

Raphael, the sociable Spirit, that deigned
To travel with Tobias, and secured
His marriage with the seven-times-wedded
maid.

"Raphael," said he, "thou hear'st what
stir on Earth

Satan, from Hell scaped through the dark-
some Gulf,

Hath raised in Paradise, and how disturbed
This night the human pair; how he designs
In them at once to ruin all mankind.

Go, therefore; half this day, as friend with
friend,

Converse with Adam, in what bower or
shade

Thou find'st him from the heat of noon re-
tired

To respite his day-labour with repast.
Or with repose; and such discourse bring on
As may advise him of his happy state —
Happiness in his power left free to will,
Left to his own free will, his will though
free

Yet mutable. Whence warn him to be-
ware

He swerve not, too secure: tell him withal
His danger, and from whom; what enemy,
Late fallen himself from Heaven, is plot-
ting now

The fall of others from like state of bliss.
By violence ? no, for that shall be with-
stood;

But by deceit and lies. This let him know,
Lest, wilfully transgressing, he pretend
Surprisal, unadmonished, unforewarned."

So spake the Eternal Father, and ful-
filled

All justice. Nor delayed the wing'd Saint
After his charge received; but from among
Thousand celestial Ardours, where he stood
Veiled with his gorgeous wings, upspring-
ing light,

Flew through the midst of Heaven. The
angelic quires,

On each hand parting, to his speed gave
way

Through all the empyreal road, till, at the
gate

Of Heaven arrived, the gate self-opened
wide,

On golden hinges turning, as by work
Divine the sovran Architect had framed.
From hence — no cloud or, to obstruct his
sight,

Star interposed, however small — he sees,
Not unconform to other shining globes,
Earth, and the Garden of God, with cedars
crowned

Above all hills; as when by night the glass
Of Galileo, less assured, observes
Imagined lands and regions in the Moon;
Or pilot from amidst the Cyclades
Delos or Samos first appearing kens,
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in
flight

He speeds, and through the vast ethereal
sky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with
steady wing.

Now on the polar winds; then with quick fan
Winnows the buxom air, till, within soar
Of towering eagles, to all the fowls he
seems

A phoenix, gazed by all, as that sole bird,
When, to enshrine his relics in the Sun's
Bright temple, to Ægyptian Thebs he flies.
At once on the eastern cliff of Paradise
He lights, and to his proper shape returns,
A Seraph winged. Six wings he wore, to
shade

His lineaments divine: the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad came mantling o'er
his breast

With regal ornament; the middle pair
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy
gold

And colours dipt in heaven; the third his
feet
Shadowed from either heel with feathered
mail,

Sky-tinctured grain. Like Maia's son he
stood,

And shook his plumes, that heavenly fra-
grance filled

The circuit wide. Straight knew him all
the bands

Of Angels under watch, and to his state
And to his message high in honour rise;
For on some message high they guessed
him bound.

Their glittering tents he passed, and now
is come

Into the blissful field, through groves of
myrrh,

And flowering odours, cassia, nard, and
balm,

A wilderness of sweets; for Nature here
Wantoned as in her prime, and played at
will

Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more
sweet,

Wild above rule or art, enormous bliss.
Him, through the spicy forest onward come,
Adam discerned, as in the door he sat
Of his cool bower, while now the mounted
Sun

300
Shot down direct his fervid rays, to warm
Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than
Adam needs;

And Eve, within, due at her hour, prepared
For dinner savoury fruits, of taste to please
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst
Of nectarous draughts between, from
milky stream,
Berry or grape: to whom thus Adam
called:—

“ Haste hither, Eve, and, worth thy sight,
behold

Eastward among those trees what glorious
Shape
Comes this way moving; seems another
morn

310
Risen on mid-noon. Some great behest
from Heaven
To us perhaps he brings, and will voutsafe

This day to be our guest. But go with
speed,
And what thy stores contain bring forth,
and pour

Abundance fit to honour and receive
Our heavenly stranger; well we may afford
Our givers their own gifts, and large be-
stow

From large bestowed, where Nature multi-
plies

Her fertile growth, and by disburdening
grows

More fruitful; which instructs us not to
spare.”

320
To whom thus Eve:—“ Adam, Earth's
hallowed mould,

Of God inspired, small store will serve
where store,

All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the
stalk;

Save what, by frugal storing, firmness gains
To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes.
But I will haste, and from each bough and
brake,

Each plant and juiciest gourd, will pluck
such choice
To entertain our Angel-guest as he,
Beholding, shall confess that here on Earth
God hath dispensed his bounties as in
Heaven.

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
What choice to choose for delicacy best,
What order so contrived as not to mix
Tastes, not well joined, inelegant, but bring
Taste after taste upheld with kindliest
change:

Bestirs her then, and from each tender
stalk

Whatever Earth, all-bearing mother, yields
In India East or West, or middle shore
In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where 340
Alcinous reigned, fruit of all kinds, in
coat
Rough or smooth rined, or bearded husk,
or shell,
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand. For drink
the grape
She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths
From many a berry, and from sweet ker-
nels pressed

She tempers dulcet creams — nor these to
hold

Wants her fit vessels pure ; then strews
the ground

With rose and odours from the shrub un-
fumed.

Meanwhile our primitive great Sire, to
meet 350
His godlike guest, walks forth, without
more train

Accompanied than with his own complete
Perfections ; in himself was all his state,
More solemn than the tedious pomp that
waits

On princes, when their rich retin'ue long
Of horses led and grooms besmeared with
gold

Dazzles the crowd and sets them all agape.
Nearer his presence, Adam, though not
awed,

Yet with submiss approach and reverence
meek,

As to a superior nature, bowing low, 360
Thus said: — “ Native of Heaven (for
other place

None can than Heaven such glorious Shape
contain),

Since, by descending from the Thrones
above,
Those happy places thou hast deigned a
while
To want, and honour these, voutsafe with
us,

Two only, who yet by sovran gift possess
This spacious ground, in yonder shady
bower

To rest, and what the Garden choicest bears
To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
Be over, and the sun more cool decline.” 370

Whom thus the angelic Virtue answered
mild: —

“ Adam, I therefore came; nor art thou
such

Created, or such place hast here to dwell,
As may not oft invite, though Spirits of
Heaven,

To visit thee. Lead on, then, where thy
bower

O'ershades; for these mid-hours, till even-
ing rise,

I have at will.” So to the sylvan lodge
They came, that like Pomona's arbour
smiled, —

With flowerets decked and fragrant smells.

But Eve,

Undecked, save with herself, more lovely
fair

Than wood-nymph, or the fairest goddess
feigned

Of three that in Mount Ida naked strove,
Stood to entertain her guest from Heaven;
no veil

She needed, virtue-proof; no thought infirm
Altered her cheek. On whom the Angel
“ Hail ! ”

Bestowed — the holy salutation used
Long after to blest Mary, second Eve: —

“ Hail ! Mother of mankind, whose fruit-
ful womb

Shall fill the world more numerous with
thy sons

Than with these various fruits the trees of
God

Have heaped this table ! ” Raised of grassy
turf

Their table was, and mossy seats had round,
And on her ample square, from side to side,
All Autumn piled, though Spring and Au-
tumn here

Danced hand-in-hand. A while discourse
they hold —

No fear lest dinner cool — when thus began

Our Author: — “Heavenly Stranger, please
to taste
These bounties, which our Nourisher, from
whom
All perfet good, unmeasured-out, descends,
To us for food and for delight hath caused
The Earth to yield: unsavoury food, per-
haps,
To Spiritual Natures; only this I know,
That one Celestial Father gives to all.”
To whom the Angel: — “Therefore, what
he gives
(Whose praise be ever sung) to Man, in
part
Spiritual, may of purest Spirits be found
No ingrateful food: and food alike those
pure
Intelligential substances require
As doth your Rational; and both contain
Within them every lower faculty
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell,
touch, taste,
Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
For know, whatever was created needs
To be sustained and fed. Of Elements
The grosser feeds the purer: Earth the
Sea;
Earth and the Sea feed Air; the Air those
Fires
Ethereal, and, as lowest, first the Moon;
Whence in her visage round those spots,
unpurged,
Vapours not yet into her substance turned.
Nor doth the Moon no nourishment exhale
From her moist continent to higher Orbs.
The Sun, that light imparts to all, receives
From all his alimental recompense
In humid exhalations, and at even
Sups with the Ocean. Though in Heaven
the trees
Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
Yield nectar — though from off the boughs
each morn
We brush mellifluous dews and find the
ground
Covered with pearly grain — yet God hath
here
Varied his bounty so with new delights
As may compare with Heaven; and to taste
Think not I shall be nice.” So down they
sat,
And to their viands fell; nor seemingly
The Angel, nor in mist — the common gloss
Of theologians — but with keen dispatch

Of real hunger, and concoctive heat
To transubstantiate: what redounds trans-
pires
Through Spirits with ease; nor wonder, if
by fire
Of sooty coal the Empiric Alchimist
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,
Metals of drossiest ore to perfet gold,
As from the mine. Meanwhile at table
Eve
Ministered naked, and their flowing cups
With pleasant liquors crowned. O inno-
cence
Deserving Paradise! If ever, then,
Then had the Sons of God excuse to have
been
Enamoured at that sight. But in those
hearts
Love unlibidinous reigned, nor jealousy
Was understood, the injured lover's hell.
Thus when with meats and drinks they
had sufficed,
Not burdened nature, sudden mind arose
In Adam not to let the occasion pass,
Given him by this great conference, to know
Of things above his world, and of their be-
ing
Who dwell in Heaven, whose excellence he
saw
Transcend his own so far, whose radiant
forms,
Divine effulgence, whose high power so
far
Exceeded human; and his wary speech
Thus to the empyreal minister he framed: —
“Inhabitant with God, now know I well
Thy favour, in this honour done to Man;
Under whose lowly roof thou hast voutsafed
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,
Food not of Angels, yet accepted so
As that more willingly thou couldst not
seem
At Heaven's high feasts to have fed: yet
what compare!”
To whom the winged Hierarch re-
plied: —
“O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return,
If not depraved from good, created all
Such to perfection; one first matter all,
Indued with various forms, various degrees
Of substance, and, in things that live, of
life;
But more refined, more spiritous and pure,
As nearer to him placed or nearer tending

Each in their several active spheres assigned,
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
Proportioned to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence
the leaves 480
More aerie, last the bright consummate flower
Spirits odorous breathes: flowers and their fruit,
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublimed,
To vital spirits aspire, to animal,
To intellectual; give both life and sense,
Fancy and understanding; whence the Soul
Reason receives, and Reason is her being,
Discursive, or Intuitive: Discourse
Is oftest yours, the latter most is ours, 489
Differing but in degree, of kind the same.
Wonder not, then, what God for you saw
good
If I refuse not, but convert, as you,
To proper substance. Time may come
when Men
With Angels may participate, and find
No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare;
And from these corporal nutriments, perhaps,
Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,
Improved by tract of time, and winged
ascend
Ethereal, as we, or may at choice
Here or in heavenly paradises dwell, 500
If ye be found obedient, and retain
Unalterably firm his love entire
Whose progeny you are. Meanwhile enjoy,
Your fill, what happiness this happy state
Can comprehend, incapable of more."

To whom the Patriarch of Mankind replied:—

"O favourable Spirit, propitious guest,
Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
Our knowledge, and the scale of Nature set
From centre to circumference, whereon, 510
In contemplation of created things,
By steps we may ascend to God. But say,
What meant that caution joined, *If ye be found*
Obedient? Can we want obedience, then,
To him, or possibly his love desert,
Who formed us from the dust, and placed us here

Full to the utmost measure of what bliss
Human desires can seek or apprehend?"
To whom the Angel:— "Son of Heaven
and Earth,
Attend! That thou art happy, owe to God; 520
That thou continuest such, owe to thyself,
That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.
This was that caution given thee; be advised.
God made thee perfect, not immutable;
And good he made thee; but to persevere
He left it in thy power — ordained thy will
By nature free, not over-ruled by fate
Inextricable, or strict necessity.
Our voluntary service he requires,
Not our necessitated. Such with him 530
Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how
Can hearts not free be tried whether they serve
Willing or no, who will but what they must
By destiny, and can no other choose?
Myself, and all the Angelic Host, that stand
In sight of God enthroned, our happy state
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds.
On other surety none: freely we serve,
Because we freely love, as in our will
To love or not; in this we stand or fall. 540
And some are fallen, to disobedience fallen,
And so from Heaven to deepest Hell. O fall
From what high state of bliss into what woe!"
To whom our great Progenitor:— "Thy words
Attentive, and with more delighted ear,
Divine instructor, I have heard, than when
Cherubic songs by night from neighbouring hills
Aërial music send. Nor knew I not
To be, both will and deed, created free.
Yet that we never shall forget to love 550
Our Maker, and obey him whose command
Single is yet so just, my constant thoughts
Assured me, and still assure; though what thou tell'st
Hath passed in Heaven some doubt within
me move,
But more desire to hear, if thou consent,
The full relation, which must needs be strange,
Worthy of sacred silence to be heard.

And we have yet large day, for scarce the
Sun
Hath finished half his journey, and scarce
begins
His other half in the great zone of hea-
ven." 560

Thus Adam made request; and Raphael,
After short pause assenting, thus began:—
"High matter thou injoin'st me, O prime
of Men—

Sad task and hard; for how shall I relate
To human sense the invisible exploits
Of warring Spirits? how, without remorse,
The ruin of so many, glorious once
And perfect while they stood? how, last,
unfold

The secrets of another world, perhaps
Not lawful to reveal? Yet for thy good 570
This is dispensed; and what surmounts the
reach

Of human sense I shall delineate so,
By likening spiritual to corporal forms,
As may express them best—though what
if Earth

Be but the shadow of Heaven, and things
therein

Each to other like more than on Earth is
thought!

"As yet this World was not, and Chaos
wild

Reigned where these heavens now rowl,
where Earth now rests

Upon her centre poised, when on a day
(For Time, though in Eternity, applied 580
To motion, measures all things durable
By present, past, and future), on such day
As Heaven's great year brings forth, the
empyreal host

Of Angels, by imperial summons called,
Innumerable before the Almighty's throne
Forthwith from all the ends of Heaven ap-
peared

Under their hierarchs in orders bright.
Ten thousand thousand ensigns high ad-
vanced,
Standards and gonfalons, 'twixt van and
rear
Stream in the air, and for distinction
serve 590

Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees;
Or in their glittering tissues bear imblazed
Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love
Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs
Of circuit inexpressible they stood,
Orb within orb, the Father Infinite,

By whom in bliss imbosomed sat the Son,
Amidst, as from a flaming Mount, whose
top

Brightness had made invisible, thus spake:
"Hear, all ye Angels, Progeny of
Light, 600

Thrones, Dominations, Precedoms, Vir-
tues, Powers,
Hear my decree, which unrevoked shall
stand!

This day I have begot whom I declare
My only Son, and on this holy hill
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
At my right hand. Your head I him ap-
point,
And by myself have sworn to him shall
bow

All knees in Heaven, and shall confess him
Lord.

Under his great vicegerent reign abide,
United as one individual soul, 610
For ever happy. Him who disobeys
Me disobeys, breaks union, and, that day,
Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls
Into utter darkness, deep ingulfed, his place
Ordained without redemption, without end.'

"So spake the Omnipotent, and with his
words

All seemed well pleased; all seemed, but
were not all.

That day, as other solemn days, they spent
In song and dance about the sacred Hill—
Mystical dance, which yonder starry
sphere 620

Of planets and of fixed in all her wheels
Resembles nearest; mazes intricate,
Eccentric, interwolved, yet regular
Then most when most irregular they seem;
And in their motions harmony divine
So smooths her charming tones that God's
own ear

Listens delighted. Evening now approached
(For we have also our evening and our
morn—

We ours for change delectable, not need);
Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they
turn 630

Desirous: all in circles as they stood,
Tables are set, and on a sudden piled
With Angels' food; and rubied nectar flows
In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,
Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of Hea-
ven.

On flowers reposed, and with fresh flower-
ets crowned,

They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet

Quaff immortality and joy, secure
Of surfeit where full measure only bounds
Excess, before the all-bounteous King, who
showered

With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.
Now when ambrosial Night, with clouds
exhaled

From that high mount of God whence light
and shade

Spring both, the face of brightest Heaven
had changed

To grateful twilight (for Night comes not
there

In darker veil), and roseate dews disposed
All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest,
Wide over all the plain, and wider far
Than all this globous Earth in plain out-
spread

(Such are the Courts of God), the Angelic
throng,

Dispersed in bands and files, their camp
extend

By living streams among the trees of life —
Pavilions numberless and sudden reared,
Celestial tabernacles, where they slept,
Fanned with cool winds; save those who, in
their course,

Melodious hymns about the sovran Throne
Alternate all night long. But not so waked
Satan — so call him now; his former name
Is heard no more in Heaven. He, of the
first,

If not the first Archangel, great in
power,

In favour, and preëminence, yet fraught
With envy against the Son of God, that
day

Honoured by his great Father, and pro-
claimed

Messiah, King Anointed, could not bear,
Through pride, that sight, and thought him-
self impaired.

Deep malice thence conceiving and disdain,
Soon as midnight brought on the dusky
hour

Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolved
With all his legions to dislodge, and leave
Unworshipped, unbeyed, the Throne su-
preme,

Contemptuous, and, his next subordinate
Awakening, thus to him in secret spake: —

“Sleep’st thou, companion dear? what
sleep can close

Thy eyelids? and rememberest what de-
cree,

Of yesterday, so late hath passed the lips
Of Heaven’s Almighty? Thou to me thy
thoughts

Wast wout, I mine to thee was wont, to
impart;

Both waking we were one; how, then, can
now

Thy sleep dissent? New laws thou seest
imposed;

New laws from him who reigns new minds
may raise

In us who serve — new counsels, to de-
bate

What doubtful may ensue. More in this
place

To utter is not safe. Assemble thou
Of all those myriads which we lead the
chief;

Tell them that, by command, ere yet dim
Night

Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to
haste,

And all who under me their banners wave,
Homeward with flying march where we
possess

The Quarters of the North, there to pre-
pare

Fit entertainment to receive our King,

The great Messiah, and his new commands,
Who speedily through all the Hierarchies
Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.’

“So spake the false Archangel, and in-
fused

Bad influence into the unwary breast
Of his associate. He together calls,
Or several one by one, the regent Powers,
Under him regent; tells, as he was taught,
That, the Most High commanding, now ere
Night,

Now ere dim Night had disincumbered
Heaven,

The great hierachal standard was to
move;

Tells the suggested cause, and casts be-
tween

Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound
Or taint integrity. But all obeyed
The wonted signal, and superior voice
Of their great Potentate; for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in Hea-
ven:

His countenance, as the morning-star that
guides

The starry flock, allured them, and with lies
 Drew after him the third part of Heaven's host. ⁷¹⁰
 Meanwhile, the Eternal Eye, whose sight discerns
 Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy Mount,
 And from within the golden Lamps that burn
 Nightly before him, saw without their light
 Rebellion rising — saw in whom, how spread
 Among the Sons of Morn, what multitudes Were banded to oppose his high decree; And, smiling, to his only Son thus said: —
 “Son, thou in whom my glory I behold In full resplendence, Heir of all my might, Nearly it now concerns us to be sure ⁷²¹ Of our Omnipotence, and with what arms We mean to hold what anciently we claim Of deity or empire: such a foe Is rising, who intends to erect his throne Equal to ours, throughout the spacious North;
 Nor so content, hath in his thought to try In battle what our power is or our right. Let us advise, and to this hazard draw With speed what force is left, and all im-
 ploy ⁷³⁰
 In our defence, lest unawares we lose This our high place, our Sanctuary, our Hill.
 “To whom the Son, with calm aspect' and clear Lightening divine, ineffable, serene, Made answer: — ‘Mighty Father, thou thy foes Justly hast in derision, and secure Laugh'st at their vain designs and tumults vain —
 Matter to me of glory, whom their hate Illustrates, when they see all regal power Given me to quell their pride, and in event Know whether I be dextrous to subdue ⁷⁴¹ Thy rebels, or be found the worst in Heaven.’
 “So spake the Son; but Satan with his Powers Far was advanced on wing'd speed, an host Innumerable as the stars of night, Or stars of morning, dew-drops which the sun Impearls on every leaf and every flower.

Regions they passed, the mighty regencies Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones In their triple degrees — regions to which All thy dominion, Adam, is no more ⁷⁵¹ Than what this garden is to all the earth And all the sea, from one entire globose Stretched into longitude; which having passed, At length into the limits of the North They came, and Satan to his royal seat High on a hill, far-blazing, as a mount Raised on a mount, with pyramids and towers From diamond quarries hewn and rocks of gold —
 The palace of great Lucifer (so call ⁷⁶⁰ That structure, in the dialect of men Interpreted) which, not long after, he, Affecting all equality with God, In imitation of that mount whereon Messiah was declared in sight of Heaven, The Mountain of the Congregation called; For thither he assembled all his train, Pretending so commanded to consult About the great reception of their King Thither to come, and with calumnious art Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears: —
 “‘Thrones, Dominations, Prinedoms, ⁷⁷¹ Virtues, Powers —
 If these magnific titles yet remain Not merely titular, since by decree Another now hath to himself ingrossed All power, and us eclipsed under the name Of King Anointed; for whom all this haste Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,
 This only to consult, how we may best, With what may be devised of honours new, ⁷⁸⁰ Receive him coming to receive from us Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile ! Too much to one ! but double how endured —
 To one and to his image now proclaimed ? But what if better counsels might erect Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke ! Will ye submit your necks, and choose to bend The supple knee ? Ye will not, if I trust To know ye right, or if ye know yourselves Natives and Sons of Heaven possessed before ⁷⁹⁰ By none, and, if not equal all, yet free,

Equally free; for orders and degrees
Jar not with liberty, but well consist.
Who can in reason, then, or right, assume
Monarchy over such as live by right
His equals — if in power and splendour
less,

In freedom equal? or can introduce
Law and edict on us, who without law
Err not? much less for this to be our
Lord,

And look for adoration, to the abuse 800
Of those imperial titles which assert
Our being ordained to govern, not to
serve!'

"Thus far his bold discourse without
control

Had audience, when, among the Seraphim,
Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal
adored

The Deity, and divine commands obeyed,
Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe
The current of his fury thus opposed:—

"O argument blasphemous, false, and
proud —

Words which no ear ever to hear in Heav- 810
en

Expected; least of all from thee, ingrate,
In place thyself so high above thy peers!
Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn
The just decree of God, pronounced and
sworn,

That to his only Son, by right endued
With regal sceptre, every soul in Heaven
Shall bend the knee, and in that honour
due

Confess him righteous King? Unjust, thou
say'st,

Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,
And equal over equals to let reign, 820
One over all with unsucceeded power!
Shalt thou give law to God? shalt thou
dispute

With Him the points of liberty, who made
Thee what thou art, and formed the Powers
of Heaven

Such as he pleased, and circumscribed their
being?

Yet, by experience taught, we know how
good,

And of our good and of our dignity
How provident, he is — how far from
thought

To make us less; bent rather to exalt
Our happy state, under one Head more
near

830

United. But — to grant it thee unjust
That equal over equals monarch reign —
Thyself, though great and glorious, dost
thou count,

Or all angelic nature joined in one,
Equal to him, begotten Son, by whom,
As by his Word, the mighty Father made
All things, even thee, and all the Spirits of
Heaven

By him created in their bright degrees,
Crowned them with glory, and to their
glory named

Thrones, Dominations, Prinedoms, Vir- 840
tues, Powers? —
Essential Powers; nor by his reign ob-
scured,

But more illustrious made; since he, the
head,

One of our number thus reduced becomes;
His laws our laws; all honour to him done
Returns our own. Cease, then, this im-
pious rage,

And tempt not these; but hasten to ap-
pease

The incensed Father and the incensed Son
While pardon may be found, in time be-
sought.'

"So spake the fervent Angel; but his
zeal

None seconded, as out of season judged,
Or singular and rash. Whereat rejoiced
The Apostat, and, more haughty, thus
replied:—

"That we were formed, then, say'st
thou? and the work

Of secondary hands, by task transferred
From Father to his Son? Strange point
and new!

Doctrine which we would know whence
learned! Who saw

When this creation was? Remember'st
thou

Thy making, while the Maker gave thee
being?

We know no time when we were not as
now;

Know none before us, self-begot, self-
raised

By our own quickening power when fatal
course

Had circled his full orb, the birth mature
Of this our native Heaven, Ethereal Sons.
Our puissance is our own; our own right
hand

Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try

Who is our equal. Then thou shalt behold
Whether by supplication we intend
Address, and to begirt the Almighty
Throne

Beseeching or besieging. This report,
These tidings, carry to the Anointed King;
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.” ⁸⁷¹

“ He said; and, as the sound of waters
deep,
Hoarse murmur echoed to his words ap-
plause

Through the infinite Host. Nor less for that
The flaming Seraph, fearless, though alone,
Encompassed round with foes, thus an-
swered bold:—

“ ‘O alienate from God, O Spirit ac-
cursed,

Forsaken of all good ! I see thy fall
Determined, and thy hapless crew involved
In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread
Both of thy crime and punishment. Hence-
forth

No more be troubled how to quit the yoke
Of God’s Messiah. Those indulgent laws
Will not be now voutsafed; other decrees
Against thee are gone forth without recall;
That golden sceptre which thou didst re-
ject

Is now an iron rod to bruise and break
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst ad-
vise;

Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly
These wicked tents devoted, lest the wrauth
Impendent, raging into sudden flame, ⁸⁹
Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel
His thunder on thy head, devouring fire.
Then who created thee lamenting learn
When who can uncreate thee thou shalt
know.”

“ So spake the Seraph Abdiel, faithful
found;
Among the faithless faithful only he;
Among innumerable false unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal; ⁹⁰⁰
Nor number nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his con-
stant mind,
Though single. From amidst them forth
he passed,
Long way through hostile scorn, which he
sustained

Superior, nor of violence feared aught;
And with retorted scorn his back he turned
On those proud towers, to swift destruction
doomed.”

BOOK VI

THE ARGUMENT

Baphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his Angels. The first fight described: Satan and his Powers retire under night. He calls a council; invents devilish engines, which, in the second day’s fight, put Michael and his Angels to some disorder; but they at length, pulling up mountains, overwhelmed both the force and machines of Satan. Yet, the tumult not so ending, God, on the third day, sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserved the glory of that victory. He, in the power of his Father, coming to the place, and causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them, unable to resist, towards the wall of Heaven; which opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepared for them in the Deep. Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

“ ALL night the dreadless Angel, unpur-
sued,
Through Heaven’s wide champaign held
his way, till Morn,
Waked by the circling Hours, with rosy
hand
Unbarred the gates of Light. There is a
cave

Within the Mount of God, fast by his
Throne,
Where Light and Darkness in perpetual
round

Lodge and dislodge by turns— which makes
through Heaven
Grateful vicissitude, like day and night;
Light issues forth, and at the other door
Obsequious Darkness enters, till her hour
To veil the heaven, though darkness there
might well

¹¹
Seem twilight here. And now went forth
the Morn

Such as in highest heaven, arrayed in gold
Empyrean; from before her vanished Night,
Shot through with orient beams; when all
the plain

Covered with thick embattled squadrons
bright,
Chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery
steeds,
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his
view.

War he perceived, war in procinct, and
found

Already known what he for news had thought

To have reported. Gladly then he mixed
Among those friendly Powers, who him received

With joy and acclamations loud, that one,
That of so many myriads fallen yet one,
Returned not lost. On to the sacred Hill
They led him, high applauded, and present
Before the Seat supreme; from whence a voice,

From midst a golden cloud, thus mild was heard: —

“ Servant of God, well done ! Well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintained

Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms,

And for the testimony of truth hast borne
Universal reproach, far worse to bear
Than violence; for this was all thy care —
To stand approved in sight of God, though worlds

Judged thee perverse. The easier conquest now

Remains thee — aided by this host of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return
Than scorner thou didst depart; and to subdue

By force who reason for their law refuse —
Right reason for their law, and for their King

Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.
Go, Michael, of celestial armies prince,
And thou, in military prowess next,
Gabriel; lead forth to battle these my sons
Invincible; lead forth my armed Saints,
By thousands and by millions ranged for fight,

Equal in number to that godless crew
Rebellious. Them with fire and hostile arms

Fearless assault; and, to the brow of Heaven
Pursuing, drive them out from God and bliss

Into their place of punishment, the gulf
Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
His fiery chaos to receive their fall.

“ So spake the Sovran Voice; and clouds began

To darken all the Hill, and smoke to rowl
In dusky wreaths reluctant flames, the sign

Of wrauth awaked; nor with less dread the loud

Ethereal trumpet from on high gan blow.
At which command the Powers Militant
That stood for Heaven, in mighty quadrate joined

Of union irresistible, moved on
In silence their bright legions to the sound
Of instrumental harmony, that breathed
Heroic ardour to adventrous deeds
Under their godlike leaders, in the cause
Of God and his Messiah. On they move,
Indissolubly firm; nor obvious hill,
Nor straitening vale, nor wood, nor stream,
divides

Their perfet ranks; for high above the ground
Their march was, and the passive air upbore

Their nimble tread. As when the total kind

Of birds, in orderly array on wing,
Came summoned over Eden to receive
Their names of thee; so over many a tract
Of Heaven they marched, and many a pro

vince wide,
Tenfold the length of this terrene. At last,

Far in the horizon, to the north, appeared
From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretched
In battailous aspect; and, nearer view,
Bristled with upright beams innumerable
Of rigid spears, and helmets thronged, and shields

Various, with boastful argument portrayed,
The banded Powers of Satan hastening on
With furious expedition: for they weened
That self-same day, by fight or by surprise,
To win the Mount of God, and on his Throne

To set the envier of his state, the proud Aspirer. But their thoughts proved fond and vain

In the mid-way; though strange to us it seemed

At first that Angel should with Angel war,
And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet

So oft in festivals of joy and love
Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire,
Hymning the Eternal Father. But the shout

Of battle now began, and rushing sound
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.
High in the midst, exalted as a God,

The Apostat in his sun-bright chariot sat,
Idol of majesty divine, enclosed 101
With flaming Cherubim and golden shields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous Throne —
 for now
'Twixt host and host but narrow space was
left,
A dreadful interval, and front to front
Presented stood, in terrible array
Of hideous length. Before the cloudy van,
On the rough edge of battle ere it joined,
Satan, with vast and haughty strides ad-
vanced,
Came towering, armed in adamant and
gold. 110
Abdiel that sight endured not, where he
stood
Among the mightiest, bent on highest
deeds,
And thus his own undaunted heart ex-
plores:—
“ O Heaven ! that such resemblance of
the Highest
Should yet remain, where faith and realty
Remain not ! Wherefore should not
strength and might
There fail where virtue fails, or weakest
prove
Where boldest, though to sight unconquer-
able ?
His puissance, trusting in the Almighty's
aid, 119
I mean to try, whose reason I have tried
Unsound and false; nor is it aught but just
That he who in debate of truth hath won
Should win in arms, in both disputes alike
Victor. Though brutish that contest' and
foul,
When reason hath to deal with force, yet
so
Most reason is that reason overcome.'
“ So pondering, and from his armed
peers
Forth-stepping opposite, half-way he met
His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incensed, and thus securely him defied:—
“ Proud, art thou met ? Thy hope was
to have reached 131
The highth of thy aspiring unopposed —
The Throne of God unguarded, and his
side
Abandoned at the terror of thy power
Or potent tongue. Fool ! not to think how
 vain
Against the Omnipotent to rise in arms;

Who, out of smallest things, could without
 end
Have raised incessant armies to defeat
Thy folly; or with solitary hand,
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow, 140
Unaided could have finished thee, and
whelmed
Thy legions under darkness ! But thou
seest
All are not of thy train; there be who
 faith
Prefer, and piety to God, though then
To thee not visible when I alone
Seemed in thy world erroneous to dissent
From all: my Sect thou seest; now learn
 too late
How few sometimes may know when thou-
 sands err.'
“ Whom the grand Foe, with scornful
eye askance,
Thus answered:— ‘ Ill for thee, but in
 wished hour 150
Of my revenge, first sought for, thou re-
turn'st
From flight, seditious Angel, to receive
Thy merited reward, the first assay
Of this right hand provoked, since first that
tongue,
Inspired with contradiction, durst oppose
A third part of the Gods, in synod met
Their deities to assert: who, while they feel
Vigour divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou
com'st
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win 160
From me some plume, that thy success may
show
Destruction to the rest. This pause be-
tween
(Unanswered lest thou boast) to let thee
know. —
At first I thought that Liberty and Heaven
To heavenly souls had been all one; but
 now
I see that most through sloth had rather
serve,
Ministering Spirits, trained up in feast and
song:
Such hast thou armed, the minstrelsy of
 heaven —
Servility with freedom to contend,
As both their deeds compared this day
 shall prove.’ 170
“ To whom, in brief, thus Abdiel stern
replied:—

'Apostat ! still thou err'st, nor end wilt
find
Of erring, from the path of truth remote.
Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name
Of servitude, to serve whom God ordains,
Or Nature: God and Nature bid the same,
When he who rules is worthiest, and excels
Them whom he governs. This is servitude—
To serve the unwise, or him who hath re-
belled
Against his worthier, as thine now serve
thee,
Thyself not free, but to thyself enthralled;
Yet lewdly dar'st our ministering upbraid.
Reign thou in Hell, thy kingdom; let me
serve
In Heaven God ever blest, and his divine
Behests obey, worthiest to be obeyed.
Yet chains in Hell, not realms, expect:
meanwhile,
From me returned, as erst thou saidst,
from flight,
This greeting on thy impious crest receive.'
"So saying, a noble stroke he lifted
high,
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest
fell
On the proud crest of Satan that no sight,
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his
shield,
Such ruin intercept. Ten paces huge
He back recoiled; the tenth on bended
knee
His massy spear upstayed: as if, on earth,
Winds under ground, or waters forcing
way,
Sidelong had pushed a mountain from his
seat,
Half-sunk with all his pines. Amazement
seized
The rebel Thrones, but greater rage, to see
Thus foiled their mightiest; ours joy filled,
and shout,
Presage of victory, and fierce desire
Of battle: whereat Michaël bid sound
The Archangel trumpet. Through the vast
of Heaven
It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
Hosannah to the Highest; nor stood at
gaze
The adverse legions, nor less hideous joined
The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,
And clamour such as heard in Heaven till
now

Was never; arms on armour clashing
brayed
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots raged; dire was the
noise
Of conflict; overhead the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
And, flying, vaulted either host with fire
So under fiery cope together rushed
Both battles main with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage. All Heaven
Resounded; and, had Earth been then, all
Earth
Had to her centre shook. What wonder,
when
Millions of fierce encountering Angels
fought
On either side, the least of whom could
wield
These elements, and arm him with the
force
Of all their regions? How much more of
power
Army against army numberless to raise
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,
Though not destroy, their happy native
seat;
Had not the Eternal King Omnipotent
From his strong hold of Heaven high over-
ruled
And limited their might, though numbered
such
As each divided legion might have seemed
A numerous host, in strength each arm'd
hand
A legion! Led in fight, yet leader seemed
Each warrior single as in chief; expert
When to advance, or stand, or turn the
sway
Of battle, open when, and when to close
The ridges of grim war. No thought of
flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argued fear; each on himself relied
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory. Deeds of eternal fame
Were done, but infinite; for wide was
spread
That war, and various: sometimes on firm
ground
A standing fight; then, soaring on main
wing,
Tormented all the air; all air seemed then
Conflicting fire. Long time in even scale
The battle hung; till Satan, who that day

Prodigious power had shown, and met in arms
 No equal, ranging through the dire attack
 Of fighting Seraphim confused, at length
 Saw where the sword of Michael smote,
 and felled ²⁵⁰
 Squadrons at once: with huge two-handed sway
 Brandished aloft, the horrid edge came down
 Wide-wasting. Such destruction to withstand
 He hasted, and opposed the rocky orb
 Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,
 A vast circumference. At his approach
 The great Archangel from his warlike toil
 Surceased, and, glad, as hoping here to end
 Intestine war in Heaven, the Arch-foe subdued,
 Or captive dragged in chains, with hostile frown ²⁶⁰
 And visage all inflamed, first thus began:—
 “‘Author of Evil, unknown till thy revolt,
 Unnamed in Heaven, now plenteous as thou seest
 These acts of hateful strife — hateful to all,
 Though heaviest, by just measure, on thyself
 And thy adherents — how hast thou disturbed
 Heaven’s blessed peace, and into Nature brought
 Misery, uncreated till the crime
 Of thy rebellion ! how hast thou instilled
 Thy malice into thousands, once upright
 And faithful, now proved false ! But think not here ²⁷⁰
 To trouble holy rest; Heaven casts thee out
 From all her confines; Heaven, the seat of bliss,
 Brooks not the works of violence and war.
 Hence, then, and Evil go with thee along,
 Thy offspring, to the place of Evil, Hell —
 Thou and thy wicked crew ! there mingle broils !
 Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,
 Or some more sudden vengeance, winged from God,
 Precipitate thee with augmented pain.’ ²⁸⁰
 “So spake the Prince of Angels; to whom thus

The Adversary: — ‘Nor think thou with wind
 Of airy threats to awe whom yet with deeds
 Thou canst not. Hast thou turned the least of these
 To flight — or, if to fall, but that they rise
 Unvanquished — easier to transact with me
 That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with threats
 To chase me hence ? Err not that so shall end
 The strife which thou call’st evil, but we style
 The strife of glory; which we mean to win,
 Or turn this Heaven itself into the Hell ²⁹⁰
 Thou fablest; here, however, to dwell free, If not to reign. Meanwhile, thy utmost force —
 And join Him named Almighty to thy aid —
 I fly not, but have sought thee far and nigh.’
 “They ended parle, and both addressed for fight
 Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue
 Of Angels, can relate, or to what things
 Liken on Earth conspicuous, that may lift Human imagination to such highth ³⁰⁰
 Of godlike power ? for liklest gods they seemed,
 Stood they or moved, in stature, motion, arms,
 Fit to decide the empire of great Heaven. Now waved their fiery swords, and in the air
 Made horrid circles; two broad suns their shields
 Blazed opposite, while Expectation stood In horror; from each hand with speed re-tired,
 Where erst was thickest fight, the Angelic throng,
 And left large field, unsafe within the wind ³⁰⁹
 Of such commotion: such as (to set forth Great things by small) if, Nature’s concord broke,
 Among the constellations war were sprung. Two planets, rushing from aspect’ malign
 Of fiercest opposition, in mid sky Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.
 Together both, with next to almighty arm

Uplifted imminent, one stroke they aimed
That might determine, and not need repeat
As not of power, at once; nor odds ap-
peared
In might or swift prevention. But the
sword ³²⁰
Of Michael from the armoury of God
Was given him tempered so that neither
keen
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
The sword of Satan, with steep force to
smite
Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor
stayed,
But, with swift wheel reverse, deep enter-
ing, shared
All his right side. Then Satan first knew
pain,
And writhed him to and fro convolved; so
sore
The griding sword with discontinuous wound
Passed through him. But the ethereal sub-
stance closed, ³³⁰
Not long divisible; and from the gash
A stream of nectarous humour issuing
flowed
Sanguin, such as celestial Spirits may bleed,
And all his armour stained, erewhile so
bright.
Forthwith, on all sides, to his aid was run
By Angels many and strong, who inter-
posed
Defence, while others bore him on their
shields
Back to his chariot where it stood retired
From off the files of war: there they him
laid
Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and
shame ³⁴⁰
To find himself not matchless, and his
pride
Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath
His confidence to equal God in power.
Yet soon he healed; for Spirits, that live
throughout
Vital in every part — not, as frail Man,
In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins —
Cannot but by annihilating die;
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid air:
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all
ear, ³⁵⁰
All intellect, all sense; and as they please
They limb themselves, and colour, shape,
or size

Assume, as likes them best, condense or
rare.
“ Meanwhile, in other parts, like deeds
deserved
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel
fought,
And with fierce ensigns pierced the deep
array
Of Moloch, furious king, who him defied,
And at his chariot - wheels to drag him
bound
Threatened, nor from the Holy One of
Heaven
Refreined his tongue blasphemous, but
anon, ³⁶⁰
Down cloven to the waist, with shattered
arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each
wing
Uriel and Raphaël his vaunting foe,
Though huge and in a rock of diamond
armed,
Vanquished — Adramelech and Asmadai,
Two potent Thrones, that to be less than
Gods
Disdained, but meaner thoughts learned in
their flight,
Mangled with ghastly wounds through plate
and mail.
Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow
Ariel, and Arioch, and the violence ³⁷¹
Of Ramiel, scorched and blasted, over-
threw.
I might relate of thousands, and their
names
Eternize here on Earth; but those elect
Angels, contented with their fame in Hea-
ven,
Seek not the praise of men: the other sort,
In might though wondrous and in acts of
war,
Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom
Cancelled from Heaven and sacred mem-
ory,
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell
For strength from truth divided, and from
just, ³⁸¹
Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise
And ignominy, yet to glory aspires,
Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks
fame:
Therefore eternal silence be their doom!
“ And now, their mightiest quelled, the
battle swerved,

With many an inroad gored; deformèd rout
 Entered, and foul disorder; all the ground
 With shivered armour strown, and on a heap
 Chariot and charioteer lay overturned, ³⁹⁰
 And fiery foaming steeds; what stood re-coiled,
 O'er-wearied, through the faint Satanic host,
 Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surprised—
 Then first with fear surprised and sense of pain —

Fled ignominious, to such evil brought
 By sin of disobedience, till that hour
 Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.
 Far otherwise the inviolable Saints
 In cubic phalanx firm advanced entire,
 Invulnerable, impenetrably armed; ⁴⁰⁰
 Such high advantages their innocence
 Gave them above their foes — not to have sinned,
 Not to have disobeyed; in fight they stood
 Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pained
 By wound, though from their place by violence moved.

“ Now Night her course began, and, over Heaven

Inducing darkness, grateful truce imposed,
 And silence on the odious din of war.
 Under her cloudy covert both retired,
 Victor and vanquished. On the foughтен field ⁴¹⁰

Michaël and his Angels, prevalent
 Encamping, placed in guard their watches round,
 Cherubic waving fires: on the other part,
 Satan with his rebellious disappeared,
 Far in the dark dislodged, and, void of rest,
 His Potentates to council called by night,
 And in the midst thus undismayed began: —

“ O now in danger tried, now known in arms
 Not to be overpowered, companions dear,
 Found worthy not of liberty alone — ⁴²⁰
 Too mean pretence — but, what we more affect,
 Honour, dominion, glory, and renown;
 Who have sustained one day in doubtful fight
 (And, if one day, why not eternal days?)
 What Heaven's Lord had powerfulest to send

Against us from about his Throne, and judged

Sufficient to subdue us to his will,
 But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,
 Of future we may deem him, though till

now

Omniscient thought! True is, less firmly armed, ⁴³⁰

Some disadvantage we endured, and pain—
 Till now not known, but, known, as soon contemned;

Since now we find this our empyreal form
 Incapable of mortal injury,
 Imperishable, and, though pierced with wound,

Soon closing, and by native vigour healed.
 Of evil, then, so small as easy think
 The remedy: perhaps more valid arms, ⁴³⁸
 Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
 May serve to better us and worse our foes,
 Or equal what between us made the odds,
 In nature none. If other hidden cause
 Left them superior, while we can preserve
 Unhurt our minds, and understanding sound,
 Due search and consultation will disclose.’

“ He sat; and in the assembly next up-stood

Nisroch, of Principalities the prime.
 As one he stood escaped from cruel fight
 Sore toiled, his riven arms to havoc hewn,
 And, cloudy in aspect, thus answering spake: —

“ Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free

Enjoyment of our right as Gods! yet hard
 For Gods, and too unequal work, we find
 Against unequal arms to fight in pain,
 Against unpained, impassive; from which evil

Ruin must needs ensue. For what avails
 Valour or strength, though matchless,
 Quelled with pain,
 Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands

Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well

Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,
 But live content — which is the calmest life;

But pain is perfect misery, the worst
 Of evils, and, excessive, overturns
 All patience. He who, therefore, can invent

With what more forcible we may offend

Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm
Ourselves with like defence, to me deserves
No less than for deliverance what we owe.'
"Whereto, with look composed, Satan
, replied:—" 469

'Not uninvented that, which thou aright
Believ'st so main to our success, I bring.
Which of us who beholds the bright sur-
face'
Of this ethereous mould whereon we

stand —

This continent of spacious Heaven, adorned
With plant, fruit, flower ambrosial, gems
and gold —

Whose eye so superficially surveys
These things as not to mind from whence
they grow
Deep under ground: materials dark and
crude,
Of spiritous and fiery spume, till, touched
With Heaven's ray, and tempered, they
shoot forth 480

So beauteous, opening to the ambient light?
These in their dark nativity the Deep
Shall yield us, pregnant with infernal
flame;

Which, into hollow engines long and round
Thick-rammed, at the other bore with touch
of fire
Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth
From far, with thundering noise, among
our foes

Such implements of mischief as shall dash
To pieces and o'erwhelm whatever stands
Adverse, that they shall fear we have dis-
armed 490

The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.
Nor long shall be our labour; yet ere
dawn
Effect shall end our wish. Meanwhile re-
vive;

Abandon fear; to strength and counsel
joined
Think nothing hard, much less to be de-
spaired.'

"He ended; and his words their droop-
ing cheer
Enlightened, and their languished hope re-
vived.

The invention all admired, and each how
he
To be the inventor missed; so easy it
seemed,
Once found, which yet unfound most would
have thought 500

Impossible! Yet, haply, of thy race,
In future days, if malice should abound,
Some one, intent on mischief, or inspired
With devilish machination, flight devise
Like instrument to plague the sons of men
For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.
Forthwith from council to the work they
flew;

None arguing stood; innumerable hands
Were ready; in a moment up they turned
Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath 510
The originals of Nature in their crude
Conception; sulphurous and nitrous foam
They found, they mingled, and, with subtle
art

Concocted and adusted, they reduced
To blackest grain, and into store conveyed.
Part hidden veins digged up (nor hath this
Earth

Entrals unlike) of mineral and stone,
Whereof to found their engines and their
balls

Of missive ruin; part incentive reed 519
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.
So all ere day-spring, under conscious
Night,

Secret they finished, and in order set,
With silent circumspection, unespied.

"Now, when fair Morn orient in Heaven
appeared,
Up rose the victor Angels, and to arms
The matin trumpet sung. In arms they
stood

Of golden panoply, resplendent host,
Soon banded; others from the dawning
hills

Looked round, and scouts each coast light-
arm'd scour,
Each quarter, to desery the distant foe, 530
Where lodged, or whither fled, or if for
fight,

In motion or in halt. Him soon they met
Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow
But firm battalion: back with speediest
sail

Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,
Came flying, and in mid air aloud thus
cried:

"Arm, Warriors, arm for fight! The
foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will save us long
pursuit
This day; fear not his flight; so thick a
cloud
He comes, and settled in his face I see 540

Sad resolution and secure. Let each
His adamantine coat gird well, and each
Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orbèd shield,
Borne even or high; for this day will pour
down,
If I conjecture aught, no drizzling shower,
But rattling storm of arrows barbed with
fire.'

"So warned he them, aware themselves,
and soon

In order, quit of all impediment. 548
Instant, without disturb, they took alarm,
And onward move embattled: when, behold,
Not distant far, with heavy pace the Foe
Approaching gross and huge, in hollow cube
Training his devilish enginry, impaled
On every side with shadowing squadrons
deep,
To hide the fraud. At interview both
stood
A while; but suddenly at head appeared
Satan, and thus was heard commanding
loud:—

"Vanguard, to right and left the front
unfold, 558

That all may see who hate us how we seek
Peace and composure, and with open breast
Stand ready to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverse:
But that I doubt. However, witness
Heaven!

Heaven, witness thou anon! while we dis-
charge

Freely our part. Ye, who appointed stand,
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud that all may
hear."

"So scoffing in ambiguous words, he
scarce

Had ended, when to right and left the
front

Divided, and to either flank retired; 570
Which to our eyes discovered, new and
strange,

A triple mounted row of pillars laid
On wheels (for like to pillars most they
seemed,

Or hollowed bodies made of oak or fir,
With branches lopt, in wood or mountain
felled),

Brass, iron, stony mould, had not their
mouths

With hideous orifice gaped on us wide,
Portending hollow truce. At each, behind,
A Seraph stood, and in his hand a reed

Stood waving tipt with fire; while we, sus-
pense, 580
Collected stood within our thoughts amused.
Not long! for sudden all at once their reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent applied
With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,
But soon obscured with smoke, all Heaven
appeared,
From those deep-throated engines belched,
whose roar

Embowedled with outrageous noise the air,
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
Their devilish glut, chained thunderbolts
and hail 589

Of iron globes; which, on the Victor Host
Levelled, with such impetuous fury smote,
That whom they hit none on their feet
might stand,
Though standing else as rocks, but down
they fell
By thousands, Angel on Archangel rowled,
The sooner for their arms. Unarmed, they
might

Have easily, as Spirits, evaded swift
By quick contraction or remove; but now
Foul dissipation followed, and forced rout;
Nor served it to relax their serried files.
What should they do? If on they rushed,
repulse 600

Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Doubled, would render them yet more de-
spised,

And to their foes a laughter — for in view
Stood ranked of Seraphim another row,
In posture to displode their second tire
Of thunder; back defeated to return
They worse abhorred. Satan beheld their
plight,

And to his mates thus in derision called:—
"O friends, why come not on these vic-
tors proud?

Erewhile they fierce were coming; and, 610
when we,

To entertain them fair with open front
And breast (what could we more?), pro-
pounded terms

Of composition, straight they changed their
minds,

Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
As they would dance. Yet for a dance
they seemed

Somewhat extravagant and wild; perhaps
For joy of offered peace. But I suppose,
If our proposals once again were heard,
We should compel them to a quick result."

“To whom thus Belial, in like game-
some mood:— 620
Leader, the terms we sent were terms of
weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urged
home,
Such as we might perceive amused them
all,
And stumbled many. Who receives them
right
Had need from head to foot well under-
stand;
Not understood, this gift they have be-
sides—
They shew us when our foes walk not up-
right.”
“So they among themselves in pleasant
vein
Stood scoffing, hightened in their thoughts
beyond
All doubt of victory; Eternal Might 630
To match with their inventions they pre-
sumed
So easy, and of his thunder made a scorn,
And all his host derided, while they stood
A while in trouble. But they stood not
long;
Rage prompted them at length, and found
them arms
Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the
power,
Which God hath in his mighty Angels
placed !)
Their arms away they threw, and to the
hills 639
(For Earth hath this variety from Heaven
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale)
Light as the lightning-glimpse they ran,
they flew;
From their foundations, loosening to and
fro,
They plucked the seated hills, with all
their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and, by the shaggy
tops
Uplifting, bore them in their hands. Amaze,
Be sure, and terror, seized the rebel Host,
When coming towards them so dread they
saw
The bottom of the mountains upward
turned,
Till on those cursed engines’ triple row 650
They saw them whelmed, and all their
confidence

Under the weight of mountains buried
deep;
Themselves invaded next, and on their
heads
Main promontories flung, which in the air
Came shadowing, and oppressed whole le-
gions armed.
Their armour helped their harm, crushed
in and bruised,
Into their substance pent — which wrought
them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
Long struggling underneath, ere they could
wind
Out of such prison, though Spirits of pur-
est light, 660
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.
The rest, in imitation, to like arms
Betoak them, and the neighbouring hills
uptore;
So hills amid the air encountered hills,
Hurled to and fro with jaculation dire,
That underground they fought in dismal
shade:
Infernal noise ! war seemed a civil game
To this uproar; horrid confusion heaped
Upon confusion rose. And now all Heaven
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread,
Had not the Almighty Father, where he
sits 671
Shrined in his sanctuary of Heaven secure,
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
This tumult, and permitted all, advised,
That his great purpose he might so fulfil,
To honour his Anointed Son, avenged
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All power on him transferred. Whence
to his Son,
The assessor of his throne, he thus be-
gan :—
“Effulgence of my glory, Son beloved,
Son in whose face invisible is beheld 681
Visibly, what by Deity I am,
And in whose hand what by decree I do,
Second Omnipotence ! two days are passed,
Two days, as we compute the days of Hea-
ven,
Since Michael and his Powers went forth
to tame
These disobedient. Sore hath been their
fight,
As likeliest was when two such foes met
armed:
For to themselves I left them; and thou
know’st

Equal in their creation they were formed,
Save what sin hath impaired — which yet hath wrought ⁶⁹⁰
Insensibly, for I suspend their doom:
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
Endless, and no solution will be found.
War wearied hath performed what war can do,
And to disordered rage let loose the reins,
With mountains, as with weapons, armed;
which makes
Wild work in Heaven, and dangerous to the main.
Two days are, therefore, passed; the third is thine:
For thee I have ordained it, and thus far ⁷⁰⁰
Have suffered, that the glory may be thine
Of ending this great war, since none but thou
Can end it. Into thee such virtue and grace
Immense I have transfused, that all may know
In Heaven and Hell thy power above compare,
And this perverse commotion governed thus,
To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir
Of all things — to be Heir, and to be King
By sacred unction, thy deserved right.
Go, then, thou Mightiest, in thy Father's might; ⁷¹⁰
Ascend my chariot; guide the rapid wheels
That shake Heaven's basis; bring forth all my war;
My bow and thunder, my almighty arms,
Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh;
Pursue these Sons of Darkness, drive them out
From all Heaven's bounds into the utter Deep;
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
God, and Messiah his anointed King.
He said, and on his Son with rays direct
Shon full. He all his Father full expressed ⁷²⁰
Ineffably into his face received;
And thus the Filial Godhead answering spake: —

“ O Father, O Supreme of Heavenly Thrones,
First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou always seek'st
To glorify thy Son; I always thee,
As is most just. This I my glory account,
My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou in me, well pleased, declar'st thy will
Fulfilled, which to fulfil is all my bliss,
Sceptre and power, thy giving, I assume, ⁷³⁰
And gladlier shall resign when in the end
Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee
For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'st.
But whom thou hat'st I hate, and can put on
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,
Image of thee in all things: and shall soon,
Armed with thy might, rid Heaven of these rebelled,
To their prepared ill mansion driven down,
To chains of darkness and the undying Worm,
That from thy just obedience could revolt, ⁷⁴⁰
Whom to obey is happiness entire.
Then shall thy Saints, unmixed, and from the impure
Far separate, circling thy holy Mount,
Unfeigned halleluiahs to thee sing,
Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.
“ So said, He, o'er his sceptre bowing, rose
From the right hand of Glory where He sat;
And the third sacred morn began to shine,
Dawning through Heaven. Forth rushed with whirlwind sound
The chariot of Paternal Deity, ⁷⁵⁰
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel;
undrawn,
Itself instinct with spirit, but convoyed
By four cherubic Shapes. Four faces each
Had wondrous; as with stars, their bodies all
And wings were set with eyes; with eyes the wheels
Of beryl, and careering fires between;
Over their heads a crystal firmament,
Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure
Amber and colours of the showery arch.
He, in celestial panoply all armed ⁷⁶⁰
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,

Ascended; at his right hand Victory
Sat eagle-winged; beside him hung his
bow,
And quiver, with three-bolted thunder
stored;

And from about him fierce effusion rowled
Of smoke and bickering flame and sparks
dire.

Attended with ten thousand thousand
Saints,

He onward came; far off his coming shon;
And twenty thousand (I their number
heard)

Chariots of God, half on each hand, were
seen. ⁷⁷⁰

He on the wings of Cherub rode sublime
On the crystalin sky, in saphir throned —
Illustrious far and wide, but by his own
First seen. Them unexpected joy sur-
prised

When the great ensign of Messiah blazed
Aloft, by Angels borne, his Sign in Heaven;
Under whose conduct Michael soon reduced
His army, circumfused on either wing,
Under their Head embodied all in one.
Before him Power Divine his way pre-
pared; ⁷⁸⁰

At his command the uprooted hills retired
Each to his place; they heard his voice, and
went

Obsequious; Heaven his wonted face re-
newed,
And with fresh flowerets hill and valley
smiled.

“This saw his hapless foes, but stood
obdured,

And to rebellious fight rallied their Powers,
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.
In Heavenly Spirits could such perverse-
ness dwell?

But to convince the proud what signs avail,
Or wonders move the obdurate to relent? ⁷⁹⁰

They, hardened more by what might most
reclaim,

Grieving to see his glory, at the sight
Took envy, and, aspiring to his hight,
Stood re-imbattled fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to prosper, and at length prevail
Against God and Messiah, or to fall
In universal ruin last; and now

To final battle drew, disdaining flight,
Or faint retreat: when the great Son of
God

To all his host on either hand thus
spake: — ⁸⁰⁰

“Stand still in bright array, ye Saints;
here stand,
Ye Angels armed; this day from battle rest.
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of
God

Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause;
And, as ye have received, so have ye done,
Invincibly. But of this cursed crew
The punishment to other hand belongs;
Vengeance is his, or whose He sole ap-
points.

Number to this day’s work is not ordained,
Nor multitude; stand only and behold ⁸¹⁰
God’s indignation on these godless poured
By me. Not you, but me, they have de-
spised,

Yet envied; against me is all their rage,
Because the Father, to whom in Heaven
supreme

Kingdom and power and glory appertains,
Hath honoured me, according to his will.
Therefore to me their doom he hath as-
signed,

That they may have their wish, to try with
me

In battle which the stronger proves — they
all,

Or I alone against them; since by
strength ⁸²⁰

They measure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excels;
Nor other strife with them do I voutsafe.”

“So spake the Son, and into terror
changed

His countenance, too severe to be beheld,
And full of wrauth bent on his enemies.
At once the Four spread out their starry
wings

With dreadful shade contiguous, and the
orbs

Of his fierce chariot rowled, as with the
sound

Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host. ⁸³⁰

He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as Night. Under his burning wheels
The steadfast Empyrean shook throughout,
All but the Throne itself of God. Full soon
Among them he arrived, in his right hand
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he
sent

Before him, such as in their souls infixed
Plagues. They, astonished, all resistance
lost,

All courage; down their idle weapons
dropt;

O'er shields, and helms, and helmed heads
he rode 840
Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate,
That wished the mountains now might be
again .
Thrown on them, as a shelter from his ire.
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-visaged Four,
Distinct with eyes, and from the living
wheels,
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;
One spirit in them ruled, and every eye
Glared lightning, and shot forth pernicious
fire
Among the accursed, that withered all
their strength, 850
And of their wonted vigour left them
drained,
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fallen.
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but
checked
His thunder in mid-volley; for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of Hea-
ven.
The overthrown he raised, and, as a herd
Of goats or timorous flock together thronged,
Drove them before him thunderstruck, pur-
sued
With terrors and with furies to the bounds
And crystal wall of Heaven; which, open-
ing wide, 860
Rowled inward, and a spacious gap dis-
closed
Into the wasteful Deep. The monstrous
sight
Strook them with horror backward; but far
worse
Urged them behind: headlong themselves
they threw
Down from the verge of Heaven: eternal
wrauth
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.
"Hell heard the unsufferable noise; Hell
saw
Heaven ruining from Heaven, and would
have fled
Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too
deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had
bound. 870
Nine days they fell; confounded Chaos
roared,
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
Through his wild Anarchy; so huge a rout
Incumbered him with ruin. Hell at last,

Yawning, received them whole, and o^r
them closed —
Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.
Disburdened Heaven rejoiced, and soon re-
paired
Her mural breach, returning whence it
rowled.
Sole victor, from the expulsion of his foes
Messiah his triumphal chariot turned. 880
To meet him all his Saints, who silent stood
Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,
With jubilee advanced; and, as they went,
Shaded with branching palm, each order
bright
Sung triumph, and him sung victorious
King,
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion
given,
Worthiest to reign. He celebrated rode,
Triumphant through mid Heaven, into the
courts
And temple of his mighty Father throned
On high; who into glory him received, 890
Where now he sits at the right hand of
bliss.
"Thus, measuring things in Heaven by
things on Earth,
At thy request, and that thou may'st be-
ware
By what is past, to thee I have revealed
What might have else to human race been
hid —
The discord which befell, and war in Hea-
ven
Among the Angelic Powers, and the deep
fall
Of those too high aspiring who rebelled 900
With Satan: he who envies now thy state,
Who now is plotting how he may seduce
Thee also from obedience, that, with him
Bereaved of happiness, thou may'st par-
take
His punishment, eternal misery;
Which would be all his solace and revenge,
As a despite done against the Most High,
Thee once to gain companion of his woe.
But listen not to his temptations; warn
Thy weaker; let it profit thee to have
heard,
By terrible example, the reward 910
Of disobedience. Firm they might have
stood,
Yet fell. Remember, and fear to trans-
gress."

BOOK VII
THE ARGUMENT

Raphael, at the request of Adam, relates how and wherefore this World was first created: — that God, after the expelling of Satan and his Angels out of Heaven, declared his pleasure to create another World, and other creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with glory, and attendance of Angels, to perform the work of creation in six days: the Angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his reascension into Heaven.

DESCEND from Heaven, Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art called, whose voice divine
Following, above the Olympian hill I soar,
Above the flight of Pegasus wing!
The meaning, not the name, I call; for thou
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell'st; but, heavenly-born,
Before the hills appeared or fountain flowed,
Thou with Eternal Wisdom didst converse,
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play
In presence of the Almighty Father, pleased
With thy celestial song. Up led by thee,
Into the Heaven of Heavens I have presumed,
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,
Thy tempering. With like safety guided down,
Return me to my native element;
Lest, from this flying steed unreined (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime)
Dismounted, on the Aleian field I fall,
Erroneous there to wander and forlorn. Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
Within the visible Diurnal Sphere.
Standing on Earth, not rapt above the pole,
More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged
To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,
On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues,
In darkness, and with dangers compassed round,
And solitude; yet not alone, while thou

Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when Morn
Purples the East. Still govern thou my song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few. 30
But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian Bard
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
To rapture, till the savage clamour drowned
Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend
Her son. So fail not thou who thee implores;
For thou art heavenly, she an empty dream.
Say, Goddess, what ensued when Raphael,
The affable Archangel, had forewarned Adam, by dire example, to beware Apostasy, by what befell in Heaven To those apostates, lest the like befall In Paradise to Adam or his race, Charged not to touch the interdicted Tree, If they transgress, and slight that sole command,
So easily obeyed amid the choice
Of all tastes else to please their appetite, Though wandering. He, with his consorted Eve, 50
The story heard attentive, and was filled With admiration and deep muse, to hear Of things so high and strange — things to their thought
So unimaginable as hate in Heaven, And war so near the peace of God in bliss, With such confusion; but the evil, soon Driven back, redounded as a flood on those From whom it sprung, impossible to mix With blessedness. Whence Adam soon repented
The doubts that in his heart arose; and, now
Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know What nearer might concern him — how this 60
World
Of heaven and earth conspicuous first began;
When, and whereof, created; for what cause;
What within Eden, or without, was done Before his memory — as one whose drouth, Yet scarce allayed, still eyes the current stream,

Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,
Proceeded thus to ask his Heavenly Guest:—
“Great things, and full of wonder in our ears,
Far differing from this World, thou hast revealed,
Divine Interpreter! by favour sent
Down from the Empyrean to forewarn
Us timely of what might else have been our loss,
Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach;
For which to the infinitely Good we owe Immortal thanks, and his admonishment Receive with solemn purpose to observe Immutably his sovran will, the end Of what we are. But, since thou hast voutsafed
Gently, for our instruction, to impart Things above Earthly thought, which yet concerned
Our knowing, as to highest Wisdom seemed, Deign to descend now lower, and relate What may no less perhaps avail us known— How first began this Heaven which we behold
Distant so high, with moving fires adorned Innumerable; and this which yields or fills All space, the ambient Air, wide interfused,
Imbracing round this florid Earth; what cause
Moved the Creator, in his holy rest Through all eternity, so late to build In Chaos; and, the work begun, how soon Absolved: if unforbid thou mayst unfold What we not to explore the secrets ask Of his eternal empire, but the more To magnify his works the more we know. And the great Light of Day yet wants to run
Much of his race, though steep. Suspense in heaven
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he hears,
And longer will delay, to hear thee tell His generation, and the rising birth Of Nature from the unapparent Deep: Or, if the Star of Evening and the Moon Haste to thy audience, Night with her will bring
Silence, and Sleep listening to thee will watch;

Or we can bid his absence till thy song End, and dismiss thee ere the morning shine.”
Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought; And thus the godlike Angel answered mild:—
“This also thy request, with caution asked,
Obtain; though to recount almighty works What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend? Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve
To glorify the Maker, and infer Thee also happier, shall not be withheld Thy hearing. Such commission from above I have received, to answer thy desire Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abstain
To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope Things not revealed, which the invisible King,
Only Omniscent, hath suppressed in night, To none communicable in Earth or Heaven. Enough is left besides to search and know; But Knowledge is as food, and needs no less
Her temperance over appetite, to know In measure what the mind may well contain;
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind.
“Know then that, after Lucifer from Heaven
(So call him, brighter once amidst the host Of Angels than that star the stars among) Fell with his flaming Legions through the Deep
Into his place, and the great Son returned Victorious with his Saints, the Omnipotent Eternal Father from his Throne beheld Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake:—
“‘At least our envious foe hath failed, who thought
All like himself rebellious; by whose aid This inaccessible high strength, the seat Of Deity supreme, us dispossessed, He trusted to have seized, and into fraud Drew many whom their place knows here no more.
Yet far the greater part have kept, I see, Their station; Heaven, yet populous, retains

Number sufficient to possess her realms,
Though wide, and this high temple to frequent
With ministeries due and solemn rites.
But, lest his heart exalt him in the harm ¹⁵⁰
Already done, to have dispeopled Heaven —
My damage fondly deemed — I can repair
That detriment, if such it be to lose
Self-lost, and in a moment will create
Another world; out of one man a race
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
Not here, till, by degrees of merit raised,
They open to themselves at length the way
Up hither, under long obedience tried,
And Earth be changed to Heaven, and
Heaven to Earth, ¹⁶⁰
One kingdom, joy and union without end.
Meanwhile inhabit lax, ye Powers of
Heaven;
And thou, my Word, begotten Son, by thee
This I perform; speak thou, and be it done!
My overshadowing Spirit and might with
thee
I send along; ride forth, and bid the Deep
Within appointed bounds be heaven and
earth.
Boundless the Deep, because I am who fill
Infinitude; nor vacuous the space,
Though I, uncircumscribed, myself re-
tire, ¹⁷⁰
And put not forth my goodness, which is
free
To act or not. Necessity and Chance
Approach not me, and what I will is Fate.'
"So spake the Almighty; and to what
he spake
His Word, the Filial Godhead, gave effect.
Immediate are the acts of God, more swift
Than time or motion, but to human ears
Cannot without process' of speech be told,
So told as earthly notion can receive. ¹⁷⁹
Great triumph and rejoicing was in Heaven
When such was heard declared the Al-
mighty's will.
Glory they sung to the Most High, good-
will
To future men, and in their dwellings
peace —
Glory to Him whose just avenging ire
Had driven out the ungodly from his sight
And the habitations of the just; to Him
Glory and praise whose wisdom had or-
dained
Good out of evil to create — instead
Of Spirits malign, a better Race to bring

Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse
His good to worlds and ages infinite. ¹⁹¹
"So sang the Hierarchies. Meanwhile
the Son
On his great expedition now appeared,
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance
crowned
Of majesty divine, sapience and love
Immense; and all his Father in him shon.
About his chariot numberless were poured
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And Virtues, winged Spirits, and chariots
winged
From the armoury of God, where stand of
old ²⁰⁰
Myriads, between two brazen mountains
lodged
Against a solemn day, harnessed at hand,
Celestial equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit lived,
Attendant on their Lord. Heaven opened
wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory, in his powerful Word
And Spirit coming to create new worlds.
On Heavenly ground they stood, and from
the shore ²¹⁰
They viewed the vast immeasurable Abyss,
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turned by furious
winds
And surging waves, as mountains to as-
sault
Heaven's highth, and with the centre mix
the pole.
"Silence, ye troubled waves, and, thou
Deep, peace!"
Said then the omnific Word: 'your discord
end'
Nor stayed; but, on the wings of Cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into Chaos and the World unborn; ²²⁰
For Chaos heard his voice. Him all his
train
Followed in bright procession, to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then stayed the fervid wheels, and in his
hand
He took the golden compasses, prepared
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
This Universe, and all created things.
One foot he centred, and the other turned
Round through the vast profundity ob-
scure,

And said, 'Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds;
This be thy just circumference, O World !'
Thus God the Heaven created, thus the Earth,
Matter unformed and void. Darkness profound
Covered the Abyss; but on the watery calm
His brooding wings the Spirit of God out-spread,
And vital virtue infused, and vital warmth,
Throughout the fluid mass, but downward purged
The black, tartareous, cold, infernal dregs,
Adverse to life; then founded, then con-globed,
Like things to like, the rest to several place
Disparted, and between spun out the Air,
And Earth, self-balanced, on her centre hung.
"Let there be Light !" said God; and forthwith Light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
Sprung from the Deep, and from her native East
To journey through the aery gloom began,
Sphered in a radiant cloud — for yet the Sun
Was not; she in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourned the while. God saw the Light
was good;
And light from darkness by the hemisphere
Divided: Light the Day, and Darkness
Night,
He named. Thus was the first Day even
and morn;
Nor passed uncelebrated, nor unsung
By the celestial quires, when orient light
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld,
Birth-day of Heaven and Earth. With joy
and shout
The hollow universal orb they filled,
And touched their golden harps, and hymning praised
God and his works; Creator him they sung,
Both when first evening was, and when first morn.
"Again God said, 'Let there be firmament
Amid the waters, and let it divide
The waters from the waters !' And God made
The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
Transparent, elemental air, diffused
In circuit to the uttermost convex

Of this great round — partition firm and sure,
The waters underneath from those above
Dividing; for as Earth, so he the World
Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide
Crystallin ocean, and the loud misrule
Of Chaos far removed, lest fierce extremes
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:
And Heaven he named the Firmament.
So even
And morning chorus sung the second Day.
"The Earth was formed, but, in the womb as yet
Of waters, embryo immature, involved,
Appeared not; over all the face of Earth
Main ocean flowed, not idle, but, with warm
Prolifie humour softening all her globe,
Fermented the great mother to conceive,
Satiate with genial moisture; when God said,
'Be gathered now, ye waters under heaven,
Into one place, and let dry land appear !'
Immediately the mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the clouds; their tops ascend the sky.
So high as heaved the tumid hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters. Thither they
Hasted with glad precipitance, uprowled,
As drops on dust conglobing, from the dry:
Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,
For haste; such flight the great command
impressed
On the swift floods. As armies at the call
Of trumpet (for of armies thou hast heard)
Troop to their standard, so the watery throng,
Wave rowling after wave, where way they found —
If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,
Soft-ebbing; nor withstood them rock or hill;
But they, or underground, or circuit wide
With serpent error wandering, found their way,
And on the washy ooze deep channels wore:
Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,
All but within those banks where rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
The dry land Earth, and the great receptacle

Of congregated waters he called Seas;
And saw that it was good, and said, 'Let
the Earth
Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding
seed,³¹⁰

And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,
Whose seed is in herself upon the Earth !'
He scarce had said when the bare Earth,
till then

Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorned,
Brought forth the tender grass, whose ver-
dure clad
Her universal face with pleasant green;
Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden
flowered,

Opening their various colours, and made gay
Her bosom, smelling sweet; and, these
scarce blown,
Forth flourished thick the clustering vine,
forth crept³²⁰

The smelling gourd, up stood the corny reed
Imbattled in her field: add the humble
shrub,

And bush with frizzled hair implicit: last
Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and
spread
Their branches hung with copious fruit, or
gemmed

Their blossoms. With high woods the hills
were crowned,
With tufts the valleys and each fountain-
side,
With borders long the rivers, that Earth
now

Seemed like to Heaven, a seat where gods
might dwell,
Or wander with delight, and love to
haunt³³⁰
Her sacred shades; though God had yet
not rained

Upon the Earth, and man to till the ground
None was, but from the Earth a dewy
mist

Went up and watered all the ground, and
each
Plant of the field, which ere it was in the
Earth

God made, and every herb before it grew
On the green stem. God saw that it was
good;

So even and morn recorded the third Day.
" Again the Almighty spake, ' Let there
be Lights
High in the expanse of Heaven, to di-³⁴⁰
vide

The Day from Night; and let them be for
signs,
For seasons, and for days, and circling
years;

And let them be for lights, as I ordain
Their office in the firmament of heaven,
To give light on the Earth !' and it was so.
And God made two great Lights, great for
their use

To Man, the greater to have rule by day,
The less by night, alterne; and made the
Stars,

And set them in the firmament of heaven
To illuminate the Earth, and rule the
day³⁵⁰

In their vicissitude, and rule the night,
And light from darkness to divide. God
saw,

Surveying his great work, that it was good:
For, of celestial bodies, first the Sun
A mighty sphere he framed, unlightsome
first,

Though of ethereal mould; then formed
the Moon

Globose, and every magnitude of Stars,
And sowed with stars the heaven thick as a
field.

Of light by far the greater part he took,
Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and
placed³⁶⁰

In the Sun's orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid light, firm to retain
Her gathered beams, great palace now of
Light.

Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,
And hence the morning planet gilds her
horns;

By tincture or reflection they augment
Their small peculiar, though, from human
sight

So far remote, with diminution seen.
First in his east the glorious lamp was
seen,³⁷⁰

Regent of day, and all the horizon round
Invested with bright rays, jocond to run
His longitude through heaven's high-road:
the grey

Dawn, and the Pleiades, before him danced,
Shedding sweet influence. Less bright the
Moon,

But opposite in levelled west, was set,
His mirror, with full face borrowing her
light
From him; for other light she needed none

In that aspect, and still that distance keeps
Till night; then in the east her turn she
shines,
Revolved on heaven's great axle, and her
reign ³⁸⁰
With thousand lesser lights individual holds,
With thousand thousand stars, that then
appeared
Spangling the hemisphere. Then first
adorned
With her bright luminaries, that set and
rose,
Glad evening and glad morn crowned the
fourth Day.
“ And God said, ‘Let the waters gener-
ate
Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul;
And let Fowl fly above the earth, with
wings
Displayed on the open firmament of
heaven !’ ³⁹⁰
And God created the great Whales, and
each
Soul living, each that crept, which plente-
ously
The waters generated by their kinds,
And every bird of wing after his kind,
And saw that it was good, and blessed
them, saying,
‘ Be fruitful, multiply, and, in the seas,
And lakes, and running streams, the waters
fill;
And let the fowl be multiplied on the
earth !’
Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek
and bay,
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
Of fish that, with their fins and shining
scales,
Glide under the green wave in sculls that
oft
Bank the mid-sea. Part, single or with
mate,
Graze the sea-weed, their pasture, and
through groves
Of coral stray, or, sporting with quick
glance,
Shew to the sun their waved coats dropt
with gold,
Or, in their pearly shells at ease, attend
Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food
In jointed armour watch; on smooth the
seal
And bended dolphins play : part, huge of
bulk, ⁴¹⁰

Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their
gait,
Tempest the ocean. There Leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
Stretched like a promontory, sleeps or
swims,
And seems a moving land, and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea.
Meanwhile the tepid caves, and fens, and
shores,
Their brood as numerous hatch from the
egg, that soon,
Bursting with kindly rupture, forth dis-
closed
Their callow young; but feathered soon
and fledge ⁴²⁰
They summed their pens, and, soaring the
air sublime,
With clang despised the ground, under a
cloud
In prospect. There the eagle and the stork
On cliffs and cedar-tops their eyries build.
Part loosely wing the Region; part, more
wise,
In common, ranged in figure, wedge their
way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Their aerie caravan, high over seas
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing
Easing their flight: so steers the prudent
crane ⁴³⁰
Her annual voyage, borne on winds: the air
Floats as they pass, fanned with unnum-
bered plumes.
From branch to branch the smaller birds
with song
Solaced the woods, and spread their painted
wings,
Till even; nor then the solemn nightingal
Ceased warbling, but all night tuned her
soft lays.
Others, on silver lakes and rivers, bathed
Their downy breast; the swan, with archèd
neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly,
rows ⁴³⁹
Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit
The dank, and, rising on stiff pennons
tower
The mid aerial sky. Others on ground
Walked firm — the crested cock, whose
clarion sounds
The silent hours, and the other, whose gay
train
Adorns him, coloured with the florid hue

Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters
thus
With Fish replenished, and the air with
Fowl,
Evening and morn solemnized the fifth
Day.

“The sixth, and of Creation last, arose
With evening harps and matin; when God
said,

‘Let the Earth bring forth soul living in
her kind,
Cattle, and creeping things, and beast of
the earth,
Each in their kind !’ The Earth obeyed,
and, straight

Opening her fertil womb, teemed at a birth
Inumerous living creatures, perfect forms,
Limbed and full-grown. Out of the ground
up rose,

As from his lair, the wild beast, where he
wons

In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den —
Among the trees in pairs they rose, they
walked;

The cattle in the fields and meadows green:
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks
Pasturing at once and in broad herds, up-
sprung.

The grassy clods now calved; now half ap-
peared

The tawny Lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts — then springs, as broke
from bonds,

And rampant shakes his brindled mane;
the Ounce,

The Libbard, and the Tiger, as the Mole
Rising, the crumbled earth above them
threw

In hillocks; the swift Stag from under-
ground

Bore up his branching head; scarce from

his mould

Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheaved
His vastness; fleeced the flocks and bleat-
ing rose,

As plants; ambigious between sea and
land,

The River-horse and scaly Crocodile.

At once came forth whatever creeps the

ground,

Insect or worm. Those waved their limber

fans

For wings, and smallest lineaments exact

In all the liveries decked of summer’s

pride,

With spots of gold and purple, azure and
green;

These as a line their long dimension drew,
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace:
not all

Minims of nature; some of serpent kind,
Wondrous in length and corpulence, in-
volved

Their snaky folds, and added wings. First
crept

The parsimonious Emmet, provident
Of future, in small room large heart en-
closed —

Pattern of just equality perhaps
Hereafter — joined in her popular tribes
Of commonality. Swarming next appeared
The female Bee, that feeds her husband
drone

Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
With honey stored. The rest are number-
less,

And thou their natures know’st, and gav’st
them names,

Needless to thee repeated; nor unknown
The Serpent, subtlest beast of all the field,
Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen
eyes

And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.

“Now Heaven in all her glory shon,
and rowled

Her motions, as the great First Mover’s
hand

First wheeled their course; Earth, in her
rich attire

Consummate, lovely smiled; Air, Water,
Earth,

By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum,
was walked,

Frequent; and of the sixth Day yet re-
mained.

There wanted yet the master-work, the
end

Of all yet done — a creature who, not
prone

And brute as other creatures, but endued
With sanctity of reason, might erect
His stature, and, upright with front serene
Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from
thence

Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his
good

Descends; thither with heart, and voice,
and eyes

Directed in devotion, to adore
And worship God Supreme, who made him
chief
Of all his works. Therefore the Omnipotent
Eternal Father (for where is not He
Present ?) thus to his Son audibly spake:—
‘Let us make now Man in our image, Man
In our similitude, and let them rule 520
Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,
Beast of the field, and over all the earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the
ground !’
This said, he formed thee, Adam, thee, O
Man,
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils
breathed
The breath of life; in his own image he
Created thee, in the image of God
Express, and thou becam’st a living Soul.
Male he created thee, but thy consort
Female, for race; then blessed mankind,
and said, 530
‘Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the Earth;
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
Over fish of the sea, and fowl of the air,
And every living thing that moves on the
Earth !’
Wherever thus created — for no place
Is yet distinct by name — thence, as thou
know’st,
He brought thee into this delicious grove,
This Garden, planted with the trees of
God,
Delectable both to behold and taste,
And freely all their pleasant fruit for food
Gave thee. All sorts are here that all the
earth yields, 540
Variety without end; but of the tree
Which tasted works knowledge of good
and evil
Thou may’st not; in the day thou eat’st,
thou diest.
Death is the penalty imposed; beware,
And govern well thy appetite, lest Sin
Surprise thee, and her black attendant,
Death.
“Here finished He, and all that he had
made
Viewed, and, behold ! all was entirely
good.
So even and morn accomplished the sixth
Day; 550
Yet not till the Creator, from his work
Desisting, though unwearied, up returned,

Up to the Heaven of Heavens, his high
abode,
Thence to behold this new-created World,
The addition of his empire, how it shewed
In prospect from his Throne, how good,
how fair,
Answering his great Idea. Up he rode,
Followed with acclamation, and the sound
Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that
tuned
Angelio harmonies. The Earth, the Air
Resounded (thou remember’st, for thou
heard’st), 560
The heavens and all the constellations
rung,
The planets in their stations listening
stood,
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
‘Open, ye everlasting gates !’ they sung;
‘Open, ye Heavens, your living doors !’ let
in
The great Creator, from his work returned
Magnificent, his six days’ work, a World !
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will
deign
To visit oft the dwellings of just men 570
Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
Thither will send his wingèd messengers
On errands of supernal grace.’ So sung
The glorious train ascending. He through
Heaven,
That opened wide her blazing portals, led
To God’s eternal house direct the way —
A broad and ample road, whose dust is
gold,
And pavement stars, as stars to thee ap-
pear
Seen in the Galaxy, that milky way
Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest
Powdered with stars. And now on Earth
the seventh 580
Evening arose in Eden — for the sun
Was set, and twilight from the east came
on,
Forerunning night — when at the holy
mount
Of Heaven’s high-seated top, the imperial
throne
Of Godhead, fixed for ever firm and sure,
The Filial Power arrived, and sat him
down
With his great Father; for He also went
Invisible, yet stayed (such privilege
Hath Omnipresence) and the work or-
dained, 590

Author and end of all things, and, from work
 Now resting, blessed and hallowed the seventh Day,
 As resting on that day from all his work; But not in silence holy kept: the harp Had work, and rested not; the solemn pipe And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop, All sounds on fret by string or golden wire, Tempered soft tunings, intermixed with voice
 Choral or unison; of incense clouds, Fuming from golden censers, hid the Mount.
 Creation and the Six Days' acts they sung: —
 'Great are thy works, Jehovah ! infinite Thy power ! what thought can measure thee, or tongue
 Relate thee — greater now in thy return Than from the Giant-angels ? Thee that day
 Thy thunders magnified; but to create Is greater than created to destroy.
 Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
 Thy empire ? Easily the proud attempt Of Spirits apostat, and their counsels vain, Thou hast repelled, while impiously they thought
 Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw The number of thy worshipers. Who seeks To lessen thee, against his purpose, serves To manifest the more thy might; his evil

Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.
 Witness this new-made World, another Heaven
 From Heaven-gate not far, founded in view
 On the clear hyalin, the glassy sea; 619
 Of amplitude almost immense, with stars Numerous, and every star perhaps a world Of destined habitation — but thou know'st Their seasons; among these the seat of men,
 Earth, with her nether ocean circumfused, Their pleasant dwelling - place. Thrice happy men,
 And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanced,
 Created in his image, there to dwell And worship him, and in reward to rule Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,
 And multiply a race of worshipers 630
 Holy and just ! thrice happy, if they know Their happiness, and persevere upright ! '
 " So sung they, and the Empyrean rung With halleluiyahs. Thus was Sabbath kept. And thy request think now fulfilled, that asked
 How first this World and face of things began.
 And what before thy memory was done From the beginning, that posterity, Informed by thee, might know. If else thou seek'st
 Aught, not surpassing human measure, say." 640

BOOK VIII

THE ARGUMENT

Adam inquires concerning celestial motions; is doubtfully answered, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge. Adam assents, and, still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remembered since his own creation — his placing in Paradise; his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society; his first meeting and nuptials with Eve. His discourse with the Angel thereupon; who, after admonitions repeated, departs.

THE Angel ended, and in Adam's ear So charming left his voice that he a while Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed to hear;
 Then, as new-waked, thus gratefully replied: —

" What thanks sufficient, or what recom- pense
 Equal, have I to render thee, divine Historian, who thus largely hast allayed The thirst I had of knowledge, and vout- safed
 This friendly condescension to relate Things else by me unsearchable — now heard
 With wonder, but delight, and, as is due, 10 With glory attributed to the high Creator ? Something yet of doubt re- mains,
 Which only thy solution can resolve. When I behold this goodly frame, this World,
 Of Heaven and Earth consisting, and com- plete

Their magnitudes — this Earth, a spot, a grain,
 An atom, with the Firmament compared
 And all her numbered stars, that seem to rowl
 Spaces incomprehensible (for such ²⁰
 Their distance argues, and their swift return
 Diurnal) merely to officiate light
 Round this opacous Earth, this punctual spot,
 One day and night, in all their vast survey
 Useless besides — reasoning, I oft admire
 How Nature, wise and frugal, could commit
 Such disproportions, with superfluous hand
 So many nobler bodies to create,
 Greater so manifold, to this one use,
 For aught appears, and on their Orbs im-
 pose ³⁰
 Such restless revolution day by day
 Repeated, while the sedentary Earth,
 That better might with far less compass move,
 Served by more noble than herself, attains
 Her end without least motion, and receives,
 As tribute, such a sunless journey brought
 Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light:
 Speed, to describe whose swiftness number fails.”
 So spake our Sire, and by his countenance seemed
 Entering on studious thoughts abstruse; which Eve
 Perceiving, where she sat retired in sight, ⁴⁰
 With lowliness majestic from her seat,
 And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
 Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flowers,
 To visit how they prospered, bud and bloom,
 Her nursery; they at her coming sprung,
 And, touched by her fair tendance, gladlier grew.
 Yet went she not as not with such discourse
 Delighted, or not capable her ear
 Of what was high. Such pleasure she reserved, ⁵⁰
 Adam relating, she sole auditress;
 Her husband the relater she preferred
 Before the Angel, and of him to ask
 Chose rather; he, she knew, would intermix
 Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
 With conjugal caresses: from his lip

Not words alone pleased her. Oh, when meet now
 Such pairs, in love and mutual honour joined?
 With goddess-like demeanour forth she went,
 Not unattended; for on her as Queen ⁶⁰
 A pomp of winning Graces waited still,
 And from about her shot darts of desire
 Into all eyes, to wish her still in sight.
 And Raphael now to Adam's doubt proposed
 Benevolent and facile thus replied:—
 “To ask or search I blame thee not; for Heaven
 Is as the Book of God before thee set,
 Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn
 His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years.
 This to attain, whether Heaven move or Earth ⁷⁰
 Imports not, if thou reckon right; the rest
 From Man or Angel the great Architect Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge
 His secrets, to be scanned by them who ought
 Rather admire. Or, if they list to try Conjecture, he his fabric of the Heavens
 Hath left to their disputes — perhaps to move
 His laughter at their quaint opinions wide
 Hereafter, when they come to model Heaven,
 And calculate the stars; how they will wield ⁸⁰
 The mighty frame; how build, unbuild, contrive
 To save appearances; how gird the Sphere With Centric and Eccentric scribbled o'er,
 Cycle and Epicycle, orb in orb.
 Already by thy reasoning this I guess,
 Who art to lead thy offspring, and suppos- est
 That bodies bright and greater should not serve
 The less not bright, nor Heaven such journeys run,
 Earth sitting still, when she alone receives The benefit. Consider, first, that great ⁹⁰
 Or bright infers not excellence. The Earth, Though, in comparison of Heaven, so small,
 Nor glistering, may of solid good contain More plenty than the Sun that barren shines,

Whose virtue on itself works no effect,
But in the fruitful Earth; there first received,

His beams, unactive else, their vigour find.
Yet not to Earth are those bright lumina-

ries

Officious, but to thee, Earth's habitant.

And, for the Heaven's wide circuit, let it speak

The Maker's high magnificence, who built So spacious, and his line stretched out so far,

That Man may know he dwells not in his own —

An edifice too large for him to fill,
Lodged in a small partition, and the rest
Ordained for uses to his Lord best known.
The swiftness of those Circles a'tribute,
Though numberless, to his Omnipotence,
That to corporeal substances could add
Speed almost spiritual. Me thou think'st
not slow,

Who since the morning-hour set out from Heaven

Where God resides, and ere mid-day arrived
In Eden — distance inexpressible

By numbers that have name. But this I urge,

Admitting motion in the Heavens, to shew
Invalid that which thee to doubt it moved;
Not that I so affirm, though so it seem
To thee who hast thy dwelling here on Earth.

God, to remove his ways from human sense,

Placed Heaven from Earth so far, that earthly sight,

If it presume, might err in things too high,
And no advantage gain. What if the Sun
Be centre to the World, and other Stars,
By his attractive virtue and their own
Incited, dance about him various rounds?
Their wandering course, now high, now low,
then hid,

Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
In six thou seest; and what if, seventh to these,

The planet Earth, so steadfast though she seem,

Insensibly three different motions move? Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,

Moved contrary with thwart obliquities,
Or save the Sun his labour, and that swift
Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb supposed,

Invisible else above all stars, the wheel
Of Day and Night; which needs not thy belief,

If Earth, industrious of herself, fetch Day,
Travelling east, and with her part averse
From the Sun's beam meet Night, her other part

Still luminous by his ray. What if that light,

Sent from her through the wide transpiciuous air,

To the terrestrial Moon be as a star,
Enlightening her by day, as she by night
This Earth — reciprocal, if land be there,
Fields and inhabitants? Her spots thou seest

As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce

Fruits in her softened soil, for some to eat
Allotted there; and other Suns, perhaps,
With their attendant Moons, thou wilt des-
crys,

Communicating male and female light —
Which two great sexes animate the World,
Stored in each Orb perhaps with some that live.

For such vast room in Nature unpossessed
By living soul, desert and desolate,
Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute
Each Orb a glimpse of light, conveyed so far

Down to this habitable, which returns
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.
But whether thus these things, or whether not —

Whether the Sun, predominant in heaven,

Rise on the Earth, or Earth rise on the Sun;
He from the east his flaming road begin,
Or she from west her silent course advance
With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps
On her soft axle, while she paces even,
And bears thee soft with the smooth air along —

Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid:
Leave them to God above; him serve and fear.

Of other creatures as him pleases best,
Wherever placed, let him dispose; joy thou

In what he gives to thee, this Paradise
And thy fair Eve; Heaven is for thee too high

To know what passes there. Be lowly wise;

Think only what concerns thee and thy being;
Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there
Live, in what state, condition, or degree —
Contented that thus far hath been revealed
Not of Earth only, but of highest Heaven."

To whom thus Adam, cleared of doubt,
replied: —

" How fully hast thou satisfied me, pure
Intelligence of Heaven, Angel serene,
And, freed from intricacies, taught to live
The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts

To interrupt the sweet of life, from which
God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,
And not molest us, unless we ourselves
Seek them with wandering thoughts, and notions vain !

But apt the mind or fancy is to rove
Unchecked; and of her roving is no end,
Till, warned, or by experience taught, she learn

That not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom: what is more is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,
And renders us in things that most concern

Unpractised, unprepared, and still to seek.
Therefore from this high pitch let us descend

A lower flight, and speak of things at hand
Useful; whence, haply, mention may arise
Of something not unseasonable to ask,
By sufferance, and thy wonted favour, deigned.

Thee I have heard relating what was done
Ere my remembrance; now hear me relate
My story, which, perhaps, thou hast not heard.

And day is yet not spent; till then thou seest

How subtly to detain thee I devise,
Inviting thee to hear while I relate —
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply.
For, while I sit with thee, I seem in Heaven;

And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
Than fruits of palm-tree, pleasantest to thirst

And hunger both, from labour, at the hour
Of sweet repast. They satiate, and soon
fill,
Though pleasant; but thy words, with grace divine
Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety."

To whom thus Raphael answered, heavenly meek: —

" Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of Men,
Nor tongue inelegant; for God on thee
Abundantly his gifts hath also poured,
Inward and outward both, his image fair:
Speaking, or mute, all comeliness and grace
Attends thee, and each word, each motion, forms.

Nor less think we in Heaven of thee on Earth

Than of our fellow-servant, and inquire
Gladly into the ways of God with Man;
For God, we see, hath honoured thee, and set

On Man his equal love. Say therefore on;
For I that day was absent, as befell,
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,
Far on excursion toward the gates of Hell,
Squared in full legion (such command we had),

To see that none thence issued forth a spy
Or enemy, while God was in his work,
Lest he, incensed at such eruption bold,
Destruction with Creation might have mixed.

Not that they durst without his leave attempt;

But us he sends upon his high behests
For state, as sovran King, and to insure
Our prompt obedience. Fast we found,
fast shut,

The dismal gates, and barricadoed strong,
But, long ere our approaching, heard within

Noise, other than the sound of dance or song —

Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.
Glad we returned up to the coasts of Light
Ere Sabbath-evening; so we had in charge.
But thy relation now; for I attend,
Pleased with thy words no less than thou with mine."

So spake the godlike Power, and thus our Sire: —

" For Man to tell how human life began
Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?
Desire with thee still longer to converse

Induced me. As new-waked from soundest sleep,
 Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid,
 In balmy sweat, which with his beams the Sun
 Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed.
 Straight toward Heaven my wondering eyes I turned,
 And gazed a while the ample sky, till, raised
 By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung, 253
 As thitherward endeavouring, and upright Stood on my feet. About me round I saw Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
 And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these, Creatures that lived and moved, and walked or flew,
 Birds on the branches warbling: all things smiled;
 With fragrance and with joy my heart o'er-flowed.
 Myself I then perused, and limb by limb Surveyed, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
 With supple joints, as lively vigour led; But who I was, or where, or from what cause, 270
 Knew not. To speak I tried, and forth-with spake;
 My tongue obeyed, and readily could name Whate'er I saw. 'Thou Sun,' said I, 'fair light,
 And thou enlightened Earth, so fresh and gay,
 Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
 And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
 Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here! Not of myself; by some great Maker then, In goodness and in power pre-eminent. Tell me, how may I know him, how adore, From whom I have that thus I move and live, 281
 And feel that I am happier than I know! While thus I called, and strayed I knew not whither, From where I first drew air, and first beheld This happy light, when answer none returned,
 On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers,

Pensive I sat me down. There gentle sleep First found me, and with soft oppression seized My drowsed sense, untroubled, though I thought I then was passing to my former state 290 Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve: When suddenly stood at my head a Dream, Whose inward apparition gently moved My fancy to believe I yet had being, And lived. One came, methought, of shape divine, And said, 'Thy mansion wants thee, Adam; rise, First Man, of men innumerable ordained First father! called by thee, I come thy guide To the Garden of bliss, thy seat prepared.' So saying, by the hand he took me, raised, And over fields and waters, as in air 301 Smooth sliding without step, last led me up A woody mountain, whose high top was plain, A circuit wide, enclosed, with goodliest trees Planted, with walks and bowers, that what I saw Of Earth before scarce pleasant seemed. Each tree Loaden with fairest fruit, that hung to the eye Tempting, stirred in me sudden appetite To pluck and eat; whereat I waked, and found Before mine eyes all real, as the dream 310 Had lively shadowed. Here had new begun My wandering, had not He who was my guide Up hither from among the trees appeared, Presence Divine. Rejoicing, but with awe, In adoration at his feet I fell Submiss. He reared me, and, 'Whom thou sought'st I am,' Said mildly, 'Author of all this thou seest Above, or round about thee, or beneath. This Paradise I give thee; count it thine To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat. 320 Of every tree that in the Garden grows Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth. But of the tree whose operation brings Knowledge of Good and Ill, which I have set,

The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,
Amid the garden by the Tree of Life —
Remember what I warn thee — shun to
taste,

And shun the bitter consequence: for know,
The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole com-
mand

Transgressed, inevitably thou shalt die, 330
From that day mortal, and this happy state
Shalt lose, expelled from hence into a
world

Of woe and sorrow.' Sternly he pro-
nounced

The rigid interdiction, which resounds
Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my
choice

Not to incur; but soon his clear aspect'
Returned, and gracious purpose thus re-
newed: —

' Not only these fair bounds, but all the
Earth

To thee and to thy race I give; as lords
Possess it, and all things that therein
live,

Or live in sea or air, beast, fish, and fowl.
In sign whereof, each bird and beast be-
hold

After their kinds; I bring them to receive
From thee their names, and pay thee fealty
With low subjection. Understand the same
Of fish within their watery residence,
Not hither summoned, since they cannot
change

Their element to draw the thinner air.'
As thus he spake, each bird and beast be-
hold

Approaching two and two — these cower-
ing low 350
With blandishment; each bird stooped on
his wing.

I named them as they passed, and under-
stood

Their nature; with such knowledge God
endued

My sudden apprehension. But in these
I found not what methought I wanted
still,

And to the Heavenly Vision thus pre-
sumed: —

“ ‘ O, by what name — for Thou above
all these,

Above mankind, or aught than mankind
higher,

Surpassest far my naming — how may I
Adore thee, Author of this Universe, 360

And all this good to Man, for whose well-
being

So amply, and with hands so liberal,
Thou hast provided all things ? But with
me

I see not who partakes. In solitude
What happiness ? who can enjoy alone,
Or, all enjoying, what contentment find ?'
Thus I, presumptuous; and the Vision
bright,

As with a smile more brightened, thus re-
plied: —

“ ‘ What call'st thou solitude ? Is not
the Earth 369
With various living creatures, and the Air,
Replenished, and all these at thy command
To come and play before thee ? Know'st
thou not

Their language and their ways ? They
also know,
And reason not contemptibly; with these
Find pastime, and bear rule; thy realm is
large.'

So spake the Universal Lord and seemed
So ordering. I, with leave of speech im-
plored,

And humble deprecation, thus replied: —

“ ‘ Let not my words offend thee, Hea-
venly Power;

My Maker, be propitious while I speak. 384
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
And these inferior far beneath me set ?

Among unequals what society
Can sort, what harmony or true delight ?
Which must be mutual, in proportion due
Given and received; but, in disparity,
The one intense, the other still remiss,
Cannot well suit with either, but soon
prove

Tedious alike. Of fellowship I speak
Such as I seek, fit to participate 399

All rational delight, wherein the brute
Cannot be human consort. They rejoice
Each with their kind, lion with lioness;
So fitly them in pairs thou hast combined:
Much less can bird with beast, or fish with
fowl,

So well converse, nor with the ox the ape;
Worse, then, can man with beast, and least
of all.'

“ ‘ Whereto the Almighty answered, not
displeased: —

‘ A nice and subtle happiness, I see,
Thou to thyself proposest, in the choice 400
Of thy associates, Adam, and wilt taste

No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.
What think'st thou, then, of Me, and this
my state?

Seem I to thee sufficiently possessed
Of happiness, or not, who am alone
From all eternity? for none I know
Second to me or like, equal much less.
How have I, then, with whom to hold con-
verse,

Save with the creatures which I made, and
those

To me inferior infinite descents
Beneath what other creatures are to thee?⁴¹⁰
"He ceased. I lowly answered:—'To
attain

The highth and depth of thy eternal ways
All human thoughts come short, Supreme
of Things!

Thou in thyself art perfet, and in Thee
Is no deficiency found. Not so is Man,
But in degree — the cause of his desire
By conversation with his like to help
Or solace his defects. No need that thou
Should'st propagate, already infinite,⁴²⁰
And through all numbers absolute, though

One;

But Man by number is to manifest
His single imperfection, and beget
Like of his like, his image multiplied,
In unity defective; which requires
Collateral love, and dearest amity.

Thou, in thy secrecy although alone,
Best with thyself accompanied, seek'st not
Social communication — yet, so pleased,
Canst raise thy creature to what highth
thou wilt

⁴³⁰

Of union or communion, deified;
I, by conversing, cannot these erect
From prone, nor in their ways complacence
find.'

Thus I emboldened spake, and freedom
used

Permissive, and acceptance found; which
gained

This answer from the gratious Voice Di-
vine:—

"Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was
pleased,
And find thee knowing not of beasts alone,
Which thou hast rightly named, but of
thyself —

Expressing well the spirit within thee free,
My image, not imparted to the brute;⁴⁴¹
Whose fellowship, therefore, unmeet for
thee,

Good reason was thou freely shouldst dis-
like.

And be so minded still. I, ere thou spak'st,
Knew it not good for Man to be alone,
And no such company as then thou saw'st
Intended thee — for trial only brought,
To see how thou couldst judge of fit and
meet.

What next I bring shall please thee, be
assured,

Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,
Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.⁴⁴⁹

"He ended, or I heard no more; for
now

My earthly, by his heavenly overpowered,
Which it had long stood under, strained to
the highth

In that celestial colloquy sublime,
As with an object that excels the sense,
Dazzled and spent, sunk down, and sought
repair

Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, ealled
By Nature as in aid, and closed mine eyes.
Mine eyes he closed, but open left the cell
Of fancy, my internal sight; by which,⁴⁶¹
Abstract as in a trance, methought I saw,
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the
Shape

Still glorious before whom awake I stood;
Who, stooping, opened my left side, and
took

From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,
And life-blood streaming fresh; wide was
the wound,

But suddenly with flesh filled up and healed.
The rib he formed and fashioned with his
hands;

Under his forming hands a creature grew,
Man-like, but different sex, so lovely fair
That what seemed fair in all the world
seemed now

Mean, or in her summed up, in her con-
tained

And in her looks, which from that time in-
fused

Sweetness into my heart unfelt before,
And into all things from her air inspired
The spirit of love and amorous delight.

She disappeared, and left me dark; I waked
To find her, or for ever to deplore

Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:
When, out of hope, behold her not far off,
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorned
With what all Earth or Heaven could be-
stow

To make her amiable. On she came,
Led by her Heavenly Maker, though unseen

And guided by his voice, nor uninformed
Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites.

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,

In every gesture dignity and love. 489
I, overjoyed, could not forbear aloud:—

“ This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfilled

Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
Giver of all things fair—but fairest this
Of all thy gifts! — nor enviest. I now see
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, my Self
Before me. Woman is her name, of Man
Extracted; for this cause he shall forgo
Father and mother, and to his wife adhere,
And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.’

“ She heard me thus; and, though divinely brought, 500

Yet innocence and virgin modesty,
Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,
That would be wooed, and not unsought
be won,

Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retired,
The more desirable — or, to say all,
Nature herself, though pure of sinful
thought —

Wrought in her so, that, seeing me, she turned.

I followed her; she what was honour knew,
And with obsequious majesty approved 509
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower
I led her blushing like the Morn; all Heaven,

And happy constellations, on that hour
Shed their selectest influence; the Earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle
airs

Whispered it to the woods, and from their wings

Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub,

Disporting, till the amorous bird of night
Sung spousal, and bid haste the Evening-star

On his hill-top to light the bridal lamp. 520
“ Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought

My story to the sum of earthly bliss
Which I enjoy, and must confess to find
In all things else delight indeed, but such

As, used or not, works in the mind no change,

Nor vehement desire — these delicacies
I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits,
and flowers,

Walks, and the melody of birds: but here,
Far otherwise, transported I behold, 529
Transported touch; here passion first I
felt,

Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else
Superior and unmoved, here only weak
Against the charm of beauty’s powerful
glance.

Or Nature failed in me, and left some part
Not proof enough such object to sustain,
Or, from my side subducting, took perhaps
More than enough — at least on her be-
stowed

Too much of ornament, in outward show
Elaborate, of inward less exact.

For well I understand in the prime end 540
Of Nature her the inferior, in the mind
And inward faculties, which most excel;
In outward also her resembling less
His image who made both, and less ex-
pressing

The character of that dominion given
O’er other creatures. Yet when I ap-
proach

Her loveliness, so absolute she seems 547
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.
All higher Knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded; Wisdom in discourse with her
Loses, discountenanced, and like Folly
shews;

Authority and Reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally; and, to consum’mate all,
Greatness of mind and nobleness their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic placed.”

To whom the Angel, with contracted brow: — 560

“ Accuse not Nature! she hath done her
part;

Do thou but thine! and be not diffident
Of Wisdom; she deserts thee not, if thou
Dismiss not her, when most thou need’st
her nigh,

By attributing overmuch to things
Less excellent, as thou thyself perceiv’st.
For, what admir’st thou, what transports
thee so?

An outside — fair, no doubt, and worthy well
 Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love;
 Not thy subjection. Weigh with her thyself; ⁵⁷⁰
 Then value. Oft - times nothing profits more
 Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right
 Well managed. Of that skill the more thou know'st,
 The more she will acknowledge thee her head,
 And to realities yield all her shows —
 Made so adorn for thy delight the more,
 So awful, that with honour thou may'st love
 Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.
 But, if the sense of touch, whereby mankind
 Is propagated, seem such dear delight ⁵⁸⁰
 Beyond all other, think the same voutsafed
 To cattle and each beast; which would not be
 To them made common and divulged, if aught
 Therein enjoyed were worthy to subdue
 The soul of Man, or passion in him move.
 What higher in her society thou find'st
 Attractive, human, rational, love still:
 In loving thou dost well; in passion not,
 Wherein true Love consists not. Love refines
 The thoughts, and heart enlarges — hath his seat ⁵⁹⁰
 In Reason, and is judicious, is the scale
 By which to Heavenly Love thou may'st ascend,
 Not sunk in carnal pleasure; for which cause
 Among the beasts no mate for thee was found."

To whom thus, half abashed, Adam replied: —

" Neither her outside formed so fair, nor aught
 In procreation, common to all kinds
 (Though higher of the genial bed by far,
 And with mysterious reverence, I deem),
 So much delights me as those graceful acts, ⁶⁰⁰
 Those thousand decencies, that daily flow
 From all her words and actions, mixed with love

And sweet compliance, which declare unfeigned
 Union of mind, or in us both one soul —
 Harmony to behold in wedded pair
 More grateful than harmonious sound to the ear.
 Yet these subject not; I to thee disclose
 What inward thence I feel, not therefore foiled,
 Who meet with various objects, from the sense
 Variously representing, yet, still free, ⁶¹⁰
 Approve the best, and follow what I approve.
 To love thou blam'st me not — for Love, thou say'st,
 Leads up to Heaven, is both the way and guide;
 Bear with me, then, if lawful what I ask.
 Love not the Heavenly Spirits, and how their love
 Express they — by looks only, or do they mix
 Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch ?"
 To whom the Angel, with a smile that glowed
 Celestial rosy-red, Love's proper hue,
 Answered: — " Let it suffice thee that thou know'st ⁶²⁰
 Us happy, and without Love no happiness.
 Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st
 (And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
 In eminence, and obstacle find none
 Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars.
 Easier than air with air, if Spirits embrace,
 Total they mix, union of pure with pure
 Desiring, nor restrained conveyance need
 As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.
 But I can now no more: the parting Sun
 Beyond the Earth's green Cape and verdant Isles ⁶³⁰
 Hesperean sets, my signal to depart.
 Be strong, live happy, and love ! but first
 of all
 Him whom to love is to obey, and keep
 His great command; take heed lest passion
 sway
 Thy judgment to do aught which else free-will
 Would not admit; thine and of all thy sons
 The weal or woe in thee is placed; beware !
 I in thy persevering shall rejoice,

And all the Blest. Stand fast; to stand or
fall 640
Free in thine own arbitrement it lies.
Perfet within, no outward aid require;
And all temptation to transgress repel.”
So saying, he arose; whom Adam thus
Followed with benediction: — “ Since to
part,
Go, Heavenly Guest, Ethereal Messenger,

Sent from whose sovran goodness I adore!
Gentle to me and affable hath been
Thy condescension, and shall be honoured
ever 649
With grateful memory. Thou to Mankind
Be good and friendly still, and oft return!”
So parted they, the Angel up to Heaven
From the thick shade, and Adam to his
bower.

BOOK IX

THE ARGUMENT

Satan, having compassed the Earth, with meditated
guile returns as a mist by night into Paradise; enters
into the Serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning
go forth to their labours, which Eve proposes to
divide in several places, each labouring apart: Adam
consents not, alleging the danger lest that Enemy of
whom they were forewarned should attempt her found
alone. Eve, loth to be thought not circumspect or firm
enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to
make trial of her strength; Adam at last yields. The
Serpent finds her alone: his subtle approach, first gazing,
then speaking, with much flattery extolling Eve
above all other creatures. Eve, wondering to hear the
Serpent speak, asks how he attained to human speech
and such understanding not till now; the Serpent an-
swers that by tasting of a certain Tree in the Garden
he attained both to speech and reason, till then void of
both. Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and
finds it to be the Tree of Knowledge forbidden: the
Serpent, now grown bolder, with many wiles and argu-
ments induces her at length to eat. She, pleased with
the taste, deliberates a while whether to impart thereof
to Adam or not; at last brings him of the fruit; relates
what persuaded her to eat thereof. Adam, at first
amazed, but perceiving her lost, resolves, through ve-
nemence of love, to perish with her, and, extenuating the
trespass, eats also of the fruit. The effects thereof in
them both; they seek to cover their nakedness; then
fall to variance and accusation of one another.

No more of talk where God or Angel
Guest
With Man, as with his friend, familiar
used
To sit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repast, permitting him the while
Venial discourse unblamed. I now must
change
Those notes to tragic — foul distrust, and
breach
Disloyal, on the part of man, revolt
And disobedience; on the part of Heaven,
Now alienated, distance and distaste,
Anger and just rebuke, and judgment
given,
That brought into this World a world of
woe,
Sin and her shadow Death, and Misery,

Death’s harbinger. Sad task! yet argu-
ment
Not less but more heroic than the wraught
Of stern Achilles on his foe pursued
Thrice fugitive about Troy wall; or rage
Of Turnus for Lavinia disespoused;
Or Neptune’s ire, or Juno’s, that so long
Perplexed the Greek, and Cytherea’s son:
If answerable style I can obtain 20
Of my celestial Patroness, who deigns
Her nightly visitation unimplored,
And dictates to me slumbering, or inspires
Easy my unpremeditated verse,
Since first this subject for heroic song
Pleased me, long choosing and beginning
late,
Not sedulous by nature to indite
Wars, hitherto the only argument
Heroic deemed, chief maistrie to dissect
With long and tedious havoc fabled
knights 30

In battles feigned (the better fortitude
Of patience and heroic martyrdom
Unsung), or to describe races and games,
Or tilting furniture, emblazoned shields,
Impreses quaint, caparisons and steeds,
Bases and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights

At joust and tournament; then marshalled
feast

Served up in hall with sewers and seneshals:
The skill of artifice or office mean;
Not that which justly gives heroic name 40
To person or to poem! Me, of these
Nor skilled nor studious, higher argument
Remains, sufficient of itself to raise
That name, unless an age too late, or cold
Climat, or years, damp my intended wing
Depressed; and much they may if all be
mine,

Not Hers who brings it nightly to my ear.
The Sun was sunk, and after him the
Star
Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring
Twilight upon the Earth, short arbiter 50

Twixt day and night, and now from end to end
 Night's hemisphere had veiled the horizon round,
 When Satan, who late fled before the threats
 Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improved
 In meditated fraud and malice, bent
 On Man's destruction, maugre what might hap
 Of heavier on himself, fearless returned.
 By night he fled, and at midnight returned
 From compassing the Earth — cautious of day
 Since Uriel, Regent of the Sun, descried ⁶⁰
 His entrance, and forewarned the Cherubim
 That kept their watch. Thence, full of anguish, driven,
 The space of seven continued nights he rode
 With darkness — thrice the equinoctial line
 He circled, four times crossed the ear of Night
 From pole to pole, traversing each colure —
 On the eighth returned, and on the coast averse
 From entrance or cherubic watch by stealth
 Found unsuspected way. There was a place
 (Now not, though Sin, not Time, first wraught the change) ⁷⁰
 Where Tigris, at the foot of Paradise,
 Into a gulf shot under ground, till part
 Rose up a fountain by the Tree of Life.
 In with the river sunk, and with it rose,
 Satan, involved in rising mist; then sought
 Where to lie hid. Sea he had searched and land
 From Eden over Pontus, and the Pool
 Maeotis, up beyond the river Ob;
 Downward as far antarctic; and, in length,
 West from Orontes to the ocean barred ⁸⁰
 At Darien, thence to the land where flows
 Ganges and Indus. Thus the orb he roamed
 With narrow search, and with inspection deep
 Considered every creature, which of all
 Most opportune might serve his wiles, and found
 The Serpent subtlest beast of all the field.
 Him, after long debate, irresolute
 Of thoughts revolved, his final sentence chose
 Fit vessel, fittest Imp of fraud, in whom
 To enter, and his dark suggestions hide ⁹⁰
 From sharpest sight; for in the wily snake

Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,
 As from his wit and native subtlety
 Proceeding, which, in other beasts observed,
 Doubt might beget of diabolic power
 Active within beyond the sense of brute.
 Thus he resolved, but first from inward grief
 His bursting passion into plaints thus poured: —
 “O Earth, how like to Heaven, if not preferred
 More justly, seat worthier of Gods, as built ¹⁰⁰
 With second thoughts, reforming what was old !
 For what God, after better, worse would build ?
 Terrestrial Heaven, danced round by other Heavens,
 That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,
 Light above light, for thee alone, as seems,
 In thee concentrating all their precious beams
 Of sacred influence ! As God in Heaven
 Is centre, yet extends to all, so thou
 Centring receiv'st from all those orbs; in thee,
 Not in themselves, all their known virtue appears, ¹¹⁰
 Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth
 Of creatures animate with gradual life
 Of growth, sense, reason, all summed up in Man.
 With what delight could I have walked thee round,
 If I could joy in aught — sweet interchange
 Of hill and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,
 Now land, now sea, and shores with forest crowned,
 Rocks, dens, and caves ! But I in none of these
 Find place or refuge; and the more I see
 Pleasures about me, so much more I feel ¹²⁰
 Torment within me, as from the hateful
 siege
 Of contraries; all good to me becomes
 Bane, and in Heaven much worse would be
 my state.
 But neither here seek I, no, nor in Heaven,
 To dwell, unless by maistring Heaven's Supreme;
 Nor hope to be myself less miserable
 By what I seek, but others to make such
 As I, though thereby worse to me redound.

For only in destroying I find ease
To my relentless thoughts; and him de-
stroyed,¹³⁰

Or won to what may work his utter loss,
For whom all this was made, all this will
soon

Follow, as to him linked in weal or woe:
In woe then, that destruction wide may
range!

To me shall be the glory sole among
The Infernal Powers, in one day to have
marred

What he, Almighty styled, six nights and
days
Continued making, and who knows how long
Before had been contriving? though per-
haps

Not longer than since I in one night freed¹⁴⁰
From servitude inglorious well nigh half
The Angelic Name, and thinner left the
throng

Of his adorers. He, to be avenged,
And to repair his numbers thus impaired —
Whether such virtue, spent of old, now
failed

More Angels to create (if they at least
Are his created), or to spite us more —
Determined to advance into our room
A creature formed of earth, and him endow,
Exalted from so base original,¹⁵⁰
With heavenly spoils, our spoils. What he
decreed

He effected; Man he made, and for him
built

Magnificent this World, and Earth his seat,
Him Lord pronounced, and, O indignity!
Subjected to his service Angel-wings
And flaming ministers, to watch and tend
Their earthy charge. Of these the vigi-
lance

I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist
Of midnight vapour, glide obscure, and pry
In every bush and brake, where hap may
find

The Serpent sleeping, in whose mazy folds
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
O foul descent! that I, who erst contended
With Gods to sit the highest, am now con-
strained

Into a beast, and, mixed with bestial slime,
This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
That to the hight of deity aspired!
But what will not ambition and revenge
Descend to? Who aspires must down as
low

As high he soared, obnoxious, first or last,¹⁷⁰
To basest things. Revenge, at first though
sweet,

Bitter ere long back on itself recoils.
Let it; Ireck not, so it light well aimed,
Since higher I fall short, on him who next
Provokes my envy, this new favourite
Of Heaven, this Man of Clay, son of de-
spite,
Whom, us the more to spite, his Maker
raised
From dust: spite then with spite is best re-
paid."

So saying, through each thicket, dank or
dry,
Like a black mist low-creeping, he held
on¹⁸⁰
His midnight search, where soonest he
might find
The Serpent. Him fast sleeping soon he
found,
In labyrinth of many a round self-rowled,
His head the midst, well stored with subtle
wiles:

Not yet in horrid shade or dismal den:
Nor nocent yet, but on the grassy herb,
Fearless, unfear'd, he slept. In at his
mouth

The Devil entered, and his brutal sense,
In heart or head, possessing soon inspired
With act intelligent; but his sleep¹⁹⁰
Disturbed not, waiting close the approach
of morn.

Now, whenas sacred light began to dawn
In Eden on the humid flowers, that breathed
Their morning incense, when all things that
breathe

From the Earth's great altar send up silent
praise

To the Creator, and his nostrils fill
With grateful smell, forth came the human
pair,

And joined their vocal worship to the quire
Of creatures wanting voice; that done, par-
take

The season, prime for sweetest scents and
airs;²⁰⁰
Then com'mune how that day they best may
ply

Their growing work — for much their work
outgrew

The hands' dispatch of two gardening so
wide:

And Eve first to her husband thus began: —
"Adam, well may we labour still to dress

This Garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flower,
Our pleasant task enjoined; but, till more hands

Aid us, the work under our labour grows,
Luxurious by restraint: what we by day
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
One night or two with wanton growth de-
rides,
Tending to wild. Thou, therefore, now advise,
Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present.

Let us divide our labours — thou where choice
Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind

The woodbine round this arbour, or direct
The clasping ivy where to climb; while I
In yonder spring of roses intermixed
With myrtle find what to redress till noon.
For, while so near each other thus all day
Our task we choose, what wonder if so near

Looks intervene and smiles, or objects new
Casual discourse draw on, which intermits
Our day's work, brought to little, though begun

Early, and the hour of supper comes un-
earned ! ”

To whom mild answer Adam thus re-
turned: —

“ Sole Eve, associate sole, to me beyond
Compare above all living creatures dear !
Well hast thou motioned, well thy thoughts
employed

How we might best fulfil the work which here

God hath assigned us, nor of me shalt pass
Unpraised; for nothing lovelier can be found

In woman than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to pro-
mote.

Yet not so strictly hath our Lord imposed
Labour as to debar us when we need
Refreshment, whether food, or talk be-
tween,
Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse
Of looks and smiles; for smiles from reason
flow

To brute denied, and are of love the food —
Love, not the lowest end of human life.
For not to irksome toil, but to delight,
He made us, and delight to reason joined.

These paths and bowers doubt not but our joint hands
Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide
As we need walk, till younger hands ere long

Assist us. But, if much converse perhaps Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield;
For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.
But other doubt possesses me, lest harm
Befall thee, severed from me; for thou know'st

What hath been warned us — what malitious foe,
Envying our happiness, and of his own

Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame

By sly assault, and somewhere nigh at hand
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find

His wish and best advantage, us asunder,
Hopeless to circumvent us joined, where each

To other speedy aid might lend at need.
Whether his first design be to withdraw
Our fealty from God, or to disturb
Conjugal love — than which perhaps no bliss

Enjoyed by us excites his envy more —
Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side

That gave thee being, still shades thee and protects.

The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.”

To whom the virgin majesty of Eve,
As one who loves, and some unkindness
meets,
With sweet austere composure thus re-
plied: —

“ Offspring of Heaven and Earth, and all Earth's lord !

That such an Enemy we have, who seeks
Our ruin, both by thee informed I learn,
And from the parting Angel overheard,
As in a shady nook I stood behind,
Just then returned at shut of evening flow-
ers.

But that thou shouldst my firmness there-
fore doubt

To God or thee, because we have a foe

May tempt it, I expected not to hear.
His violence thou fear'st not, being such
As we, not capable of death or pain,
Can either not receive, or can repel.
His fraud is, then, thy fear; which plain
infers

Thy equal fear that my firm faith and love
Can by his fraud be shaken or seduced:
Thoughts, which how found they harbour
in thy breast,
Adam! misthought of her to thee so dear?"

To whom, with healing words, Adam re-
plied:—

" Daughter of God and Man, immortal
Eve! —
For such thou art, from sin and blame en-
tire —

Not diffident of thee do I dissuade
Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid
The attempt itself, intended by our Foe.
For he who tempts, though in vain, at least
asperses

The tempted with dishonour foul, supposed
Not incorruptible of faith, not proof
Against temptation. Thou thyself with
scorn

And anger wouldest resent the offered
wrong,

Though ineffectual found; misdeem not,
then,

If such affront I labour to avert
From thee alone, which on us both at once
The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare;
Or, daring, first on me the assault shall
light.

Nor thou his malice and false guile con-
temn —

Subtile he needs must be who could seduce
Angels — nor think superfluous others' aid.
I from the influence of thy looks receive
Access in every virtue — in thy sight

More wise, more watchful, stronge; if need
were

Of outward strength; while shame, thou
looking on,
Shame to be overcome or overreached,
Would utmost vigour raise, and raised
unite.

Why shouldst not thou like sense within
thee feel

When I am present, and thy trial choose
With me, best witness of thy virtue tried?"

So spake domestic Adam in his care
And matrimonial love; but Eve, who
thought

Less attributed to her faith sincere,
Thus her reply with accent sweet re-
newed:—

" If this be our condition, thus to dwell
In narrow circuit straitened by a Foe,
Subtle or violent, we not endued
Single with like defence wherever met,
How are we happy, still in fear of harm?
But harm precedes not sin: only our Foe
Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem
Of our integrity: his foul esteem
Sticks no dishonour on our front, but turns
Foul on himself; then wherefore shunned
or feared

By us, who rather double honour gain
From his surmise proved false, find peace
within,
Favour from Heaven, our witness, from the
event?

And what is faith, love, virtue, unassayed
Alone, without exterior help sustained?
Let us not then suspect our happy state
Left so imperfect by the Maker wise
As not secure to single or combined.

Frail is our happiness, if this be so;

And Eden were no Eden, thus exposed."

To whom thus Adam fervently replied:—
" O Woman, best are all things as the will
Of God ordained them; his creating hand
Nothing imperfect or deficient left
Of all that he created — much less Man,
Or aught that might his happy state se-
cure,
Secure from outward force. Within him-
self

The danger lies, yet lies within his power;
Against his will he can receive no harm.
But God left free the Will; for what obeys
Reason is free; and Reason he made right,
But bid her well be ware, and still erect,
Lest, by some fair appearing good sur-
prised,

She dictate false, and misinform the Will
To do what God expressly hath forbid.
Not then mistrust, but tender love, enjoins
That I should mind thee oft; and mind
thou me.

Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
Since Reason not impossibly may meet
Some specious object by the foe suborned,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was
warned.

Seek not temptation, then, which to avoid
Were better, and most likely if from me

Thou sever not: trial will come unsought.
Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, approve

First thy obedience; the other who can know,
Not seeing thee attempted, who attest ?
But, if thou think trial unsought may find
Us both securer than thus warned thou
seem'st,
Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee ³⁷¹ more.

Go in thy native innocence; rely
On what thou hast of virtue; summon all;
For God towards thee hath done his part:
do thine."

So spake the Patriarch of Mankind; but
Eve

Persisted; yet submiss, though last, replied: —

" With thy permission, then, and thus
forewarned,

Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning
words

Touched only, that our trial, when least
sought, ³⁸⁰

May find us both perhaps far less prepared,
The willinger I go, nor much expect
A Foe so proud will first the weaker seek;
So bent, the more shall shame him his re-
pulse."

Thus saying, from her husband's hand
her hand

Soft she withdrew, and, like a wood-nymph
light,

Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
Betook her to the groves, but Delia's self
In gait surpassed and goddess-like deport,
Though not as she with bow and quiver
armed, ³⁹⁰

But with such gardening tools as Art, yet
rude,
Guiltless of fire had formed, or Angels
brought.

To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorned,
Likest she seemed — Pomona when she
fled

Vertumnus — or to Ceres in her prime,
Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove.
Her long with ardent look his eye pursued
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated; she to him as oft engaged ⁴⁰⁰
To be returned by noon amid the bower,
And all things in best order to invite
Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.

O much deceived, much failing, hapless
Eve,

Of thy presumed return ! event perverse !
Thou never from that hour in Paradise
Found'st either sweet repast or sound re-
pose;

Such ambush, hid among sweet flowers and
shades,

Waited, with hellish rancour imminent,
To intercept thy way, or send thee back ⁴¹⁰
Despoiled of innocence, of faith, of bliss.
For now, and since first break of dawn, the
Fiend,

Mere Serpent in appearance, forth was
come,

And on his quest where likeliest he might
find

The only two of mankind, but in them
The whole included race, his purposed prey.
In bower and field he sought, where any
tuft

Of grove or garden-plot more pleasant lay,
Their tendance or plantation for delight;
By fountain or by shady rivulet ⁴²⁰
He sought them both, but wished his hap
might find

Eve separate; he wished, but not with hope
Of what so seldom chanced, when to his
wish,

Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,
Veiled in a cloud of fragrance, where she
stood,

Half-spied, so thick the roses bushing round
About her glowed, oft stooping to support
Each flower of tender stalk, whose head,
though gay

Carnation, purple, azure, or specked with
gold,

Hung drooping unsustained. Them she
upstays ⁴³⁰

Gently with myrtle band, mindless the
while

Herself, though fairest unsupported flower,
From her best prop so far, and storm so
nigh.

Nearer he drew, and many a walk tra-
versed

Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm;
Then volatile and bold, now hid, now seen
Among thick-woven arborets, and flowers
Imbordered on each bank, the hand of Eve:
Spot more delicious than those gardens
feigned

Or of revived Adonis, or renowned ⁴⁴⁰
Alcinoüs, host of old Laertes' son,

Or that, not mystic, where the sapient king
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian
spouse.

Much lie the place admired, the person
more.

As one who, long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the
air,

Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to
breathe

Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoined, from each thing met conceives
delight —

The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural
sound —

If chance with nymph-like step fair virgin
pass,

What pleasing seemed for her now pleases
more,

She most, and in her look sums all delight:
Such pleasure took the Serpent to behold
This flowery plat, the sweet recess of Eve
Thus early, thus alone. Her heavenly form
Angelic, but more soft and feminine,
Her graceful innocence, her every air
Of gesture or least action, overawed
His malice, and with rapine sweet bereaved
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought.
That space the Evil One abstracted stood
From his own evil, and for the time re-
mained

Stupidly good, of enmity disarmed,
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge.
But the hot hell that always in him burns,
Though in mid Heaven, soon ended his de-
light,

And tortures him now more, the more he
sees

Of pleasure not for him ordained. Then
soon

Fierce hate he recollects, and all his
thoughts

Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites: —
“Thoughts, whither have ye led me ?
with what sweet

Compulsion thus transported to forget
What hither brought us ? hate, not love,
nor hope

Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste
Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,
Save what is in destroying; other joy
To me is lost. Then let me not let pass
Occasion which now smiles. Behold alone
The Woman, opportune to all attempts —

Her husband, for I view far round, not nigh,
Whose higher intellectual more I shun,
And strength, of courage haughty, and a
limb

Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould;
Foe not formidable, exempt from
wound —

I not; so much hath Hell debased, and pain
Infeebled me, to what I was in Heaven.
She fair, divinely fair, fit love for Gods,
Not terrible, though terror be in love, ⁴⁹⁰
And beauty, not approached by stronger
hate,

Hate stronger under show of love well
feigned —

The way which to her ruin now I tend.”
So spake the Enemy of Mankind, en-
closed

In serpent, innate bad, and toward Eve
Addressed his way — not with indented
wave,

Prone on the ground, as since, but on his
rear,

Circular base of rising folds, that towered
Fold above fold, a surging maze; his head
Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes; ⁵⁰⁰
With burnished neck of verdant gold, erect
Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass
Floated redundant. Pleasing was his shape
And lovely; never since of serpent kind
Lovelier — not those that in Illyria changed
Hermione and Cadmus, or the God

In Epidaurus; nor to which transformed
Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline, was seen,
He with Olympias, this with her who bore
Scipio, the eighth of Rome. With tract
oblique

At first, as one who sought access but
feared

To interrupt, sidelong he works his way.
As when a ship, by skilful steersman
wrought

Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the
wind

Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her
sail,

So varied he, and of his tortuous train
Curled many a wanton wreath in sight of
Eve,

To lure her eye. She, busied, heard the
sound

Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as used
To such disport before her through the
field

From every beast, more duteous at her call

Than at Circean call the herd disguised.
He, bolder now, uncalled before her stood,
But as in gaze admiring. Oft he bowed
His turret crest and sleek enamelled neck,
Fawning, and licked the ground whereon
she trod.

His gentle dumb expression turned at
length

The eye of Eve to mark his play; he, glad
Of her attention gained, with serpent-
tongue

Organic, or impulse of vocal air, 530
His fraudulent temptation thus began: —

“ Wonder not, sovran mistress (if per-
haps

Thou canst who art sole wonder), much less
arm

Thy looks, the heaven of mildness, with
disdain,

Displeased that I approach thee thus, and
gaze

Insatiate, I thus single, nor have feared
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retired.
Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,
Thee all things living gaze on, all things
thine

By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore, 540
With ravishment beheld — there best be-
held

Where universally admired. But here,
In this enclosure wild, these beasts among,
Beholders rude, and shallow to discern
Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
Who sees thee (and what is one ?) who
shouldst be seen
A Goddess among Gods, adored and served
By Angels numberless, thy daily train ?”

So glazed the Tempter, and his proem
tuned. 549

Into the heart of Eve his words made way,
Though at the voice much marvelling; at
length,

Not unamazed, she thus in answer spake: —
“ What may this mean ? Langage of
Man pronounced

By tongue of brute, and human sense ex-
pressed !

The first at least of these I thought denied
To beasts, whom God on their creation-day
Created mute to all articulate sound;
The latter I demur, for in their looks
Much reason, and in their actions, oft ap-
pears.

Thee, Serpent, subtlest beast of all the
field 560

I knew, but not with human voice endued;
Redouble, then, this miracle, and say,
How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and
how

To me so friendly grown above the rest
Of brutal kind that daily are in sight:
Say, for such wonder claims attention due.”
To whom the guileful Tempter thus re-
plied: —

“ Empress of this fair World, resplendent
Eve !

Easy to me it is to tell thee all
What thou command'st, and right thou
shouldst be obeyed. 570

I was at first as other beasts that graze
The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and
low,
As was my food, nor aught but food dis-
cerned

Or sex, and apprehended nothing high:
Till on a day, roving the field, I chanced
A goodly tree far distant to behold,
Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixed,
Ruddy and gold. I nearer drew to gaze;
When from the boughs a savoury odour
blown,

Grateful to appetite, more pleased my
sense 580

Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats
Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at even,
Unsucked of lamb or kid, that tend their
play.

To satisfy the sharp desire I had
Of tasting those fair Apples, I resolved
Not to defer; hunger and thirst at once,
Powerful persuaders, quickened at the scent
Of that alluring fruit, urged me so keen.
About the mossy trunk I wound me soon;

For, high from ground, the branches would
require
Thy utmost reach, or Adam's: round the
Tree 590

All other beasts that saw, with like desire
Longing and envying stood, but could not
reach.

Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung
Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill
I spared not; for such pleasure till that
hour

At feed or fountain never had I found.
Sated at length, ere long I might perceive
Strange alteration in me, to degree 599
Of Reason in my inward powers, and Speech
Wanted not long, though to this shape re-
tained.

Thenceforth to speculations high or deep
I turned my thoughts, and with capacious
mind

Considered all things visible in Heaven,
Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and
good.

But all that fair and good in thy divine
Semblance, and in thy beauty's heavenly
ray,

United I beheld — no fair to thine
Equivalent or second; which compelled ⁶⁰⁹
Me thus, though importune perhaps, to
come

And gaze, and worship thee of right de-
clared

Sovran of creatures, universal Dame!"

So talked the spirited sly Snake; and
Eve,

Yet more amazed, unwary thus replied: —

"Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in
doubt

The virtue of that Fruit, in thee first
proved.

But say, where grows the Tree? from
hence how far?

For many are the trees of God that grow
In Paradise, and various, yet unknown ⁶¹⁹
To us; in such abundance lies our choice
As leaves a greater store of fruit untouched,
Still hanging incorruptible, till men
Grow up to their provision, and more hands
Help to disburden Nature of her bearth."

To whom the wily Adder, blithe and
glad; —

"Empress, the way is ready, and not long —
Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,
Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past
Of blowing myrrh and balm. If thou ac-
cept

My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon." ⁶²⁹
"Lead, then," said Eve. He, leading,
swiftly rowled

In tangles, and made intricate seem straight,
To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest. As when a wandering
fire,

Compact of unctuous vapour, which the
night

Condenses, and the cold invirons round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame
(Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit at-
tends),

Hovering and blazing with delusive light,
Misleads the amazed night-wanderer from
his way

To bogs and mires, and oft through pond
or pool,
There swallowed up and lost, from succour
far:

So glistered the dire Snake, and into fraud
Led Eve, our credulous mother, to the Tree
Of Prohibition, root of all our woe;
Which when she saw, thus to her guide she
spake: —

"Serpent, we might have spared our
coming hither,
Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to
excess,

The credit of whose virtue rest with thee —
Wondrous, indeed, if cause of such ef-
fects!

But of this tree we may not taste nor
touch;

God so commanded, and left that command
Sole daughter of his voice: the rest, we live
Law to ourselves; our Reason is our Law."

To whom the Tempter guilefully re-
plied: —

"Indeed! Hath God then said that of the
fruit

Of all these garden-trees ye shall not eat,
Yet lords declared of all in Earth or Air?"

To whom thus Eve, yet sinless: — "Of
the fruit

Of each tree in the garden we may eat; ⁶⁶⁰
But of the fruit of this fair Tree, amidst
The Garden, God hath said, 'Ye shall not
eat

Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die."

She scarce had said, though brief, when
now more bold

The Tempter, but, with shew of zeal and
love

To Man, and indignation at his wrong,
New part puts on, and, as to passion moved,
Fluctuates disturbed, yet comely, and in
act

Raised, as of some great matter to begin.
As when of old some orator renowned ⁶⁷⁰
In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence
Flourished, since mute, to some great cause
addressed,

Stood in himself collected, while each part,
Motion, each act, won audience ere the
tongue

Sometimes in highth began, as no delay
Of preface brooking through his zeal of
right:

So standing, moving, or to highth up-
grown,

The Tempter, all impassioned, thus began:—

‘O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving Plant, Mother of science ! now I feel thy power Within me clear, not only to discern 68: Things in their causes, but to trace the ways Of highest agents, deemed however wise. Queen of this Universe ! do not believe Those rigid threats of death. Ye shall not die.

How should ye ? By the Fruit ? it gives you life To knowledge. By the Threatener ? look on me, Me who have touched and tasted, yet both live,

And life more perfect have attained than Fate 689

Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot.

Shall that be shut to Man which to the Beast

Is open ? or will God incense his ire For such a petty trespass, and not praise Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain

Of death denounced, whatever thing Death be,

Deterred not from achieving what might lead

To happier life, knowledge of Good and Evil ?

Of good, how just ! of evil — if what is evil Be real, why not known, since easier shunned ? 699

God, therefore, cannot hurt ye, and be just; Not just, not God; not feared then, nor obeyed:

Your fear itself of death removes the fear. Why, then, was this forbid ? Why but to awe,

Why but to keep ye low and ignorant, His worshipers ? He knows that in the day

Ye eat thereof your eyes, that seem so clear,

Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then Opened and cleared, and ye shall be as Gods,

Knowing both good and evil, as they know. That ye should be as Gods, since I as Man,

Internal Man, is but proportion meet — I, of brute, human; ye, of human, Gods. So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off

Human, to put on Gods — death to be wished,

Though threatened, which no worse than this can bring !

And what are Gods, that Man may not become

As they, participating godlike food ?

The Gods are first, and that advantage use On our belief, that all from them proceeds. I question it; for this fair Earth I see, 720

Warmed by the Sun, producing every kind; Them nothing. If they all things, who enclosed

Knowledge of Good and Evil in this Tree, That whoso eats thereof forthwith attains Wisdom without their leave ? and wherein lies

The offence, that Man should thus attain to know ?

What can your knowledge hurt him, or this Tree

Impart against his will, if all be his ?

Or is it envy ? and can envy dwell

In Heavenly breasts ? These, these and many more

Causes import your need of this fair Fruit. Goddess humane, reach, then, and freely taste ! ” 730

He ended; and his words, replete with guile,

Into her heart too easy entrance won.

Fixed on the Fruit she gazed, which to behold

Might tempt alone; and in her ears the sound

Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregned

With reason, to her seeming, and with truth. Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and waked

An eager appetite, raised by the smell 740

So savoury of that Fruit, which with desire, Inclined now grown to touch or taste,

Solicited her longing eye; yet first, Pausing a while, thus to herself she mused:—

“ Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of Fruits,

Though kept from Man, and worthy to be admired,

Whose taste, too long forborne, at first assay

Gave elocution to the mute, and taught The tongue not made for speech to speak thy praise.

Thy praise he also who forbids thy use ⁷⁵⁰
 Conceals not from us, naming thee the Tree
 Of Knowledge, knowledge both of Good
 and Evil;
 Forbids us then to taste. But his forbidding
 Commends thee more, while it infers the
 good
 By thee communicated, and our want;
 For good unknown sure is not had, or, had
 And yet unknown, is as not had at all.
 In plain, then, what forbids he but to know?
 Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise! ⁷⁵⁹
 Such prohibitions bind not. But, if Death
 Bind us with after-bands, what profits then
 Our inward freedom? In the day we eat
 Of this fair Fruit, our doom is we shall die!
 How dies the Serpent? He hath eaten,
 and lives,
 And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and
 discerns,
 Irrational till then. For us alone
 Was death invented? or to us denied
 This intellectual food, for beasts reserved?
 For beasts it seems; yet that one beast
 which first
 Hath tasted envies not, but brings with
 joy ⁷⁷⁰
 The good befallen him, author unsuspect,
 Friendly to Man, far from deceit or guile.
 What fear I, then? rather, what know to
 fear
 Under this ignorance of Good and Evil,
 Of God or Death, of law or penalty?
 Here grows the cure of all, this Fruit di-
 vine,
 Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,
 Of virtue to make wise. What hinders,
 then,
 To reach, and feed at once both body and
 mind?"
 So saying, her rash hand in evil hour ⁷⁸⁰
 Forth-reaching to the Fruit, she plucked,
 she eat.
 Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her
 seat,
 Sighing through all her works, gave signs
 of woe
 That all was lost. Back to the thicket
 slunk
 The guilty Serpent, and well might, for
 Eve,
 Intent now only on her taste, naught else
 Regarded; such delight till then, as seemed,
 In fruit she never tasted, whether true,

Or fancied so through expectation high
 Of knowledge; nor was Godhead from her
 thought. ⁷⁹⁰
 Greedily she ingorged without restraint,
 And knew not eating death. Satiate at
 length,
 And hightened as with wine, jocond and
 boon,
 Thus to herself she pleasingly began:—
 "O sovereign, virtuous, precious of all trees
 In Paradise! of operation blest
 To sapience, hitherto obscured, infamed,
 And thy fair Fruit let hang, as to no end
 Created! but henceforth my early care,
 Not without song, each morning, and due
 praise, ⁸⁰⁰
 Shall tend thee, and the fertil burden ease
 Of thy full branches, offered free to all;
 Till, dieted by thee, I grow mature
 In knowledge, as the Gods who all things
 know.
 Though others envy what they cannot
 give —
 For, had the gift been theirs, it had not
 here
 Thus grown! Experience, next to thee I
 owe,
 Best guide: not following thee, I had re-
 mained
 In ignorance; thou open'st Wisdom's way,
 And giv'st access, though secret she re-
 tire. ⁸¹⁰
 And I perhaps am secret: Heaven is high—
 High, and remote to see from thence dis-
 tinct
 Each thing on Earth; and other care per-
 haps
 May have diverted from continual watch
 Our great Forbiddon, safe with all his Spies
 About him. But to Adam in what sort
 Shall I appear? Shall I to him make
 known
 As yet my change, and give him to partake
 Full happiness with me, or rather not,
 But keep the odds of knowledge in my
 power ⁸²⁰
 Without copartner? so to add what wants
 In female sex, the more to draw his love,
 And render me more equal, and perhaps —
 A thing not undesirable — sometime
 Superior; for, inferior, who is free?
 This may be well; but what if God have
 seen,
 And death ensue? Then I shall be no
 more;

And Adam, wedded to another Eve,
Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct !
A death to think ! Confirmed, then, I re-
solve

Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe.
So dear I love him that with him all deaths
I could endure, without him live no life."

So saying, from the Tree her step she
turned,
But first low reverence done, as to the
Power

That dwelt within, whose presence had in-
fused
Into the plant scintial sap, derived
From nectar, drink of Gods. Adam the
while,

Waiting desirous her return, had wove
Of choicest flowers a garland, to adorn
Her tresses, and her rural labours crown,
As reapers oft are wont their harvest-
queen.

Great joy he promised to his thoughts, and
new

Solace in her return, so long delayed;
Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,
Misgave him. He the faltering measure
felt,

And forth to meet her went, the way she
took
That morn when first they parted. By the
Tree

Of Knowledge he must pass; there he her
met,
Scarce from the Tree returning; in her
hand

A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smiled,
New gathered, and ambrosial smell dif-
fused.

To him she hasted; in her face excuse
Came prologue, and apology to prompt,
Which, with bland words at will, she thus
addressed:—

“ Hast thou not wondered, Adam, at my
stay ?

Thee I have missed, and thought it long,
deprived

Thy presence — agony of love till now
Not felt, nor shall be twice; for never
more

Mean I to try, what rash untried I sought,
The pain of absence from thy sight. But
strange

Hath been the cause, and wonderful to
hear.

This Tree is not, as we are told, a Tree

Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown
Opening the way, but of divine effect
To open eyes, and make them Gods who
taste;

And hath been tasted such. The Serpent
wise,

Or not restrained as we, or not obeying,
Hath eaten of the Fruit, and is become
Not dead, as we are threatened, but thence-
forth

Endued with human voice and human sense,
Reasoning to admiration, and with me
Persuasively hath so prevailed that I
Have also tasted, and have also found
The effects to correspond — opener mine
eyes,

Dim erst, dilated spirits, ampler heart,
And growing up to Godhead; which for
thee

Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise.
For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss;
Tedious, unshared with thee, and odious
soon.

Thou, therefore, also taste, that equal lot
May join us, equal joy, as equal love;
Lest, thou not tasting, different degree
Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce
Deity for thee, when fate will not permit.”

Thus Eve with countenance blithe her
story told;

But in her cheek distemper flushing glowed.
On the other side, Adam, soon as he heard
The fatal trespass done by Eve, amazed,
Astonied stood and blank, while horror
chill

Ran through his veins, and all his joints
relaxed.

From his slack hand the garland wreathed
for Eve

Down dropt, and all the faded roses shed.
Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at
length

First to himself he inward silence broke:—

“ O fairest of Creation, last and best
Of all God’s works, creature in whom ex-
celled

Whatever can to sight or thought be
formed,

Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet !
How art thou lost ! how on a sudden lost,
Defaced, deflowered, and now to death de-
vote !

Rather, how hast thou yielded to trans-
gress

The strict forbiddance, how to violate

The sacred Fruit forbidden ? Some cursed
fraud

Of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet unknown,
And me with thee hath ruined; for with
thee

Certain my resolution is to die.

How can I live without thee ? how forgo
Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly
joined,

To live again in these wild woods forlorn ?
Should God create another Eve, and I 911
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart. No, no ! I
feel

The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy
state

Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe."

So having said, as one from sad dismay
Recomforted, and, after thoughts disturbed,
Submitting to what seemed remediless,
Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he
turned: —

“ Bold deed thou hast presumed, adven-
turous Eve,
And peril great provoked, who thus hast
dared

Had it been only coveting to eye
That sacred Food, sacred to abstinence;
Much more to taste it, under ban to touch.
But past who can recall, or done undo ?
Not God Omnipotent, nor Fate ! Yet so
Perhaps thou shalt not die; perhaps the
fact

Is not so hainous now — foretasted Fruit,
Profaned first by the Serpent, by him
first

Made common and unhallowed ere our
taste,

Nor yet on him found deadly. He yet
lives —

Lives, as thou saidst, and gains to live, as
Man,

Higher degree of life: inducement strong
To us, as likely, tasting, to attain
Proportional ascent; which cannot be
But to be Gods, or Angels, Demi-gods.
Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,
Though threatening, will in earnest so de-
stroy

Us, his prime creatures, dignified so high,
Set over all his works; which, in our fall,
For us created, needs with us must fail, 942
Dependent made. So God shall uncreate,
Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour lose —

Not well conceived of God; who, though
his power

Creation could repeat, yet would be loth
Us to abolish, lest the Adversary
Triumph and say: ‘ Fickle their state whom
God

Most favours; who can please him long ?
Me first

He ruined, now Mankind; whom will he
next ? —

Matter of scorn not to be given the Foe.
However, I with thee have fixed my lot,
Certain to undergo like doom. If death
Consort with thee, death is to me as life;
So forcible within my heart I feel

The bond of Nature draw me to my own —
My own in thee; for what thou art is mine
Our state cannot be severed; we are one,
One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself.”

So Adam; and thus Eve to him re-
plied: —

“ O glorious trial of exceeding love,
Illustrious evidence, example high !
Engaging me to emulate; but, short
Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,
Adam ? from whose dear side I boast me
sprung,

And gladly of our union hear thee speak,
One heart, one soul in both; whereof good
proof

This day affords, declaring thee resolved,
Rather than death, or aught than death
more dread,

Shall separate us, linked in love so dear, 970
To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,
If any be, of tasting this fair Fruit;
Whose virtue (for of good still good pro-
ceeds,

Direct, or by occasion) hath presented
This happy trial of thy love, which else
So eminently never had been known.
Were it I thought death menaced would
ensue

This my attempt, I would sustain alone
The worst, and not persuade thee — rather
die

Deserted than oblige thee with a fact 980
Pernicious to thy peace, chiefly assured
Remarkably so late of thy so true,
So faithful love unequalled. But I feel
Far otherwise the event — not death, but
life

Augmented, opened eyes, new hopes, new
joys,
Taste so divine that what of sweet before

Hath touched my sense flat seems to this
and harsh.

On my experience, Adam, freely taste,
And fear of death deliver to the winds."

So saying, she embraced him, and for
joy ⁹⁹⁰

Tenderly wept, much won that he his love
Had so ennobled as of choice to incur
Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.
In recompence (for such compliance bad
Such recompence best merits), from the
bough

She gave him of that fair enticing Fruit
With liberal hand. He scrupled not to eat,
Against his better knowledge, not deceived,
But fondly overcome with female charm.
Earth trembled from her entrails, as
again ¹⁰⁰⁰

In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan;
Sky loured, and, muttering thunder, some
sad drops

Wept at completing of the mortal Sin
Original; while Adam took no thought,
Eating his fill, nor Eve to iterate
Her former trespass feared, the more to
soothe

Him with her loved society; that now,
As with new wine intoxicated both,
They swim in mirth, and fancy that they
feel

Divinity within them breeding wings ¹⁰¹⁰
Wherewith to scorn the Earth. But that
false Fruit

Far other operation first displayed,
Carnal desire inflaming. He on Eve
Began to cast lascivious eyes; she him
As wantonly repaid; in lust they burn,
Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance
move:—

"Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste
And elegant — of sapience no small part;
Since to each meaning savour we apply,
And palate call judicious. I the praise ¹⁰²⁰
Yield thee; so well this day thou hast pur-
veyed.

Much pleasure we have lost, while we ab-
stained
From this delightful Fruit, nor known till
now

True relish, tasting. If such pleasure be
In things to us forbidden, it might be
wished

For this one Tree had been forbidden ten.
But come; so well refreshed, now let us
play,

As meet is, after such delicious fare;
For never did thy beauty, since the day
I saw thee first and wedded thee,
adorned ¹⁰³⁰

With all perfections, so enflame my sense
With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now
Than ever — bounty of this virtuous Tree !"

So said he, and forbore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent, well understood
Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.
Her hand he seized, and to a shady bank,
Thick overhead with verdant roof imbow-
ered,

He led her, nothing loth; flowers were the
couch,
Pansies, and violets, and asphodel, ¹⁰⁴⁰
And hyacinth — Earth's freshest, softest
lap.

There they their fill of love and love's dis-
port

Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,
The solace of their sin, till dewy sleep
Oppressed them, wearied with their amo-
rous play.

Soon as the force of that fallacious Fruit,
That with exhilarating vapour bland
About their spirits had played, and inmost
powers

Made err, was now exhaled, and grosser
sleep,

Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious
dreams ¹⁰⁵⁰

Incumbered, now had left them, up they
rose

As from unrest, and, each the other view-
ing,

Soon found their eyes how opened, and
their minds

How darkened. Innocence, that as a veil
Had shadowed them from knowing ill, was
gone;

Just confidence, and native righteousness,
And honour, from about them, naked left
To guilty Shame: he covered, but his robe
Uncovered more. Sorose the Danite strong,
Herculean Samson, from the harlot-lap ¹⁰⁶⁰
Of Philisteian Dalilah, and waked
Shorn of his strength; they destitute and
bare

Of all their virtue. Silent, and in face
Confounded, long they sat, as stricken mute;
Till Adam, though not less than Eve
abashed,

At length gave utterance to these words
constrained:—

“O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give ear
To that false Worm, of whomsoever taught
To counterfeit Man’s voice — true in our
fall,
False in our promised rising; since our
eyes ¹⁰⁷⁰
Opened we find indeed, and find we know
Both good and evil, good lost and evil got:
Bad Fruit of Knowledge, if this be to know,
Which leaves us naked thus, of honour void,
Of innocence, of faith, of purity,
Our wonted ornaments now soiled and
stained,
And in our faces evident the signs
Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store,
Even shame, the last of evils; of the first
Be sure then. How shall I behold the
face ¹⁰⁸⁰
Henceforth of God or Angel, erst with joy
And rapture so oft beheld? Those Heav-
enly Shapes
Will dazzle now this earthly with their
blaze
Insufferably bright. Oh, might I here
In solitude live savage, in some glade
Obscured, where highest woods, impenetra-
ble
To star or sunlight, spread their umbrage
broad,
And brown as evening! Cover me, ye
pines!
Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never see them
more! ¹⁰⁹⁰
But let us now, as in bad plight, devise
What best may, for the present, serve to
hide
The parts of each from other that seem
most
To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen—
Some tree, whose broad smooth leaves, to-
gether sewed,
And girded on our loins, may cover round
Those middle parts, that this new comer,
Shame,
There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.”
So counselled he, and both together went
Into the thickest wood. There soon they
chose ¹¹⁰⁰
The fig-tree — not that kind for fruit re-
nowned,
But such as, at this day, to Indians known,
In Malabar or Decan spreads her arms
Braunching so broad and long that in the
ground

The bended twigs take root, and daughters
grow
About the mother tree, a pillared shade
High overarched, and echoing walks be-
tween:
There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning
heat,
Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing
herds
At loop-holes cut through thickest shade.
Those leaves ¹¹¹⁰
They gathered, broad as Amazonian targe,
And with what skill they had together
sewed,
To gird their waist — vain covering, if to
hide
Their guilt and dreaded shame! O how
unlike
To that first naked glory! Such of late
Columbus found the American, so girt
With feathered cincture, naked else and
wild,
Among the trees on isles and woody shores.
Thus fenced, and, as they thought, their
shame in part
Covered, but not at rest or ease of mind, ¹¹²⁰
They sat them down to weep. Nor only
tears
Rained at their eyes, but high winds worse
within
Began to rise, high passions — anger, hate,
Mistrust, suspicion, discord — and shook
sore
Their inward state of mind, calm region
once
And full of peace, now tost and turbulent:
For Understanding ruled not, and the Will
Heard not her lore, both in subjection
now
To sensual Appetite, who, from beneath
Usurping over sovran Reason, claimed ¹¹³⁰
Superior sway. From thus distempered
breast
Adam, estranged in look and altered style,
Speech intermitted thus to Eve renewed:—
“Would thou hadst hearkened to my
words, and stayed
With me, as I besought thee, when that
strange
Desire of wandering, this unhappy morn,
I know not whence possessed thee! We
had then
Remained still happy — not, as now, de-
spoiled
Of all our good, shamed, naked, miserable!

Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve
The faith they owe; when earnestly they seek
Such proof, conclude they then begin to fail.¹¹⁴⁰
To whom, soon moved with touch of blame, thus Eve:—
“ What words have passed thy lips, Adam severe ?
Imput’st thou that to my default, or will Of wandering, as thou call’st it, which who knows
But might as ill have happened thou being by,
Or to thyself perhaps ? Hadst thou been there,
Or here the attempt, thou couldst not have discerned
Fraud in the Serpent, speaking as he spake;¹¹⁵⁰
No ground of enmity between us known
Why he should mean me ill or seek to harm.
Was I to have never parted from thy side ?
As good have grown there still, a lifeless rib.
Being as I am, why didst not thou, the Head,
Command me absolutely not to go,
Going into such danger, as thou saidst ?
Too facile then, thou didst not much gainsay,
Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.
Hadst thou been firm and fixed in thy dissent,¹¹⁶⁰

Neither had I transgressed, nor thou with me.”
To whom, then first incensed, Adam replied:—
“ Is this the love, is this the recompense Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, expressed Immutable when thou wert lost, not I — Who might have lived, and joyed immortal bliss,
Yet willingly chose rather death with thee ? And am I now upbraided as the cause Of thy transgressing ? not enough severe, It seems, in thy restraint ! What could I more ?¹¹⁷⁰
I warned thee, I admonished thee, foretold The danger, and the lurking Enemy That lay in wait; beyond this had been force,
And force upon free will hath here no place. But confidence then bore thee on, secure Either to meet no danger, or to find Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps I also erred in overmuch admiring What seemed in thee so perfet that I thought
No evil durst attempt thee. But I rue¹¹⁸⁰ That error now, which is become my crime, And thou the accuser. Thus it shall befall Him who, to worth in woman overtrusting, Lets her will rule: restraint she will not brook;
And, left to herself, if evil thence ensue, She first his weak indulgence will accuse.”
Thus they in mutual accusation spent The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning;
And of their vain contest¹¹⁹⁰ appeared no end.

THE ARGUMENT

Man’s transgression known, the guardian Angels forsake Paradise, and return up to Heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approved; God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the Transgressors; who descends, and gives sentence accordingly; then, in pity, clothes them both, and reascends. Sin and Death, sitting till then at the gates of Hell, by wondrous sympathy feeling the success of Satan in this new World, and the sin by Man there committed, resolve to sit no longer confined in Hell, but to follow Satan, their sire, up to the place of Man: to make the way easier from Hell to this World to and fro, they pave a broad highway or bridge over Chaos, according to the track that Satan first made; then, preparing for Earth, they meet him, proud of his success, returning to Hell; their mu-

tual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium; in full assembly relates, with boasting, his success against Man; instead of applause is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transformed, with himself also, suddenly into Serpents, according to his doom given in Paradise; then, deluded with a shew of the Forbidden Tree springing up before them, they, greedily reaching to take of the Fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death: God foretells the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but, for the present, commands his Angels to make several alterations in the Heavens and Elements. Adam, more and more perceiving his fallen condition, heavily bewails, rejects the condolement of Eve; she persists, and at length appeases him: then, to evade the curse likely to fall on their offspring, proposes to Adam violent ways; which he approves not, but, conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promise made them, that her seed should be revenged on the Serpent, and exhorts her, with him, to seek peace of the offended Deity by repentance and supplication.

MEANWHILE the hainous and despitful act
 Of Satan done in Paradise, and how
 He, in the Serpent, had perverted Eve,
 Her husband she, to taste the fatal Fruit,
 Was known in Heaven; for what can scape
 the eye
 Of God all-seeing, or deceive his heart
 Omnipotent? who, in all things wise and just,
 Hindered not Satan to attempt the mind
 Of Man, with strength entire and free will armed
 Complete to have discovered and repulsed
 Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend. For still they knew, and ought to have still remembered,
 The high injunction not to taste that Fruit,
 Whoever tempted; which they not obeying
 Incurred (what could they less?) the penalty,
 And, manifold in sin, deserved to fall.
 Up into Heaven from Paradise in haste
 The Angelic Guards ascended, mute and sad
 For Man; for of his state by this they knew,
 Much wondering how the subtle Fiend had stolen
 Entrance unseen. Soon as the unwelcome news
 From Earth arrived at Heaven-gate, displeased
 All were who heard; dim sadness did not spare
 That time celestial visages, yet, mixed
 With pity, violated not their bliss.
 About the new-arrived in multitudes,
 The Ethereal People ran, to hear and know
 How all befell. They towards the Throne supreme,
 Accountable, made haste, to make appear,
 With righteous plea, their utmost vigilance,
 And easily approved; when the Most High, Eternal Father, from his secret Cloud Amidst, in thunder uttered thus his voice:—
 “Assembled Angels, and ye Powers returned
 From unsuccessful charge, be not dismayed
 Nor troubled at these tidings from the Earth,
 Which your sincerest care could not prevent,
 Foretold so lately what would come to pass,
 When first this Tempter crossed the gulf from Hell.

I told ye then he should prevail, and speed
 On his bad errand — Man should be seduced,
 And flattered out of all, believing lies
 Against his Maker; no decree of mine,
 Concurring to necessitate his fall,
 Or touch with lightest moment of impulse
 His free will, to her own inclining left
 In even scale. But fallen he is; and now
 What rests, but that the mortal sentence
 pass
 On his transgression, Death denounced
 that day?
 Which he presumes already vain and void,
 Because not yet inflicted, as he feared,
 By some immediate stroke, but soon shall find
 Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.
 Justice shall not return, as bounty, scorned.
 But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee,
 Vicegerent Son? To thee I have transferred
 All judgment, whether in Heaven, or Earth, or Hell.
 Easy it may be seen that I intend
 Mercy colleague with justice, sending thee,
 Man's Friend, his Mediator, his designed Both Ransom and Redeemer voluntary,
 And destined Man himself to judge Man fallen.”
 So spake the Father; and, unfolding bright
 Toward the right hand his glory, on the Son
 Blazed forth unclouded deity. He full
 Resplendent all his Father manifest
 Expressed, and thus divinely answered mild:—
 “Father Eternal, thine is to decree;
 Mine both in Heaven and Earth to do thy will
 Supreme, that thou in me, thy Son beloved, May'st ever rest well pleased. I go to judge
 On Earth these thy transgressors; but thou know'st,
 Whoever judged, the worst on me must light,
 When time shall be; for so I undertook
 Before thee, and, not repenting, this obtain
 Of right, that I may mitigate their doom
 On me derived. Yet I shall temper so
 Justice with mercy as may illustrate most
 Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.

Attendance none shall need, nor train,
where none
Are to behold the judgment but the judged,
Those two; the third best absent is con-
demned,
Convict by flight, and rebel to all law;
Conviction to the Serpent none belongs."

Thus saying, from his radiant Seat he
rose

Of high collateral glory. Him Thrones and
Powers,

Principes, and Dominations ministrant,
Accompanied to Heaven-gate, from whence
Eden and all the coast in prospect lay.
Down he descended straight; the speed of
Gods

Time counts not, though with swiftest min-
utes winged.

Now was the Sun in western cadence low
From noon, and gentle airs due at their
hour

To fan the Earth now waked, and usher in
The evening cool, when he, from wraught
more cool,

Came, the mild Judge and Intercessor both,
To sentence Man. The voice of God they
heard

Now walking in the Garden, by soft winds
Brought to their ears, while day declined;
they heard,

And from his presence hid themselves
among

The thickest trees, both man and wife, till
God,

Approaching, thus to Adam called aloud:—
“Where art thou, Adam, wont with joy
to meet

My coming, seen far off? I miss thee
here,

Not pleased thus entertained, with solitude,
Where obvious duty erewhile appeared
unsought.

Or come I less conspicuous, or what change
Absents thee, or what chance detains?

Come forth!”

He came, and with him Eve, more loth,
though first

To offend, discountenanced both, and dis-
composed.

Love was not in their looks, either to God
Or to each other, but apparent guilt,
And shame, and perturbation, and despair,
Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile.
Whence Adam, faltering long, thus an-
swered brief:—

“ I heard thee in the Garden, and, of thy
voice

Afraid, being naked, hid myself.” To
whom
The gracious Judge, without revile, re-
plied:—

“ My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast
not feared,

But still rejoiced; how is it now become
So dreadful to thee? That thou art naked
who

Hath told thee? Hast thou eaten of the
Tree

Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst
not eat?”

To whom thus Adam, sore beset, replied:—
“ O Heaven! in evil strait this day I
stand

Before my Judge — either to undergo
Myself the total crime, or to accuse
My other self, the partner of my life,
Whose failing, while her faith to me re-
mains,

I should conceal, and not expose to blame
By my complaint. But strict necessity
Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,
Lest on my head both sin and punishment,
However insupportable, be all

Devolved; though, should I hold my peace,
yet thou

Wouldst easily detect what I conceal.
This Woman, whom thou mad'st to be my
help,

And gav'st me as thy perfet gift, so good,
So fit, so acceptable, so divine,
That from her hand I could suspect no
ill,

And what she did, whatever in itself,
Her doing seemed to justify the dead —
She gave me of the Tree, and I did eat.”
To whom the Sovran Presence thus re-
plied:—

“ Was she thy God, that her thou didst
obey

Before his voice? or was she made thy
guide,

Superior, or but equal, that to her
Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the
place

Wherein God set thee above her, made of
thee

And for thee, whose perfection far excelled
Hers in all real dignity? Adorned
She was indeed, and lovely, to attract
Thy love, not thy subjection; and her gifts

Were such as under government well seemed —
Unseemly to bear rule; which was thy part
And person, hadst thou known thyself aright."

So having said, he thus to Eve in few: —
"Say, Woman, what is this which thou hast done?"

To whom sad Eve, with shame nigh overwhelmed,

Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge Bold or loquacious, thus abashed replied: —
"The Serpent me beguiled, and I did eat."

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay

To judgment he proceeded on the accused Serpent, though brute, unable to transfer The guilt on him who made him instrument

Of mischief, and polluted from the end Of his creation — justly then accursed, As vivified in nature. More to know Concerned not Man (since he no further knew),

Nor altered his offence; yet God at last To Satan, first in sin, his doom applied, Though in mysterious terms, judged as then best; And on the Serpent thus his curse let fall: —

"Because thou hast done this, thou art accursed

Above all cattle, each beast of the field; Upon thy belly grovelling thou shalt go, And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life. Between thee and the Woman I will put Enmity, and between thine and her seed; Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel."

So spake this oracle — then verified When Jesus, son of Mary, second Eve, Saw Satan fall like lightning down from Heaven, Prince of the Air; then, rising from his grave, Spoiled Principalities and Powers, triumphed

In open shew, and, with ascension bright, Captivity led captive through the Air, The realm itself of Satan, long usurped, Whom He shall tread at last under our feet,

Even He who now foretold his fatal bruise, And to the Woman thus his sentence turned: —

"Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply By thy conception; children thou shalt bring In sorrow forth, and to thy husband's will Thine shall submit; he over thee shall rule."

On Adam last thus judgment he pronounced: —

"Because thou hast hearkened to the voice of thy wife,

And eaten of the Tree concerning which I charged thee, saying, *Thou shalt not eat thereof*,

Curs'd is the ground for thy sake; thou in sorrow

Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life; Thorns also and thistles it shall bring thee forth

Unbid; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field;

In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread,

Till thou return unto the ground; for thou Out of the ground wast taken: know thy birth,

For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return."

So judged he Man, both Judge and Saviour sent,

And the instant stroke of death, denounced that day,

Removed far off; then, pitying how they stood

Before him naked to the air, that now Must suffer change, disdained not to begin Thenceforth the form of servant to assume. As when he washed his servants' feet, so now,

As Father of his family, he clad Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,

Or, as the snake, with youthful coat repaid; And thought not much to clothe his enemies.

Nor he their outward only with the skins Of beasts, but inward nakedness, much more

Opprobrious, with his robe of righteousness Arraying, covered from his Father's sight. To him with swift ascent he up returned, Into his blissful bosom reassumed

In glory as of old; to him, appeased, All, though all-knowing, what had passed with Man

Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.

Meanwhile, ere thus was sinned and
judged on Earth,
Within the gates of Hell sat Sin and
Death,²³⁰

In counterview within the gates, that now
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
Far into Chaos, since the Fiend passed
through,
Sin opening; who thus now to Death began:—

“O Son, why sit we here, each other
viewing

Idly, while Satan, our great author, thrives
In other worlds, and happier seat provides
For us, his offspring dear? It cannot be
But that success attends him; if mishap,
Ere this he had returned, with fury driven
By his Avengers, since no place like this
Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.

Methinks I feel new strength within me
rise,²⁴³

Wings growing, and dominion given me
large
Beyond this Deep — whatever draws me
on,

Or sympathy, or some connatural force,
Powerful at greatest distance to unite
With secret amity things of like kind
By secretest conveyance. Thou, my shade
Inseparable, must with me along;²⁵⁰
For Death from Sin no power can separate.

But, lest the difficulty of passing back
Stay his return perhaps over this gulf
Impassable, impervious, let us try
(Adventurous work, yet to thy power and
mine

Not unagreeable!) to found a path
Over this Main from Hell to that new
World

Where Satan now prevails — a monument
Of merit high to all the infernal Host,²⁵⁹
Easing their passage hence, for intercourse
Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.
Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn
By this new-felt attraction and instinct.”

Whom thus the meagre Shadow answered
soon:—

“Go whither fate and inclination strong
Leads thee; I shall not lag behind, nor
err

The way, thou leading: such a scent I draw
Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste
The savour of death from all things there
that live.

Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest
Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.”²⁷¹

So saying, with delight he snuffed the
smell

Of mortal change on Earth. As when a
flock
Of ravenous fowl, though many a league
remote,
Against the day of battle, to a field
Where armies lie encamped come flying,
lured

With scent of living carcases designed
For death the following day in bloody
fight;

So scented the grim Feature, and upturned
His nostril wide into the murky air,²⁸⁰
Sagacious of his quarry from so far.

Then both, from out Hell-gates, into the
waste

Wide anarchy of Chaos, damp and dark,
Flew diverse, and, with power (their power
was great)

Hovering upon the waters, what they met
Solid or slimy, as in raging sea
Tossed up and down, together crowded
drove,

From each side shoaling, towards the mouth
of Hell;

As when two polar winds, blowing adverse
Upon the Cronian sea, together drive²⁹⁰
Mountains of ice, that stop the imagined
way

Beyond Petsora eastward to the rich
Cathaiam coast. The aggregated soil
Death with his mace petrific, cold and dry
As with a trident smote, and fixed as firm
As Delos, floating once; the rest his look
Bound with Gorgonian rigour not to move
And with asphaltic slime; broad as the gate,
Deep to the roots of Hell the gathered
beach

They fastened, and the mole immense
wrought on³⁰⁰

Over the foaming Deep high-arched, a
bridge

Of length prodigious, joining to the wall
Immoveable of this now fenceless World,
Forfeit to Death — from hence a passage
broad,

Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to Hell.
So, if great things to small may be com-
pared,

Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,
From Susa, his Memnonian palace high,
Came to the sea, and, over Hellespont

Bridging his way, Europe with Asia
joined,
And scourged with many a stroke the in-
dignant waves. 310

Now had they brought the work by won-
drous art

Pontifical — a ridge of pendent rock
Over the vexed Abyss, following the track
Of Satan, to the self-same place where he
First lighted from his wing and landed safe
From out of Chaos — to the outside bare
Of this round World. With pins of ada-
mant

And chains they made all fast, too fast
they made

And durable; and now in little space 320
The confines met of empyrean Heaven
And of this World, and on the left hand
Hell,

With long reach interposed; three several
ways

In sight to each of these three places led.
And now their way to Earth they had de-
scribed,

To Paradise first tending, when, behold
Satan, in likeness of an Angel bright,
Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steer-
ing

His zenith, while the Sun in Aries rose!
Disguised he came; but those his children
dear 330

Their parent soon discerned, though in
disguise.

He, after Eve seduced, unmindful slunk
Into the wood fast by, and, changing shape
To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act
By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded
Upon her husband — saw their shame that
sought

Vain covertures; but, when he saw descend
The Son of God to judge them, terrified
He fled, not hoping to escape, but shun
The present — fearing, guilty, what his
wrauth 340

Might suddenly inflict; that past, returned
By night, and, listening where the hapless
pair

Sat in their sad discourse and various plaint,
Thence gathered his own doom; which un-
derstood

Not instant, but of future time, with joy
And tidings fraught, to Hell he now re-
turned,

And at the brink of Chaos, near the foot
Of this new wondrous pontifice, unhoped

Met who to meet him came, his offspring
dear.

Great joy was at their meeting, and at
sight 350

Of that stupendious bridge his joy increased.
Long he admiring stood, till Sin, his fair
Inchanting daughter, thus the silence
broke: —

“ O Parent, these are thy magnific deeds,
Thy trophies! which thou view’st as not
thine own;
Thou art their Author and prime Archi-
tect.

For I no sooner in my heart divined
(My heart, which by a secret harmony
Still moves with thine, joined in connexion
sweet)

That thou on Earth hadst prospered, which
thy looks 360
Now also evidence, but straight I felt —
Though distant from thee worlds between,
yet felt —

That I must after thee with this thy son;
Such fatal consequence unites us three.
Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,
Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure
Detain from following thy illustrious track.
Thou hast achieved our liberty, confined
Within Hell-gates till now; thou us im-
powered

To fortify thus far, and overlay 370
With this portentous bridge the dark Abyss.
Thine now is all this World; thy virtue
hath won

What thy hands builded not; thy wisdom
gained,
With odds, what war hath lost, and fully
avenged

Our foil in Heaven. Here thou shalt Mon-
arch reign,
There didst not; there let him still victor
sway,
As battle hath adjudged, from this new
World

Retiring, by his own doom alienated,
And henceforth monarchy with thee divide
Of all things, parted by the empyrean
bounds, 380

His quadrature, from thy orbicular World,
Or try thee now more dangerous to his
Throne.”

Whom thus the Prince of Darkness an-
swered glad: —

“ Fair daughter, and thou, son and grand-
child both,

High proof ye now have given to be the race

Of Satan (for I glory in the name,
Antagonist of Heaven's Almighty King),
Amply have merited of me, of all
The Infernal Empire, that so near Heaven's door

Triumphal with triumphal act have met, ³⁹⁰
Mine with this glorious work, and made one realm

Hell and this World — one realm, one continent

Of easy thoroughfare. Therefore, while I Descend through Darkness, on your road with ease,

To my associate Powers, them to acquaint With these successes, and with them rejoice,

You two this way, among these numerous orbs,

All yours, right down to Paradise descend; There dwell, and reign in bliss; thence on the Earth

Dominion exercise and in the air, ⁴⁰⁰
Chiefly on Man, sole lord of all declared; Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.

My substitutes I send ye, and create Plenipotent on Earth, of matchless might Issuing from me. On your joint vigour now My hold of this new kingdom all depends, Through Sin to Death exposed by my exploit.

If your joint power prevail, the affairs of Hell

No detriment need fear; go, and be strong.”

So saying, he dismissed them; they with speed

Their course through thickest constellations held, Spreading their bane; the blasted stars looked wan,

And planets, planet-strook, real eclipse Then suffered. The other way Satan went down

The causey to Hell-gate; on either side Disparted Chaos overbuilt exclaimed, And with rebounding surge the bars assailed, That scorned his indignation. Through the gate,

Wide open and unguarded, Satan passed, And all about found desolate; for those ⁴²⁰ Appointed to sit there had left their charge, Flown to the upper World; the rest were all Far to the inland retired, about the walls

Of Pandemonium, city and proud seat Of Lucifer, so by allusion called Of that bright star to Satan paragoned. There kept their watch the legions, while the Grand

In council sat, solicitous what chance Might intercept their Emperor sent; so he Departing gave command, and they observed. ⁴³⁰

As when the Tartar from his Russian foe, By Astracan, over the snowy plains, Retires, or Bactrian Sophi, from the horns Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste beyond

The realm of Aladnle, in his retreat To Tauris or Casbeen; so these, the late Heaven-banished host, left desert utmost Hell

Many a dark league, reduced in careful watch

Round their Metropolis, and now expecting Each hour their great Adventurer from the search

Of foreign worlds. He through the midst unmarked,

In shew plebeian Angel militant Of lowest order, passed, and, from the door Of that Plutonian hall, invisible Ascended his high Throne, which, under state

Of richest texture spread, at the upper end Was placed in regal lustre. Down a while He sat, and round about him saw, unseen. At last, as from a cloud, his fulgent head And shape star-bright appeared, or brighter, clad

⁴⁵⁰ With what permissive glory since his fall Was left him, or false glitter. All amazed At that so sudden blaze, the Stygian throng Bent their aspect, and whom they wished beheld, Their mighty Chief returned: loud was the acclamation.

Forth rushed in haste the great consulting Peers,

Raised from their dark Divan, and with like joy

Congratulant approached him, who with hand

Silence, and with these words attention, won: —

“ Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers! — ⁴⁶⁰

For in possession such, not only of right, I call ye, and declare ye now, returned,

Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth
Triumphant out of this infernal Pit
Abominable, accursed, the house of woe,
And dungeon of our tyrant ! Now possess,
As lords, a spacious World, to our native

Heaven

Little inferior, by my adventure hard
With peril great achieved. Long were to
tell

What I have done, what suffered, with
what pain

Voyaged the unreal, vast, unbounded Deep

Of horrible confusion — over which

By Sin and Death a broad way now is paved,
To expedite your glorious march; but I
Toiled out my uncouth passage, forced to
ride

The untractable Abyss, plunged in the
womb

Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wild,
That, jealous of their secrets, fiercely op-
posed

My journey strange, with clamorous up-
roar

Protesting Fate supreme; thence how I
found

The new-created World, which fame in

Heaven

Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful,

Of absolute perfection; therein Man
Placed in a paradise, by our exile

Made happy. Him by fraud I have se-
duced

From his Creator, and, the more to increase
Your wonder, with an apple ! He, thereat
Offended — worth your laughter ! — hath
given up

Both his beloved Man and all his World
To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,

490

Without our hazard, labour, or alarm,
To range in, and to dwell, and over Man

To rule, as over all he should have ruled.

True is, we also he hath judged; or rather
Me not, but the brute Serpent, in whose

shape

Man I deceived. That which to me be-
longs

Is enmity, which he will put between
Me and Mankind: I am to bruise his heel;
His seed — when is not set — shall bruise
my head !

A world who would not purchase with a
bruise,

500

Or much more grievous pain ? Ye have
the account

Of my performance; what remains, ye
Gods,

But up and enter now into full bliss ?

So having said, a while he stood, expect-
ing

Their universal shout and high applause
To fill his ear; when, contrary, he hears,

On all sides, from innumerable tongues
A dismal universal hiss, the sound

Of public scorn. He wondered, but not
long

Had leisure, wondering at himself now
more.

His visage drawn he felt to sharp and
spare,

His arms clung to his ribs, his legs entwin-
ing

Each other, till, supplanted, down he fell,
A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,
Reluctant, but in vain; a greater power
Now ruled him, punished in the shape he
sinned,

According to his doom. He would have
spoke,

But hiss for hiss returned with forkèd
tongue

To forkèd tongue; for now were all trans-
formed

Alike, to serpents all, as accessories

520 To his bold riot. Dreadful was the din
Of hissing through the hall, thick-swarm-
ing now

With complicated monsters, head and tail—

Scorpion, and Asp, and Amphisbæna dire,
Cerastes horned, Hydrus, and Ellops drear,

And Dipsas (not so thick swarmed once the

soil

With bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the isle
Ophiusa); but still greatest he the midst,
Now Dragon grown, larger than whom the

Sun

Ingendered in the Pythian vale on slime,
Huge Python; and his power no less he
seemed

53. Above the rest still to retain. They all
Him followed, issuing forth to the open
field,

Where all yet left of that revolted rout,
Heaven-fallen, in station stood or just ar-
ray,

Sublime with expectation when to see
In triumph issuing forth their glorious
Chief.

They saw, but other sight instead — a
crowd

Of ugly serpents ! Horror on them fell,
And horrid sympathy; for what they saw
They felt themselves now changing. Down
their arms,
Down fell both spear and shield; down
they as fast,
And the dire hiss renewed, and the dire form
Catched by contagion, like in punishment
As in their crime. Thus was the applause
they meant
Turned to exploding hiss, triumph to shame
Cast on themselves from their own mouths.

There stood
A grove hard by, sprung up with this their
change,
His will who reigns above, to aggravate
Their penance, laden with fair fruit, like
that
Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve
Used by the Tempter. On that prospect
strange

Their earnest eyes they fixed, imagining
For one forbidden tree a multitude
Now risen, to work them furder woe or
shame;
Yet, parched with scalding thirst and
hunger fierce,
Though to delude them sent, could not ab-
stain,
But on they rowled in heaps, and, up the
trees
Climbing, sat thicker than the snaky locks
That curled Megæra. Greedily they plucked
The fruitage fair to sight, like that which
grew

Near that bituminous lake where Sodom
flamed;
This, more delusive, not the touch, but
taste
Deceived; they, fondly thinking to allay
Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit
Chewed bitter ashes, which the offended
taste

With spattering noise rejected. Oft they
assayed,
Hunger and thirst constraining; drugged
as oft,
With hatefulest disrelish writhed their jaws

With soot and cinders filled; so oft they
fell
Into the same illusion, not as Man
Whom they triumphed' once lapsed. Thus
were they plagued,
And, worn with famine, long and ceaseless
hiss,

Till their lost shape, permitted, they re-
sumed —

Yearly enjoined, some say, to undergo
This annual humbling certain numbered
days,
To dash their pride, and joy for Man sed-
uced.

However, some tradition they dispersed
Among the Heathen of their purchase got
And fabled how the Serpent, whom they
called

58c
Ophion, with Eurynome (the wide-
Encroaching Eve perhaps), had first the rule
Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driven
And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born.

Meanwhile in Paradise the Hellish pair
Too soon arrived — Sin, there in power be-
fore

Once actual, now in body, and to dwell
Habitual habitant; behind her Death,
Close following pace for pace, not mounted
yet

On his pale horse; to whom Sin thus be-
gan: —

59c
“ Second of Satan sprung, all-conquering
Death !

What think'st thou of our empire now ?
though earned

With travail difficult, not better far
Than still at Hell's dark threshold to have
sat watch,

Unnamed, undreaded, and thyself half-
starved ? ”

Whom thus the Sin-born Monster an-
swered soon: —

“ To me, who with eternal famine pine,
Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven —
There best where most with ravin I may
meet:

Which here, though plenteous, all too little
seems

60c
To stuff this maw, this vast unhide-bound
corpse.”

To whom the incestuous Mother thus re-
plied: —

“ Thou, therefore, on these herbs, and
fruits, and flowers,
Feed first; on each beast next, and fish, and
fowl —

No homely morsels; and whatever thing
The scythe of Time mows down devour
unspared;

Till I, in Man residing through the race,
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions, all
infect,

And season him thy last and sweetest prey."

This said, they both betook them several ways,
Both to destroy, or unimmortal make
All kinds, and for destruction to mature
Sooner or later; which the Almighty seeing,
From his transcendent Seat the Saints among,
To those bright Orders uttered thus his voice:—

"See with what heat these dogs of Hell advance
To waste and havoc yonder World, which I
So fair and good created, and had still
Kept in that state, had not the folly of
Man

Let in these wasteful furies, who impute
Folly to me (so doth the Prince of Hell
And his adherents), that with so much ease

I suffer them to enter and possess
A place so heavenly, and, conniving, seem
To gratify my scornful enemies,
That laugh, as if, transported with some fit

Of passion, I to them had quitted all,
At random yielded up to their misrule;
And know not that I called and drew them thither,

My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draf and filth

Which Man's polluting sin with taint hath shed

On what was pure; till, crammed and gorged, nigh burst
With sucked and glutted offal, at one sling

Of thy victorious arm, well-pleasing Son,
Both Sin and Death, and yawning Grave, at last

Through Chaos hurled, obstruct the mouth of Hell

For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.
Then Heaven and Earth, renewed, shall be made pure

To sanctity that shall receive no stain:
Till then the curse pronounced on both precedes."

He ended, and the Heavenly Audience loud

Sung Halleluiah, as the sound of seas,
Through multitude that sung:— "Just are thy ways,

Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works;

Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son,

Destined restorer of Mankind, by whom New Heaven and Earth shall to the ages rise,

Or down from Heaven descend." Such was their song,

While the Creator, calling forth by name His mighty Angels, gave them several charge,

As sorted best with present things. The Sun

Had first his precept so to move, so shine, As might affect the Earth with cold and heat

Scarce tolerable, and from the north to call

Decrepit winter, from the south to bring Solstitial summer's heat. To the blanc Moon

Her office they prescribed; to the other five

Their planetary motions and aspects,' In sextile, square, and trine, and opposite, Of noxious efficacy, and when to join

In synod unbenign; and taught the fixed Their influence malignant when to shower — Which of them, rising with the Sun or falling,

Should prove tempestuous. To the winds they set

Their corners, when with bluster to confound

Sea, air, and shore; the thunder when to roll

With terror through the dark aerial hall. Some say he bid his Angels turn askance The poles of Earth twice ten degrees and more

From the Sun's axle; they with labour pushed

Oblique the centric Globe: some say the Sun

Was bid turn reins from the equinoctial road

Like distant breadth — to Taurus with the seven

Atlantic Sisters, and the Spartan Twins, Up to the Tropic Crab; thence down a main By Leo, and the Virgin, and the Scales, As deep as Capricorn; to bring in change Of seasons to each cline. Else had the spring

Perpetual smiled on Earth with vernant flowers,

Equal in days and nights, except to those Beyond the polar circles; to them day ⁶⁸ Had unbrightened shon, while the low Sun, To recompence his distance, in their sight Had rounded still the horizon, and not known

Or east or west — which had forbid the snow

From cold Estotiland, and south as far Beneath Magellan. At that tasted Fruit, The Sun, as from Thysestan banquet, turned His course intended; else how had the world ⁶⁸⁹

Inhabited, though sinless, more than now Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat? These changes in the heavens, though slow, produced

Like change on sea and land — sideral blast,

Vapour, and mist, and exhalation hot, Corrupt and pestilent. Now from the north Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shore, Bursting their brazen dungeon, armed with ice,

And snow, and hail, and stormy gust and flaw,

Boreas and Cæcias and Argestes loud And Thrascias rend the woods, and seas upturn; ⁷⁰⁰

With adverse blasts upturns them from the south

Notus and Afer, black with thundrous clouds

From Serraliaon; thwart of these, as fierce Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent winds,

Eurus and Zephyr, with their lateral noise, Sirocco and Libecchio. Thus began Outrage from lifeless things; but Discord first,

Daughter of Sin, among the irrational Death introduced through fierce antipathy. Beast now with beast gan war, and fowl with fowl, ⁷¹⁰

And fish with fish. To graze the herb all leaving

Devoured each other; nor stood much in awe

Of Man, but fled him, or with countenance grim

Glared on him passing. These were from without

The growing miseries; which Adam saw

Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,

To sorrow abandoned, but worse felt within, And, in a troubled sea of passion tost, Thus to disburden sought with sad complaint: —

“ O miserable of happy! Is this the end ⁷²⁰

Of this new glorious World, and me so late The glory of that glory? who now, become Accursed of blessed, hide me from the face Of God, whom to behold was then my highth

Of happiness! Yet well, if here would end

The misery! I deserved it, and would bear

My own deserving. But this will not serve:

All that I eat or drink, or shall beget, Is propagated curse. O voice, once heard Delightfully, ‘ *Encrease and multiply;* ’ Now death to hear! for what can I encrease

Or multiply but curses on my head? Who, of all ages to succeed, but, feeling The evil on him brought by me, will curse My head? ‘ Ill fare our Ancestor impure! For this we may thank Adam! ’ but his thanks

Shall be the execration. So, besides Mine own that bide upon me, all from me

Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound — On me, as on their natural centre, light; ⁷⁴⁰ Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys

Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes! Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay To mould me Man? Did I solicit thee From darkness to promote me, or here place

In this delicious Garden? As my will Concurred not to my being, it were but right

And equal to reduce me to my dust, Desirous to resign and render back All I received, unable to perform ⁷⁵⁰

Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold

The good I sought not. To the loss of that, Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added The sense of endless woes? Inexplicable Thy justice seems. Yet, to say truth, too late

I thus contest; then should have been refused
 Those terms, whatever, when they were proposed.
 Thou didst accept them: wilt thou enjoy the good,
 Then cavil the conditions? And, though God
 Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son
 Prove disobedient, and, reproved, retort, 760
 'Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not!'
 Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
 That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,
 But natural necessity, begot.
 God made thee of choice his own, and of his own
 To serve him; thy reward was of his grace;
 Thy punishment, then, justly is at his will.
 Be it so, for I submit; his doom is fair, 769
 That dust I am, and shall to dust return.
 O welcome hour whenever! Why delays His hand to execute what his decree
 Fixed on this day? Why do I overlive?
 Why am I mocked with death, and lengthened out
 To deathless pain? How gladly would I meet
 Mortality, my sentence, and be earth
 Insensible! how glad would lay me down As in my mother's lap! There I should rest,
 And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more
 Would thunder in my ears; no fear of worse 780
 To me and to my offspring would torment me
 With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt Pursues me still—lest all I cannot die;
 Lest that pure breath of life, the Spirit of Man
 Which God inspired, cannot together perish With this corporeal clod. Then, in the grave,
 Or in some other dismal place, who knows But I shall die a living death? O thought Horrid, if true! Yet why? It was but breath
 Of life that sinned: what dies but what had life 790
 And sin? The body properly hath neither.

All of me, then, shall die: let this appease The doubt, since human reach no further knows.
 For, though the Lord of all be infinite, Is his wraught also? Be it, Man is not so, But mortal doomed. How can he exercise Wraught without end on Man, whom death must end?
 Can he make deathless death? That were to make Strange contradiction; which to God himself
 Impossible is held, as argument 800
 Of weakness, not of power. Will he draw out,
 For anger's sake, finite to infinite In punished Man, to satisfy his rigour Satisfied never? That were to extend His sentence beyond dust and Nature's law; By which all causes else according still To the reception of their matter act, Not to the extent of their own sphere.
 But say
 That death be not one stroke, as I supposed, Bereaving sense, but endless misery 810
 From this day onward, which I feel begun Both in me and without me, and so last To perpetuity—Ay me! that fear Comes thundering back with dreadful revolution
 On my defenceless head! Both Death and I
 Am found eternal, and incorporate both: Nor I on my part single; in me all Posterity stands cursed. Fair patrimony That I must leave ye, sons! Oh, were I able 819
 To waste it all myself, and leave ye none! So disinherited, how would ye bless Me, now your curse! Ah, why should all Mankind,
 For one man's fault, thus guiltless be condemned?
 If guiltless! But from me what can proceed
 But all corrupt—both mind and will depraved
 Not to do only, but to will the same With me? How can they, then, acquitted stand
 In sight of God? Him, after all disputes, Forced I absolve. All my evasions vain And reasonings, though through mazes, lead me still 830
 But to my own conviction: first and last

On me, me only, as the source and spring
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due.
So might the wrauth ! Fond wish ! couldst
thou support
That burden, heavier than the Earth to
bear —
Than all the world much heavier, though
divided
With that bad Woman ? Thus, what thou
desir'st,
And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all
hope
Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable
Beyond all past example and future' — 840
To Satan only like, both crime and doom.
O Conscience ! into what abyss of fears
And horrors hast thou driven me; out of
which
I find no way, from deep to deeper
plunged !"
Thus Adam to himself lamented loud
Through the still night — not now, as ere
Man fell,
Wholesome and cool and mild, but with
black air
Accompanied, with damps and dreadful
gloom;
Which to his evil conscience represented
All things with double terror. On the
ground 850
Outstretched he lay, on the cold ground,
and oft
Cursed his creation; Death as oft accused
Of tardy execution, since denounced
The day of his offence. " Why comes not
Death,"
Said he, " with one thrice-acceptable stroke
To end me ? Shall Truth fail to keep her
word,
Justice divine not hasten to be just ?
But Death comes not at call; Justice divine
Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or
cries.
O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and
bowers ! 860
With other echo late I taught your shades
To answer, and resound far other song."
Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,
Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,
Soft words to his fierce passion she as-
sayed;
But her, with stern regard, he thus re-
pelled: —
" Out of my sight, thou Serpent ! That
name best

Befits thee, with him leagued, thyself as
false
And hateful: nothing wants, but that thy
shape
Like his, and colour serpentine, may shew
Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures
from thee 871
Henceforth, lest that too heavenly form,
pretended
To hellish falsehood, snare them. But for
thee
I had persisted happy, had not thy pride
And wandering vanity, when least was safe,
Rejected my forewarning, and disdained
Not to be trusted — longing to be seen,
Though by the Devil himself; him over-
weening
To overreach; but, with the Serpent meet-
ing,
Fooled and beguiled; by him thou, I by
thee, 880
To trust thee from my side, imagined wise,
Constant, mature, proof against all as-
saults,
And understood not all was but a shew,
Rather than solid virtue, all but a rib
Crooked by nature — bent, as now appears,
More to the part sinister — from me
drawn;
Well if thrown out, as supernumerary
To my just number found ! Oh, why did
God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest Heaven
With Spirits masculine, create at last 890
This novelty on Earth, this fair defect
Of Nature, and not fill the World at once
With men as Angels, without feminine;
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind ? This mischief had not then
befallen,
And more that shall befall — innumerable
Disturbances on Earth through female
snares,
And strait conjunction with this sex. For
either
He never shall find out fit mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mis-
take; 900
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain,
Through her perverseness, but shall see her
gained
By a far worse, or, if she love, withheld
By parents; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, already linked and wedlock
bound

To a fell adversary, his hate or shame:
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household peace con-
founded."

He added not, and from her turned; but
Eve,

Not so repulsed, with tears that ceased not
flowing,

And tresses all disordered, at his feet
Fell humble, and, imbracing them, be-
sought

His peace, and thus proceeded in her
plaint:—

“ Forsake me not thus, Adam ! witness
Heaven

What love sincere and reverence in my
heart

I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceived ! Thy suppliant
I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me
not

Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,

My only strength and stay. Forlorn of
thee,

Whither shall I betake me, where subsist ?
While yet we live, scarce one short hour
perhaps,

Between us two let there be peace; both
joining,

As joined in injuries, one enmity
Against a Foe by doom express assigned
us,

That cruel Serpent. On me exercise not
Thy hatred for this misery befallen —
On me already lost, me than thyself
More miserable. Both have sinned; but
thou

Against God only; I against God and thee,
And to the place of judgment will return,
There with my cries impor'tune Heaven,
that all

The sentence, from thy head removed, may
light

On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,
Me, me only, just object of His ire.”

She ended, weeping; and her lowly
plight,

Immovable till peace obtained from fault
Acknowledged and deplored, in Adam
wraught

Commissioner. Soon his heart relented
Towards her, his life so late, and sole de-
light,

Now at his feet submissive in distress —

Creature so fair his reconcilement seeking,
His counsel whom she had displeased, his
aid.

As one disarmed, his anger all he lost,
And thus with peaceful words upraised her
soon: —

“ Unwary, and too desirous, as before
So now, of what thou know'st not, who
desir'st

The punishment all on thyself ! Alas !
Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain

His full wraught whose thou feel'st as yet
least part,

And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If
prayers

Could alter high decrees, I to that place
Would speed before thee, and be louder
heard,

That on my head all might be visited,
Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiven,
To me committed, and by me exposed.

But rise; let us no more contend, nor
blame

Each other, blamed enough elsewhere, but
strive

In offices of love how we may lighten

Each other's burden in our share of woe;

Since this day's death denounced, if aught
I see,

Will prove no sudden, but a slow-paced
evil,

A long day's dying, to augment our pain,
And to our seed (O hapless seed !) de-
rived.”

To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, re-
plied: —

“ Adam, by sad experiment I know
How little weight my words with thee can

find,

Found so erroneous, thence by just event
Found so unfortunate. Nevertheless,

Restored by thee, vile as I am, to place
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain

Thy love, the sole contentment of my
heart,

Living or dying from thee I will not hide
What thoughts in my unquiet breast are

risen,

Tending to some relief of our extremes,
Or end, though sharp and sad, yet toler-
able,

As in our evils, and of easier choice.
If care of our descent perplex us most,

Which must be born to certain woe, de-
voured

By Death at last (and miserable it is
To be to others cause of misery,
Our own begotten, and of our loins to
bring
Into this cursed world a woeful race,
That, after wretched life, must be at last
Food for so foul a Monster), in thy power
It lies, yet ere conception, to prevent
The race unblest, to being yet unbegot.
Childless thou art; childless remain. So
Death
Shall be deceived his glut, and with us
two ⁹⁹⁰
Be forced to satisfy his ravenous maw.
But, if thou judge it hard and difficult,
Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain
From love's due rites, nuptial imbraces
sweet,
And with desire to languish without hope
Before the present object languishing
With like desire — which would be misery
And torment less than none of what we
dread —
Then, both our selves and seed at once to
free
From what we fear for both, let us make
short; ¹⁰⁰⁰
Let us seek Death, or, he not found, supply
With our own hands his office on ourselves.
Why stand we longer shivering under fears
That shew no end but death, and have the
power,
Of many ways to die the shortest choosing;
Destruction with destruction to destroy?"
She ended here, or vehement despair
Broke off the rest; so much of death her
thoughts
Had entertained as dyed her cheeks with
pale.
But Adam, with such counsel nothing
swayed, ¹⁰¹⁰
To better hopes his more attentive mind
Labouring had raised, and thus to Eve re-
plied:—
"Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure
seems
To argue in thee something more sublime
And excellent than what thy mind con-
temns:
But self-destruction therefore sought re-
futes
That excellence thought in thee, and implies
Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret
For loss of life and pleasure overloved.
Or, if thou covet death, as utmost end ¹⁰²⁰

Of misery, so thinking to evade
The penalty pronounced, doubt not but
God
Hath wiselier armed his vengeful ire than
so
To be forestalled. Much more I fear lest
death
So snatched will not exempt us from the
pain
We are by doom to pay; rather such acts
Of contumacy will provoke the Highest
To make death in us live. Then let us
seek
Some safer resolution — which methinks
I have in view, calling to mind with heed
Part of our sentence, that thy seed shall
bruise ¹⁰³⁰
The Serpent's head. Piteous amends! un-
less
Be meant whom I conjecture, our grand
foe,
Satan, who in the Serpent hath contrived
Against us this deceit. To crush his head
Would be revenge indeed — which will be
lost
By death brought on ourselves, or childless
days
Resolved as thou proposest; so our foe
Shall scape his punishment ordained, and
we ¹⁰³⁹
Instead shall double ours upon our heads.
No more be mentioned, then, of violence
Against ourselves, and wilful barrenness
That cuts us off from hope, and savours
only
Rancour and pride, impatience and despite,
Reluctance against God and his just yoke
Laid on our necks. Remember with what
mild
And gracious temper he both heard and
judged,
Without wrath or reviling. We expected
Immediate dissolution, which we thought
Was meant by death that day; when, lo!
to thee
Pains only in child-bearing were foretold, ¹⁰⁵⁰
And bringing forth, soon recompensed with
joy,
Fruit of thy womb. On me the curse aslope
Glanced on the ground. With labour I
must earn
My bread; what harm? Idleness had been
worse;
My labour will sustain me; and, lest cold
Or heat should injure us, his timely care

Hath, unbesought, provided, and his hands
Clothed us unworthy, pitying while he
judged.

How much more, if we pray him, will his ear
Be open, and his heart to pity incline,
And teach us further by what means to shun
The inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and
snow !

Which now the sky, with various face,
begins
To shew us in this mountain, while the
winds
Blow moist and keen, shattering the grace-
ful locks
Of these fair spreading trees; which bids
us seek
Some better shroud, some better warmth
to cherish

Our limbs benumbed — ere this diurnal
star
Leave cold the night, how we his gathered
beams

Reflected may with matter sere foment,
Or by collision of two bodies grind
The air attrite to fire; as late the clouds,
Justling, or pushed with winds, rude in
their shock,

Tine the slant lightning, whose thwart
flame, driven down,
Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine,
And sends a comfortable heat from far,
Which might supply the Sun. Such fire to
use,

And what may else be remedy or cure
To evils which our own misdeeds have
wrought,

He will instruct us praying, and of grace
Beseeching him; so as we need not fear
To pass commodiously this life, sustained
By him with many comforts, till we end
In dust, our final rest and native home.
What better can we do than, to the place
Repairing where he judged us, prostrate
fall

Before him reverent, and there confess
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with
tears

Watering the ground, and with our sighs
the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in
sign

Of sorrow unfeigned and humiliation
meek ?

Undoubtedly he will relent, and turn
From his displeasure, in whose look serene,
When angry most he seemed and most
severe,
What else but favour, grace, and mercy
shon ?”

So spake our Father penitent; nor Eve
Felt less remorse. They, forthwith to the
place

Repairing where he judged them, prostrate
fell

Before him reverent, and both confessed
Humbly their faults, and pardon begged,
with tears

Watering the ground, and with their sighs
the air

Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in
sign

Of sorrow unfeigned and humiliation meek.

BOOK XI

THE ARGUMENT

The Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first parents now repenting, and intercedes for them. God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise; sends Michael with a band of Cherubim to dispossess them, but first to reveal to Adam future things: Michael's coming down. Adam shews to Eve certain ominous signs: he discerns Michael's approach; goes out to meet him: the Angel denounces their departure. Eve's lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits: the Angel leads him up to a high hill; sets before him in vision what shall happen till the Flood.

THUS they, in lowliest plight, repentant
stood
Praying; for from the Mercy-seat above

Prevenient grace descending had removed
The stony from their hearts, and made new
flesh

Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now
breathed

Unutterable, which the Spirit of prayer
Inspired, and winged for Heaven with
speedier flight

Than loudest oratory. Yet their port
Not of mean suitors; nor important less
Seemed their petition than when the ancient
Pair

In fables old, less ancient yet than these,
Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore
The race of mankind drowned, before the
shrine

Of Themis stood devout. To Heaven their
prayers
Flew up, nor missed the way, by envious
winds
Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they
passed
Dimensionless through heavenly doors;
then, clad
With incense, where the Golden Altar
fumed,
By their great Intercessor, came in sight
Before the Father's Throne. Them the
glad Son ²⁰
Presenting thus to intercede began:—
“ See, Father, what first-fruits on Earth
are sprung
From thy implanted grace in Man — these
sighs
And prayers, which in this golden censer,
mixed
With incense, I, thy priest, before thee
bring;
Fruits of more pleasing savour, from thy
seed
Sown with contrition in his heart, than
those
Which, his own hand manuring, all the
trees
Of Paradise could have produced, ere fallen
From innocence. Now, therefore, bend
thine ear ³⁰
To supplication; hear his sighs, though
mute;
Unskilful with what words to pray, let me
Interpret for him, me his Advocate
And propitiation; all his works on me,
Good or not good, ingraft; my merit those
Shall perfet, and for these my death shall
pay.
Accept me, and in me from these receive
The smell of peace toward Mankind; let
him live,
Before thee reconciled, at least his days
Numbered, though sad, till death, his doom
(which I ⁴⁰
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse),
To better life shall yield him, where with
me
All my redeemed may dwell in joy and
bliss,
Made one with me, as I with thee am one.”
To whom the Father, without cloud,
serene:—
“ All thy request for Man, accepted Son,
Obtain; all thy request was my decree.

But longer in that Paradise to dwell
The law I gave to Nature him forbids; ⁴⁹
Those pure immortal elements, that know
No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,
Eject him, tainted now, and purge him off,
As a distemper, gross, to air as gross,
And mortal food, as may dispose him best
For dissolution wrought by sin, that first
Distempered all things, and of incorrupt
Corrupted. I, at first, with two fair gifts
Created him endowed — with Happiness
And Immortality; that fondly lost,
This other served but to eternize woe, ⁶⁰
Till I provided Death: so Death becomes
His final remedy, and, after life
Tried in sharp tribulation, and refined
By faith and faithful works, to second life,
Waked in the renovation of the just,
Resigns him up with Heaven and Earth
renewed.
But let us call to synod all the Blest
Through Heaven's wide bounds; from them
I will not hide
My judgments — how with Mankind I pro-
ceed,
As how with peccant Angels late they
saw, ⁷⁰
And in their state, though firm, stood more
confirmed.”
He ended, and the Son gave signal high
To the bright Minister that watched. He
blew
His trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps
When God descended, and perhaps once
more
To sound at general doom. The angelic
blast
Filled all the regions: from their blissful
bowers
Of amarantin shade, fountain or spring,
By the waters of life, where'er they sate
In fellowships of joy, the Sons of Light ⁸⁰
Hasted, resorting to the summons high,
And took their seats, till from his Throne
supreme
The Almighty thus pronounced his sovran
will:—
“ O Sons, like one of us Man is become
To know both Good and Evil, since his taste
Of that defended Fruit; but let him boast
His knowledge of good lost and evil got,
Happier had it sufficed him to have known
Good by itself and evil not at all.
He sorrows now, repents, and prays con-
trite — ⁹⁰

My motions in him; longer than they move,
His heart I know how variable and vain,
Self-left. Lest, therefore, his now bolder
hand

Reach also of the Tree of Life, and eat,
And live for ever, dream at least to live
For ever, to remove him I decree,
And send him from the Garden forth, to
till

The ground whence he was taken, fitter soil.
Michael, this my behest have thou in charge:
Take to thee from among the Cherubim ¹⁰⁰
Thy choice of flaming warriors, lest the

Fiend,

Or in behalf of Man, or to invade
Vacant possession, some new trouble raise;
Haste thee, and from the Paradise of God
Without remorse drive out the sinful pair,
From hallowed ground the unholy, and de-
nounce

To them, and to their progeny, from thence
Perpetual banishment. Yet, lest they faint
At the sad sentence rigorously urged
(For I behold them softened, and with
tears ¹¹⁰

Bewailing their excess), all terror hide.
If patiently thy bidding they obey,
Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveal
To Adam what shall come in future days,
As I shall thee enlighten; intermix
My covenant in the Woman's seed re-
newed.

So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet
in peace;
And on the east side of the Garden place,
Where entrance up from Eden easiest
climbs, ¹²⁰

Cherubic watch, and of a Sword the flame
Wide-waving, all approach far off to fright,
And guard all passage to the Tree of Life;
Lest Paradise a réceptacle prove
To Spirits foul, and all my trees their prey,
With whose stolen fruit Man once more to
deude."

He ceased, and the Archangelic Power
prepared
For swift descent; with him the cohort
bright

Of watchful Cherubim. Four faces each
Had, like a double Janus; all their shape
Spangled with eyes more numerous than
those ¹³⁰

Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drowse,
Charmed with Arcadian pipe, the pastoral
reed

Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Meanwhile,
To resolute the World with sacred light,
Leucothea waked, and with fresh dews im-
balm'd

The Earth, when Adam and first matron
Eve

Had ended now their orisons, and found
Strength added from above, new hope to
spring

Out of despair, joy, but with fear yet linked;
Which thus to Eve his welcome words re-
newed:—

“ Eve, easily may faith admit that all
The good which we enjoy from Heaven de-
scends;

But that from us aught should ascend to

Heaven
So prevalent as to concern the mind
Of God high-blest, or to incline his will,
Hard to belief may seem. Yet this will
prayer,

Or one short sigh of human breath, up-
borne

Even to the seat of God. For, since I
sought

By prayer the offended Deity to appease,
Kneaded and before him humbled all my
heart,

¹⁴⁰
Methought I saw him placable and mild,
Bending his ear; persuasion in me grew
That I was heard with favour; peace re-
turned

Home to my breast, and to my memory
His promise that thy seed shall bruise our
Foe;

Which, then not minded in dismay, yet
now

Assures me that the bitterness of death
Is past, and we shall live. Whence hail to
thee!

Eve rightly called, Mother of all Mankind,
Mother of all things living, since by thee ¹⁶⁰
Man is to live, and all things live for Man.”

To whom thus Eve with sad demeanour
meek:—

“ Ill-worthy I such title should belong
To me transgressor, who, for thee ordained
A help, became thy snare; to me reproach
Rather belongs, distrust and all dispraise.
But infinite in pardon was my Judge,
That I, who first brought death on all, am
graced

The source of life; next favourable thou,
Who highly thus to entitle me voutsaf'st, ¹⁷⁰
Far other name deserving. But the field

To labour calls us, now with sweat imposed,
Though after sleepless night; for see ! the Morn,
All unconcerned with our unrest, begins Her rosy progress smiling. Let us forth, I never from thy side henceforth to stray, Where'er our day's work lies, though now enjoined
Laborious, till day droop. While here we dwell,
What can be toilsome in these pleasant walks ?
Here let us live, though in fallen state, content." ¹⁸⁰
So spake, so wished, much-humbled Eve; but Fate
Subscribed not. Nature first gave signs, impressed
On bird, beast, air—air suddenly eclipsed, After short blush of morn. Nigh in her sight
The bird of Jove, stooped from his aerie tour,
Two birds of gayest plume before him drove;
Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods,
First hunter then, pursued a gentle brace, Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind;
Direct to the eastern gate was bent their flight. ¹⁹⁰
Adam observed, and, with his eye the chase Pursuing, not unmoved to Eve thus spake:—
" O Eve, some furder change awaits us nigh,
Which Heaven by these mute signs in Nature shews,
Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn Us, haply too secure of our discharge From penalty because from death released Some days: how long, and what till then our life,
Who knows, or more than this, that we are dust,
And thither must return, and be no more ? ²⁰⁰
Why else this double object in our sight, Of flight pursued in the air and o'er the ground
One way the self-same hour ? Why in the east
Darkness ere day's mid-course, and morning-light

More orient in yon western cloud, that draws
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white, And slow descends, with something Heavely fraught ?"
He erred not; for, by this, the Heavenly bands
Down from a sky of jasper lighted now In Paradise, and on a hill made halt — ²¹⁰ A glorious Apparition, had not doubt And carnal fear that day dimmed Adam's eye.
Not that more glorious, when the Angels met
Jacob in Mahanaim, where he saw The field pavilioned with his guardians bright;
Nor that which on the flaming Mount appeared
In Dothan, covered with a camp of fire, Against the Syriau king, who, to surprise One man, assassin-like, had levied war, War unproclaimed. The princely Hierarch ²²⁰
In their bright stand there left his Powers to seize
Possession of the Garden; he alone, To find where Adam sheltered, took his way,
Not unperceived of Adam; who to Eve, While the great Visitant approached, thus spake:—
" Eve, now expect great tidings, which, perhaps,
Of us will soon determine, or impose New laws to be observed; for I descry, From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill,
One of the Heavenly host, and, by his gait, ²³⁰
None of the meanest — some great Potentate
Or of the Thrones above, such majesty Invests him coming; yet not terrible, That I should fear, nor sociably mild, As Raphael, that I should much confide, But solemn and sublime; whom, not to offend,
With reverence I must meet, and thou retire."
He ended; and the Archangel soon drew nigh,
Not in his shape celestial, but as man Clad to meet man. Over his lucid arms ²⁴⁰ A military vest of purple flowed,

Livelier than Meliboean, or the grain
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old
In time of truce; Iris had dipt the woof.
His starry helm unbuckled shewed him
prime

In manhood where youth ended; by his side,
As in a glistering zodiac, hung the sword,
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the
spear.

Adam bowed low; he, kingly, from his state
Inclined not, but his coming thus de-
clared: —

“ Adam, Heaven's high behest no preface
needs.

Sufficient that thy prayers are heard, and
Death,
Then due by sentence when thou didst
transgress,
Defeated of his seizure many days,
Given thee of grace, wherein thou may'st
repent,
And one bad act with many deeds well done
May'st cover. Well may then thy Lord,
appeased,
Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious
claim;

But longer in this Paradise to dwell
Permits not. To remove thee I am come,
And send thee from the Garden forth, to
till

²⁶¹
The ground whence thou wast taken, fitter
soil.”

He added not; for Adam, at the news
Heart-strook, with chilling gripe of sorrow
stood,
That all his senses bound; Eve, who un-
seen

Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Discovered soon the place of her retire: —

“ O unexpected stroke, worse than of
Death !

Must I thus leave thee, Paradise ? thus
leave

Thee, native soil ? these happy walks and
shades,

Fit haunt of Gods, where I had hope to
spend,

Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both ? O
flowers,

That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye
names,

Who now shall rear ye to the Sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial
fount ?

Thee, lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorned
With what to sight or smell was sweet,
from thee

²⁸¹
How shall I part, and whither wander
down

Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild ? How shall we breathe in other
air

Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits ? ”

Whom thus the Angel interrupted mild:
“ Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign
What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy
heart,

Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine.
Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes

²⁹¹
Thy husband; him to follow thou art
bound;

Where he abides, think there thy native
soil.”

Adam, by this from the cold sudden
damp

Recovering, and his scattered spirits re-
turned,

To Michael thus his humble words ad-
dressed: —

“ Celestial, whether among the Thrones,
or named

Of them the highest — for such of shape
may seem

Prince above princes — gently hast thou
told

Thy message, which might else in telling
wound,

And in performing end us. What be-
sides

³⁰⁰
Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring —

Departure from this happy place, our sweet
Recess, and only consolation left

Familiar to our eyes; all places else
Inhospitable appear, and desolate,

Nor knowing us, nor known. And, if by
prayer

Incessant I could hope to change the will
Of Him who all things can, I would not
cease

To weary him with my assiduous cries;

³¹⁴
But prayer against his absolute decree

No more avails than breath against the
wind,

Blown stifling back on him that breathes it

forth:

Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
This most afflicts me — that, departing
hence,
As from his face I shall be hid, deprived
His blessed countenance. Here I could
frequent,
With worship, place by place where he
voutsafed
Presence Divine, and to my sons relate,
'On this mount He appeared; under this
tree' 320
Stood visible; among these pines his voice
I heard; here with him at this fountain
talked.'
So many grateful altars I would rear
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memory
Or monument to ages, and thereon
Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and
flowers.
In yonder nether world where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or footstep trace?
For, though I fled him angry, yet, recalled
To life prolonged and promised race, I
now 331
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
Of glory, and far off his steps adore."
To whom thus Michael, with regard be-
nign:—
"Adam, thou know'st Heaven his, and all
the Earth,
Not this rock only; his omnipresence fills
Land, sea, and air, and every kind that
lives,
Fomented by his virtual power and warmed.
All the Earth he gave thee to possess and
rule,
No despicable gift; surmise not, then, 340
His presence to these narrow bounds con-
fined
Of Paradise or Eden. This had been
Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had
spread
All generations, and had hither come,
From all the ends of the Earth, to cele-
brate
And reverence thee their great progenitor.
But this pre - eminence thou hast lost,
brought down
To dwell on even ground now with thy sons:
Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain
God is, as here, and will be found alike 350
Present, and of his presence many a sign
Still following thee, still compassing thee
round

With goodness and paternal love, his face
Express, and of his steps the track divine.
Which that thou may'st believe, and be
confirmed
Ere thou from hence depart, know I am
sent
To shew thee what shall come in future
days
To thee and to thy offspring. Good with
bad
Expect to hear, supernal grace contending
With sinfulness of men — thereby to learn
True patience, and to temper joy with fear
And pious sorrow, equally inured 362
By moderation either state to bear,
Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead
Safest thy life, and best prepared endure
Thy mortal passage when it comes. As-
cend
This hill; let Eve (for I have drenched her
eyes)
Here sleep below while thou to foresight
wak'st,
As once thou slept'st while she to life was
formed."
To whom thus Adam gratefully re-
plied:— 370
"Ascend; I follow thee, safe Guide, the
path
Thou lead'st me, and to the hand of Hea-
ven submit,
However chastening — to the evil turn
My obvious breast, arming to overcome
By suffering, and earn rest from labour
won,
If so I may attain." So both ascend
In the Visions of God. It was a hill,
Of Paradise the highest, from whose top
The hemisphere of Earth in clearest ken
Stretched out to the amplest reach of pro-
spect lay. 380
Not higher that hill, nor wider looking
round,
Whereon for different cause the Tempter
set
Our second Adam, in the wilderness,
To shew him all Earth's kingdoms and
their glory.
His eye might there command wherever
stood
City of old or modern fame, the seat
Of mightiest empire, from the destined
walls
Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can,
And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne,

To Paquin, of Sinæan kings, and thence 390
 To Agra and Lahor of Great Mogul,
 Down to the golden Chersonese, or where
 The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since
 In Hispahan, or where the Russian Ksar
 In Mosco, or the Sultan in Bizance,
 Turchestan-born; nor could his eye not ken
 The empire of Negus to his utmost port
 Ercoco, and the less maritime kings,
 Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,
 And Sofala (thought Ophir), to the realm
 Of Congo, and Angola fardest south, 401
 Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount,
 The kingdoms of Almansor, Fez and Sus,
 Marocco, and Algiers, and Tremisen;
 On Europe thence, and where Rome was
 to sway

The world: in spirit perhaps he also saw
 Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezume,
 And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat
 Of Atabalipa, and yet unspoiled
 Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons 410
 Call El Dorado. But to nobler sights
 Michael from Adam's eyes the film re-
 moved
 Which that false fruit that promised clearer
 sight
 Had bred; then purged with euphrasy and
 rue
 The visual nerve, for he had much to see,
 And from the well of life three drops in-
 stilled.
 So deep the power of these ingredients
 pierced,
 Even to the inmost seat of mental sight,
 That Adam, now enforced to close his eyes,
 Sunk down, and all his spirits became in-
 tranced. 420

But him the gentle Angel by the hand
 Soon raised, and his attention thus re-
 called:—

“ Adam, now ope thine eyes, and first
 behold
 The effects which thy original crime hath
 wrought
 In some to spring from thee, who never
 touched
 The excepted Tree, nor with the Snake
 conspired,
 Nor sinned thy sin, yet from that sin de-
 rive
 Corruption to bring forth more violent
 deeds.”

His eyes he opened, and beheld a field,
 Part arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves

New-reaped, the other part sheep-walks
 and folds;

I' the midst an altar as the landmark stood,
 Rustic, of grassy sord. Thither anon
 A sweaty reaper from his tillage brought
 First-fruits, the green ear and the yellow
 sheaf,

Unculled, as came to hand. A shepherd
 next,

More meek, came with the firstlings of his
 flock,

Choicest and best; then, sacrificing, laid
 The inwards and their fat, with incense
 strewed,
 On the cleft wood, and all due rites per-
 formed. 430

His offering soon propitious fire from hea-
 ven

Consumed, with nimble glance and grate-
 ful steam;

The other's not, for his was not sincere:
 Whereat he inly raged, and, as they talked,
 Smote him into the midriff with a stone
 That beat out life; he fell, and, deadly pale,
 Groaned out his soul, with gushing blood
 effused.

Much at that sight was Adam in his heart
 Dismayed, and thus in haste to the Angel
 cried:—

“ O Teacher, some great mischief hath
 befallen 440

To that meek man, who well had sacrificed:
 Is piety thus and pure devotion paid?”

To whom Michael thus, he also moved,
 replied:—

“ These two are brethren, Adam, and to
 come

Out of thy loins. The unjust the just hath
 slain,

For envy that his brother's offering found
 From Heaven acceptance; but the bloody
 fact

Will be avenged, and the other's faith ap-
 proved

Lose no reward, though here thou see him
 die,

Rowling in dust and gore.” To which our
 Sire:—

“ Alas, both for the deed and for the
 cause!

But have I now seen Death? Is this the
 way

I must return to native dust? O sight
 Of terror, foul and ugly to behold!
 Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!”

To whom thus Michael:— “ Death thou hast seen

In his first shape on Man; but many shapes Of Death, and many are the ways that lead To his grim cave — all dismal, yet to sense More terrible at the entrance than within.

Some, as thou saw’st, by violent stroke shall die,
By fire, flood, famine; by intemperance more

In meats and drinks, which on the Earth shall bring

Diseased dire, of which a monstrous crew Before thee shall appear, that thou may’st know

What misery the inabstinence of Eve Shall bring on men.” Immediately a place Before his eyes appeared, sad, noisome, dark;

A lazar-house it seemed, wherein were laid Numbers of all diseased — all maladies Of ghastly spasm, or racking tortur’ e qualms

Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds, Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs, Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs, Dæmoniac phrenzy, moping melancholy And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy, Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence, Dropsey and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.

Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; Despair

Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch;

And over them triumphant Death his dart Shook, but delayed to strike, though oft invoked

With vows, as their chief good and final hope.

Sight so deform what heart of rock could long

Dry-eyed behold? Adam could not, but wept,

Though not of woman born: compassion quelled

His best of man, and gave him up to tears A space, till firmer thoughts restrained excess,

And, scarce recovering words, his plaint renewed: —

“ O miserable Mankind, to what fall Degraded, to what wretched state reserved! Better end here unborn. Why is life given

To be thus wrested from us? rather why Obtruded on us thus? who, if we knew What we receive, would either not accept Life offered, or soon beg to lay it down, Glad to be so dismissed in peace. Can thus

The image of God in Man, created once So goodly and erect, though faulty since, To such unsightly sufferings be debased Under inhuman pains? Why should not Man,

Retaining still divine similitude In part, from such deformities be free, And for his Maker’s image’ sake exempt? ”

“ Their Maker’s image,” answered Michael, “ then

Forsook them, when themselves they vilified To serve ungoverned Appetite, and took His image whom they served — a brutish vice,

Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve. Therefore so abject is their punishment, Disfiguring not God’s likeness, but their own;

Or, if his likeness, by themselves defaced While they pervert pure Nature’s healthful rules

To loathsome sickness — worthily, since they

God’s image did not reverence in themselves.”

“ I yield it just,” said Adam, “ and submit.

But is there yet no other way, besides These painful passages, how we may come To death, and mix with our connatural dust? ”

“ There is,” said Michael, “ if thou well observe

The rule of *Not too much*, by temperance taught

In what thou eat’st and drink’st, seeking from thence

Due nourishment, not glutinous delight, Till many years over thy head return.

So may’st thou live, till, like ripe fruit, thou drop

Into thy mother’s lap, or be with ease Gathered, not harshly plucked, for death mature.

This is old age; but then thou must outlive Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change

To withered, weak, and grey; thy senses then,

Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forgo
To what thou hast; and, for the air of
youth,
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will
reign
A melancholy damp of cold and dry,
To weigh thy spirits down, and last con-
sume
The balm of life." To whom our Ances-
tor:—
"Henceforth I fly not death, nor would
prolong
Life much — bent rather how I may be
quit,
Fairest and easiest, of this cumbrous charge,
Which I must keep till my appointed day
Of rendering up, and patiently attend 55
My dissolution." Michaël replied:—
"Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what
thou liv'st
Live well; how long or short permit to
Heaven.
And now prepare thee for another sight."
He looked, and saw a spacious plain,
whereon
Were tents of various hue: by some were
herds
Of cattle grazing: others whence the sound
Of instruments that made melodious chime
Was heard, of harp and organ, and who
moved 560
Their stops and chords was seen: his volant
touch
Instinct through all proportions low and
high
Fled and pursued transverse the resonant
fugue.
In other part stood one who, at the forge
Labouring, two massy clods of iron and
brass
Had melted (whether found where casual
fire
Had wasted woods, on mountain or in vale,
Down to the veins of earth, thence gliding
hot
To some cave's mouth, or whether washed
by stream
From underground); the liquid ore he
drained
Into fit moulds prepared; from which he 570
formed
First his own tools, then what might else be
wrought
Fusil or graven in metal. After these,
But on the hither side, a different sort

From the high neighbouring hills, which
was their seat,
Down to the plain descended: by their guise
Just men they seemed, and all their study
bent
To worship God aright, and know his works
Not hid; nor those things last which might
preserve
Freedom and peace to men. They on the
plain 580
Long had not walked when from the tents
beheld
A bevy of fair women, richly gay
In gems and wanton dress! to the harp
they sung
Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on.
The men, though grave, eyed them, and let
their eyes
Rove without rein, till, in the amorous net
Fast caught, they liked, and each his liking
chose.
And now of love they treat, till the even-
ing-star,
Love's harbinger, appeared; then, all in
heat,
They light the nuptial torch, and bid in-
voke 590
Hymen, then first to marriage rites invoked:
With feast and music all the tents resound.
Such happy interview, and fair event
Of love and youth not lost, songs, garlands,
flowers,
And charming symphonies, attached the
heart
Of Adam, soon inclined to admit delight,
The bent of Nature; which he thus ex-
pressed:—
"True opener of mine eyes, prime An-
gel blest,
Much better seems this vision, and more
hope
Of peaceful days portends, than those two
past: 600
Those were of hate and death, or pain much
worse;
Here Nature seems fulfilled in all her ends."
To whom thus Michael: — "Judge not
what is best
By pleasure, though to Nature seeming
meet,
Created, as thou art, to nobler end,
Holy and pure, conformity divine.
Those tents thou saw'st so pleasant were
the tents
Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race

Who slew his brother: studious they appear
Of arts that polish life, inventors rare; ⁶¹⁰
Unmindful of their Maker, though his
Spirit

Taught them; but they his gifts acknowledg'd none.

Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget;
For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that
seemed

Of goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
Yet empty of all good wherein consists
Woman's domestic honour and chief praise;
Bred only and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetence, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the
eye; — ⁶²⁰

To these that sober race of men, whose
lives

Religious titled them the Sons of God,
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame,
Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles
Of these fair atheists, and now swim in joy
(Erelong to swim at large) and laugh; for
which

The world erelong a world of tears must
weep."

To whom thus Adam, of short joy be-
ref't: —

"O pity and shame, that they who to live
well ⁶²⁹

Entered so fair should turn aside to tread
Paths indirect, or in the midway faint!
But still I see the tenor of Man's woe
Holds on the same, from Woman to begin."

"From Man's effeminate slackness it be-
gins,"

Said the Angel, "who should better hold
his place

By wisdom, and superior gifts received.
But now prepare thee for another scene."

He looked, and saw wide territory spread
Before him — towns, and rural works be-
tween,

Cities of men with lofty gates and towers,
Concourse in arms, fierce faces threatening
war, ⁶⁴¹

Giants of mighty bone and bold emprise.
Part wield their arms, part curb the foam-
ing steed,

Single or in array of battle ranged
Both horse and foot, nor idly mustering
stood.

One way a band select from forage drives
A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine,
From a fat meadow-ground, or fleecy flock,

Ewes and their bleating lambs, over the
plain,
Their booty; scarce with life the shepherds
fly, ⁶⁵⁰

But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray:
With cruel tournament the squadrons join;
Where cattle pastured late, now scattered
lies

With carcasses and arms the ensanguined
field

Deserted. Others to a city strong
Lay siege, encamped, by battery, scale, and
mine,

Assaulting; others from the wall defend
With dart and javelin, stones and sulphur-
ous fire;

On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.

In other part the sceptred haralds call ⁶⁶⁰
To council in the city-gates: anon
Grey-headed men and grave, with warriors
mixed,

Assemble, and harangues are heard; but
soon

In factious opposition, till at last
Of middle age one rising, eminent
In wise deport, spake much of right and
wrong,

Of justice, of religion, truth, and peace,
And judgment from above: him old and
young

Exploded, and had seized with violent
hands,

Had not a cloud descending snatched him
thence, ⁶⁷⁰

Unseen amid the throng. So violence
Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law,
Through all the plain, and refuge none was
found.

Adam was all in tears, and to his guide
Lamenting turned full sad: — "Oh, what
are these?

Death's ministers, not men! who thus deal
death

Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thousandfold the sin of him who slew
His brother; for of whom such massacre
Make they but of their brethren, men of
men? ⁶⁸⁰

But who was that just man, whom had not
Heaven
Rescued, had in his righteousness been
lost?"

To whom thus Michael: — "These are
the product'
Of those ill-mated marriages thou saw'st,

Where good with bad were matched; who
of themselves

Abhor to join, and, by imprudence mixed,
Produce prodigious births of body or mind.
Such were these Giants, men of high re-
nown;

For in those days might only shall be ad-
mired,

And valour and heroic virtue called. 690

To overcome in battle, and subdue
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
Manslaughter, shall be held the highest
pitch

Of human glory, and, for glory done,
Of triumph to be styled great conquerors,
Patrons of mankind, gods, and sons of
gods —

Destroyers rightlier called, and Plagues of
men.

Thus fame shall be achieved, renown on
earth,

And what most merits fame in silence hid.
But he, the seventh from thee, whom thou
beheld'st 700

The only righteous in a world perverse,
And therefore hated, therefore so beset
With foes, for daring single to be just,
And utter odious truth, that God would
come

To judge them with his Saints — him the
Most High,

Rapt in a balmy cloud, with wingèd steeds,
Did, as thou saw'st, receive, to walk with
God

High in salvation and the climes of bliss,
Exempt from death, to show thee what re-
ward

Awaits the good, the rest what punish-
ment;

Which now direct thine eyes and soon be-
hold." 710

He looked, and saw the face of things
quite changed.

The brazen throat of war had ceased to
roar;

All now was turned to jollity and game,
To luxury and riot, feast and dance,
Marrying or prostituting, as befell,
Rape or adultery, where passing fair
Allured them; thence from cups to civil
broils.

At length a reverend Sire among them
came,

And of their doings great dislike declared,
And testified against their ways. He oft

Frequented their assemblies, whereso met,
Triumphs or festivals, and to them preached
Conversion and repentance, as to souls
In prison, under judgments imminent;
But all in vain. Which when he saw, he
ceased

Contending, and removed his tents far off;
Then, from the mountain hewing timber
tall,

Began to build a Vessel of huge bulk,
Measured by cubit, length, and breadth,
and highth,

Smeared round with pitch, and in the side
a door

Contrived, and of provisions laid in large
For man and beast: when lo ! a wonder
strange !

Of every beast, and bird, and insect small,
Came sevens and pairs, and entered in, as
taught

Their order; last, the Sire and his three
sons,

With their four wives; and God made fast
the door.

Meanwhile the South-wind rose, and, with
black wings

Wide - hovering, all the clouds together
drove

From under heaven; the hills to their
supply

Vapour, and exhalation dusk and moist,
Sent up amain; and now the thickened
sky

Like a dark ceiling stood: down rushed the
rain

Impetuous, and continued till the earth
No more was seen. The floating Vessel
swum

Uplifted, and secure with beaked prow
Rode tilting o'er the waves; all dwellings
else

Flood overwhelmed, and them with all
their pomp

Deep under water rowled; sea covered sea,
Sea without shore: and in their palaces, 750
Where luxury late reigned, sea-monsters
whelped

And stabled: of mankind, so numerous
late,

All left in one small bottom swum im-
barked.

How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to be-
hold

The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,
Depopulation ! Thee another flood,

Of tears and sorrow a flood thee also drowned,
And sunk thee as thy sons; till, gently reared
By the Angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last,
Though comfortless, as when a father mourns ⁷⁶⁰
His children, all in view destroyed at once,
And scarce to the Angel utter'dst thus thy plaint: —

“ O Visions ill foreseen ! Better had I Lived ignorant of future — so had borne My part of evil only, each day's lot Enough to bear. Those now that were dispensed

The burden of many ages on me light At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth Abortive, to torment me, ere their being, With thought that they must be. Let no man seek ⁷⁷⁰

Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall Him or his children — evil, he may be sure, Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,

And he the future evil shall no less In apprehension than in substance feel Grievous to bear. But that care now is past;

Man is not whom to warn; those few escaped

Famine and anguish will at last consume, Wandering that watery desert. I had hope,

When violence was ceased and war on Earth, ⁷⁸⁰

All would have then gone well, peace would have crowned

With length of happy days the race of Man;

But I was far deceived, for now I see

Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste. How comes it thus ? Unfold, Celestial Guide,

And whether here the race of Man will end.”

To whom thus Michael: — “ Those whom last thou saw'st In triumph and luxurious wealth are they First seen in acts of prowess eminent And great exploits, but of true virtue void; Who, having spilt much blood, and done much waste, ⁷⁹¹

Subduing nations, and achieved thereby Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey,

Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,

Surfeit, and lust, till wantonness and pride Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.

The conquered, also, and enslaved by war, Shall, with their freedom lost, all virtue lose,

And fear of God — from whom their piety feigned

In sharp contest of battle found no aid ⁸⁰⁰ Against invaders; therefore, cooled in zeal, Thenceforth shall practise how to live secure,

Worldly or dissolute, on what their lords Shall leave them to enjoy; for the Earth shall bear

More than enough, that temperance may be tried.

So all shall turn degenerate, all depraved, Justice and temperance, truth and faith, forgot;

One man except, the only son of light In a dark age, against example good, ⁸⁰⁹

Against allurement, custom, and a world Offended. Fearless of reproach and scorn, Or violence, he of their wicked ways

Shall them admonish, and before them set The paths of righteousness, how much more safe

And full of peace, denouncing wrauth to come

On their impenitence, and shall return Of them derided, but of God observed The one just man alive: by his command

Shall build a wondrous Ark, as thou beheld'st, ⁸¹⁹

To save himself and household from amidst A world devote to universal wrack.

No sooner he, with them of man and beast Select for life, shall in the ark be lodged And sheltered round, but all the cataracts Of Heaven set open on the Earth shall pour Rain day and night; all fountains of the deep,

Broke up, shall heave the ocean to usurp Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise Above the highest hills. Then shall this

Mount ⁸²⁹

Of Paradise by might of waves be moved Out of his place, pushed by the horned flood,

With all his verdure spoiled, and trees
adrift,
Down the great River to the opening Gulf,
And there take root, an island salt and
bare,
The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews' clang —
To teach thee that God at'tributes to place
No sanctity, if none be thither brought
By men who there frequent or therein
dwell.
And now what furder shall ensue behold.”
He looked, and saw the Ark hull on the
flood, 840
Which now abated; for the clouds were
fled,
Driven by a keen North-wind, that, blowing
dry,
Wrinkled the face of Deluge, as decayed;
And the clear sun on his wide watery glass
Gazed hot, and of the fresh wave largely
drew,
As after thirst; which made their flowing
shrink
From standing lake to tripping ebb, that
stole
With soft foot towards the deep, who now
had stopt
His sluices, as the heaven his windows
shut.
The Ark no more now floats, but seems on
ground, 850
Fast on the top of some high mountain
fixed.
And now the tops of hills as rocks appear;
With clamour thence the rapid currents
drive
Towards the retreating sea their furious
tide.
Forthwith from out the ark a Raven flies,
And, after him, the surer messenger,
A Dove, sent forth once and again to spy
Green tree or ground whereon his foot may
light;
The second time returning, in his bill
An olive-leaf he brings, pacific sign. 860
Anon dry ground appears, and from his
ark
The ancient sire descends, with all his
train;
Then, with uplifted hands and eyes devout,
Grateful to Heaven, over his head beholds
A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a Bow
Conspicuous with three listed colours gay,

Betokening peace from God, and covenant
new.
Whereat the heart of Adam, erst so sad,
Greatly rejoiced; and thus his joy broke
forth: —
“ O thou, who future things canst repre-
sent 870
As present, Heavenly Instructor, I revive
At this last sight, assured that Man shall
live,
With all the creatures, and their seed pre-
serve.
Far less I now lament for one whole world
Of wicked sons destroyed than I rejoice
For one man found so perfet and so just
That God voutsafes to raise another world
From him, and all his anger to forget.
But say what mean those coloured streaks
in Heaven: 879
Distended as the brow of God appeased ?
Or serve they as a flowery verge to bind
The fluid skirts of that same watery cloud,
Lest it again dissolve and shower the
Earth ?”
To whom the Archangel: — “ Dextrously
thou aim'st.
So willingly doth God remit his ire:
Though late repenting him of Man de-
praved,
Grieved at his heart, when, looking down,
he saw
The whole Earth filled with violence, and
all flesh
Corrupting each their way; yet, those re-
moved,
Such grace shall one just man find in his
sight 889
That he relents, not to blot out mankind,
And makes a covenant never to destroy
The Earth again by flood, nor let the sea
Surpass his bounds, nor rain to drown the
world
With man therein or beast; but, when he
brings
Over the Earth a cloud, will therein set
His triple-coloured bow, whereon to look
And call to mind his Covenant. Day and
night,
Seed-time and harvest, heat and hoary
frost,
Shall hold their course, till fire purge all
things new, 900
Both Heaven and Earth, wherein the just
shall dwell.”

BOOK XII

THE ARGUMENT

The Angel Michael continues, from the Flood, to relate what shall succeed; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain who that Seed of the Woman shall be which was promised Adam and Eve in the Fall: his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension; the state of the Church till his second coming. Adam, greatly satisfied and recomforted by these relations and promises, descends the hill with Michael; awakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams composed to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery Sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking their stations to guard the place.

As one who, in his journey, bates at noon,
Though bent on speed, so here the Archangel paused
Betwixt the world destroyed and world restored,
If Adam aught perhaps might interpose;
Then, with transition sweet, new speech resumes:—

“Thus thou hast seen one world begin
and end,

And Man as from a second stock proceed.
Much thou hast yet to see; but I perceive
Thy mortal sight to fail; objects divine
Must needs impair and weary human sense.
Henceforth what is to come I will relate;
Thou, therefore, give due audience, and attend.

“This second source of men, while yet
but few,
And while the dread of judgment past remains

Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity,
With some regard to what is just and right
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace,
Labouring the soil, and reaping plenteous

crop,
Corn, wine, and oil; and, from the herd or flock

Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid,
With large wine-offerings poured, and sacred feast,

Shall spend their days in joy unblamed,
and dwell

Long time in peace, by families and tribes,
Under paternal rule, till one shall rise,
Of proud, ambitious heart, who, not content
With fair equality, fraternal state,
Will arrogate dominion undeserved
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess

Concord and law of Nature from the Earth—

Hunting (and men, not beasts, shall be his game) ³⁰

With war and hostile snare such as refuse
Subjection to his empire tyrannous.

A mighty Hunter thence he shall be styled
Before the Lord, as in despite of Heaven,
Or from Heaven claiming second sovereignty,
And from rebellion shall derive his name,
Though of rebellion others he accuse.
He, with a crew, whom like ambition joins
With him or under him to tyrannize,
Marching from Eden towards the west,
shall find ⁴⁰

The Plain, wherein a black bituminous
gurge

Boils out from under ground, the mouth of
Hell.

Of brick, and of that stuff, they cast to
build

A city and tower, whose top may reach to
Heaven;

And get themselves a name, lest, far dispersed

In foreign lands, their memory be lost—
Regardless whether good or evil fame.

But God, who oft descends to visit men
Unseen, and through their habitations walks,
To mark their doings, them beholding soon,
Comes down to see their city, ere the Tower
Obstruct Heaven-towers, and in derision
sets ⁵²

Upon their tongues a various spirit, to rase
Quite out their native language, and, instead,

To sow a jangling noise of words unknown.
Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud
Among the builders; each to other calls,
Not understood—till, hoarse and all in
rage,

As mocked they storm. Great laughter
was in Heaven,

And looking down to see the hubbub
strange ⁶⁰

And hear the din. Thus was the building
left

Ridiculous, and the work *Confusion* named.”
Whereto thus Adam, fatherly pleased:—

“O execrable son, so to aspire
Above his brethren, to himself assuming
Authority usurped, from God not given!
He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,
Dominion absolute; that right we hold

By his donation: but man over men 69
 He made not lord — such title to himself
 Reserving, human left from human free.
 But this Usurper his encroachment proud
 Stays not on Man; to God his Tower intends
 Siege and defiance. Wretched man! what
 food

Will he convey up thither, to sustain
 Himself and his rash army, where thin air
 Above the clouds will pine his entrails
 gross,

And famish him of breath, if not of
 bread?"

To whom thus Michael: — "Justly thou
 abhor'st

That son, who on the quiet state of men so
 Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
 Rational liberty; yet know withal,
 Since thy original lapse, true liberty
 Is lost, which always with right reason
 dwells

Twinned, and from her hath no dividual
 being.

Reason in Man obscured, or not obeyed,
 Immediately inordinate desires
 And upstart passions catch the govern-
 ment

From Reason, and to servitude reduce
 Man, till then free. Therefore, since he
 permits

Within himself unworthy powers to reign
 Over free reason, God, in judgment just,
 Subjects him from without to violent lords,
 Who oft as undeservedly enthral

His outward freedom. Tyranny must be,
 Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse.
 Yet sometimes nations will decline so low
 From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,
 But justice and some fatal curse annexed,
 Deprives them of their outward liberty, 100
 Their inward lost: witness the irreverent
 son

Of him who built the Ark, who, for the
 shame

Done to his father, heard this heavy curse,
Servant of servants, on his vicious race.

Thus will this latter, as the former world,
 Still tend from bad to worse, till God at
 last,

Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
 His presence from among them, and avert
 His holy eyes, resolving from thenceforth
 To leave them to their own polluted

ways,

And one peculiar nation to select

From all the rest, of whom to be invoked —
 A nation from one faithful man to spring.
 Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,
 Bred up in idol-worship — Oh, that men
 (Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid
 grown,

While yet the patriarch lived who scaped
 the Flood,

As to forsake the living God, and fall
 To worship their own work in wood and
 stone

For gods! — yet him God the Most High
 voutsafes

To call by vision from his father's house,
 His kindred, and false gods, into a land
 Which he will shew him, and from him
 will raise

A mighty nation, and upon him shower
 His benediction so that in his seed
 All nations shall be blest. He straight
 obeys;

Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes.
 I see him, but thou canst not, with what
 faith

He leaves his gods, his friends, and native
 soil,

Ur of Chaldea, passing now the ford 120
 To Haran — after him a cumbrous train
 Of herds and flocks, and numerous servi-
 tude —

Not wandering poor, but trusting all his
 wealth

With God, who called him, in a land un-
 known.

Canaan he now attains; I see his tents
 Pitched about Sechem, and the neighbour-
 ing plain

Of Moreh. There, by promise, he receives
 Gift to his progeny of all that land,
 From Hamath northward to the Desert
 south

(Things by their names I call, though yet
 unnamed),

From Hermon east to the great western
 sea;

Mount Hermon, yonder sea, each place
 behold

In prospect, as I point them: on the shore,
 Mount Carmel; here, the double-founted
 stream,

Jordan, true limit eastward; but his sons
 Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of
 hills.

This ponder, that all nations of the Earth
 Shall in his seed be blessed. By that seed

Is meant thy great Deliverer, who shall bruise
The Serpent's head; whereof to thee anon
Plainlier shall be revealed. This patriarch
blest,
Whom *faithful Abraham* due time shall call,
A son, and of his son a grandchild, leaves,
Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown.
The grandchild, with twelve sons increased,
departs
From Canaan to a land hereafter called
Egypt, divided by the river Nile;
See where it flows, disgorging at seven
mouths
Into the sea. To sojourn in that land
He comes, invited by a younger son
In time of dearth — a son whose worthy
deeds
Raise him to be the second in that realm
Of Pharaoh. There he dies, and leaves his
race
Growing into a nation, and now grown
Suspected to a sequent king, who seeks
To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests
Too numerous; whence of guests he makes
them slaves
Inhospitably, and kills their infant males:
Till, by two brethren (those two brethren
call
Moses and Aaron) sent from God to claim
His people from enthralment, they return,
With glory and spoil, back to their promised
land.
But first the lawless tyrant, who denies
To know their God, or message to regard,
Must be compelled by signs and judgments
dire:
To blood unshed the rivers must be turned;
Frogs, lice, and flies must all his palace fill
With loathed intrusion, and fill all the land;
His cattle must of rot and murrain die;
Botches and blains must all his flesh imboss,
And all his people; thunder mixed with
hail,
Hail mixed with fire, must rend the Egyptian
sky,
And wheel on the earth, devouring where it
rolls;
What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,
A darksome cloud of locusts swarming
down
Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing
green;
Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,

Palpable darkness, and blot out three days;
Last, with one midnight-stroke, all the first-born
Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten
wounds
The River-dragon tamed at length submits
To let his sojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as ice
More hardened after thaw; till, in his rage
Pursuing whom he late dismissed, the sea
Swallows him with his host, but them lets
pass,
As on dry land, between two crystal walls,
Awed by the rod of Moses so to stand
Divided till his rescued gain their shore:
Such wondrous power God to his Saint will
lend,
Though present in his Angel, who shall go
Before them in a cloud, and pillar of fire —
By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire —
To guide them in their journey, and remove
Behind them, while the obdurate king pursues.
All night he will pursue, but his approach
Darkness defends between till morning-watch;
Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud
God looking forth will trouble all his host,
And craze their chariot-wheels: when, by
command,
Moses once more his potent rod extends
Over the sea; the sea his rod obeys;
On their imbattle ranks the waves return,
And overwhelm their war. The race elect
Safe towards Canaan, from the shore, advance
Through the wild Desert — not the readiest
way,
Lest, entering on the Canaanite alarmed,
War terrify them inexpert, and fear
Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather
Inglorious life with servitude; for life
To noble and ignoble is more sweet
Untrained in arms, where rashness leads
not on.
This also shall they gain by their delay
In the wide wilderness: there they shall
find
Their government, and their great Senate
choose
Through the twelve Tribes, to rule by laws
ordained.
God, from the Mount of Sinai, whose grey
top
Shall tremble, he descending, will himself,

In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpet's sound,
Ordain them laws — part, such as appertain
To civil justice; part, religious rites
Of sacrifice, informing them, by types
And shadows, of that destined Seed to bruise
The Serpent, by what means he shall achieve
Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God
To mortal ear is dreadful: they beseech
That Moses might report to them his will,
And terror cease; he grants what they besought,
Instructed that to God is no access
Without Mediator, whose high office now
Moses in figure bears, to introduce
One greater, of whose day he shall foretell,
And all the Prophets, in their age, the times
Of great Messiah shall sing. Thus laws and rites
Established, such delight hath God in men
Obedient to his will that he voutsafes
Among them to set up his Tabernacle —
The Holy One with mortal men to dwell.
By his prescript a sanctuary is framed
Of cedar, overlaid with gold; therein
An ark, and in the Ark his testimony,
The records of his covenant; over these
A mercy-seat of gold, between the wings
Of two bright Cherubim; before him burn
Seven lamps, as in a zodiac representing
The heavenly fires. Over the tent a cloud
Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night,
Save when they journey; and at length
they come,
Conducted by his Angel, to the land
Promised to Abraham and his seed. The rest
Were long to tell — how many battles fought;
How many kings destroyed, and kingdoms won;
Or how the sun shall in mid-heaven stand still
A day entire, and night's due course adjourn,
Man's voice commanding, 'Sun, in Gibeon stand,
And thou, Moon, in the vale of Aialon,
Till Israel overcome!' — so call the third

From Abraham, son of Isaac, and from him
His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win."
Here Adam interposed: — "O sent from Heaven,
Enlightener of my darkness, gracious things
Thou hast revealed, those chiefly which concern
Just Abraham and his seed. Now first I find
Mine eyes true opening, and my heart
much eased,
Erewhile perplexed with thoughts what would become
Of me and all mankind; but now I see
His day, in whom all nations shall be blest —
Favour unmerited by me, who sought
Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.
This yet I apprehend not — why to those Among whom God will deign to dwell on Earth
So many and so various laws are given.
So many laws argue so many sins
Among them; how can God with such reside?
To whom thus Michael: — "Doubt not but that sin
Will reign among them, as of thee begot;
And therefore was law given them, to evince
Their natural pravity, by stirring up
Sin against Law to fight, that, when they see
Law can discover sin, but not remove,
Save by those shadowy expiations weak,
The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude
Some blood more precious must be paid for Man,
Just for unjust, that in such righteousness,
To them by faith imputed, they may find
Justification towards God, and peace
Of conscience, which the law by ceremonies
Cannot appease, nor man the moral part
Perform, and not performing cannot live.
So Law appears imperfect, and but given
With purpose to resign them, in full time,
Up to a better covenant, disciplined
From shadowy types to truth, from flesh to spirit,
From imposition of strict laws to free
Acceptance of large grace, from servile
fear
To filial, works of law to works of faith.

And therefore shall not Moses, though of God

Highly beloved, being but the minister Of Law, his people into Canaan lead; But Joshua, whom the Gentiles Jesus call, His name and office bearing who shall quell

The adversary Serpent, and bring back Through the world's wilderness long-wandered Man

Safe to eternal Paradise of rest. Meanwhile they, in their earthly Canaan placed,

Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins

National interrupt their public peace, Provoking God to raise them enemies — From whom as oft he saves them penitent, By Judges first, then under Kings; of whom

The second, both for piety renowned And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive

Irrevocable, that his regal throne For ever shall endure. The like shall sing All Prophecy — that of the royal stock Of David (so I name this king) shall rise A son, the Woman's Seed to thee foretold,

Foretold to Abraham as in whom shall trust

All nations, and to kings foretold of kings The last, for of his reign shall be no end. But first a long succession must ensue; And his next son, for wealth and wisdom famed,

The clouded Ark of God, till then in tents Wandering, shall in a glorious Temple enshrine.

Such follow him as shall be registered Part good, part bad; of bad the longer scroll:

Whose foul idolatries and other faults, Heaped to the popular sum, will so incense God, as to leave them, and expose their land,

Their city, his Temple, and his holy Ark, With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey

To that proud city whose high walls thou saw'st

Left in confusion, Babylon thence called.

There in captivity he lets them dwell The space of seventy years; then brings them back,

Remembering mercy, and his covenant sworn

To David, stablished as the days of Heaven.

Returned from Babylon by leave of kings, Their lords, whom God disposed, the house of God

They first re-justify, and for a while In mean estate live moderate, till, grown In wealth and multitude, factious they grow.

But first among the priests dissension springs —

Men who attend the altar, and should most Endeavour peace: their strife pollution brings

Upon the Temple itself; at last they seize The sceptre, and regard not David's sons; Then lose it to a stranger, that the true Anointed King Messiah might be born Barred of his right. Yet at his birth a Star,

Unseen before in heaven, proclaims him come,

And guides the eastern sages, who inquire His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold:

His place of birth a solemn Angel tells To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night;

They gladly thither haste, and by a quire Of squadroned Angels hear his carol sung. A Virgin is his mother, but his sire The Power of the Most High. He shall ascend

The throne hereditary, and bound his reign With Earth's wide bounds, his glory with the Heavens."

He ceased, discerning Adam with such joy

Surcharged as had, like grief, been dewed in tears,

Without the vent of words; which these he breathed: —

"O prophet of glad tidings, finisher Of utmost hope! now clear I understand What oft my steadiest thoughts have searched in vain —

Why our great Expectation should be called

The Seed of Woman. Virgin Mother, hail! High in the love of Heaven, yet from my loins

Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son

Of God Most High; so God with Man unites.
 Needs must the Serpent now his capital bruise
 Expect with mortal pain. Say where and when
 Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the Victor's heel."

To whom thus Michael: — "Dream not of their fight
 As of a duel, or the local wounds
 Of head or heel. Not therefore joins the Son
 Manhood to Godhead, with more strength to foil
 Thy enemy; nor so is overcome
 Satan, whose fall from Heaven, a deadlier bruise,
 Disabled not to give thee thy death's wound;
 Which he who comes thy Saviour shall cure,
 Not by destroying Satan, but his works
 In thee and in thy seed. Nor can this be,
 But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,
 Obedience to the law of God, imposed
 On penalty of death, and suffering death,
 The penalty to thy transgression due,
 And due to theirs which out of thine will grow:
 So only can high justice rest appaid.
 The Law of God exact he shall fulfil
 Both by obedience and by love, though love
 Alone fulfil the Law; thy punishment
 He shall endure, by coming in the flesh
 To a reproachful life and cursed death,
 Proclaiming life to all who shall believe
 In his redemption, and that his obedience
 Imputed becomes theirs by faith — his merits
 To save them, not their own, though legal, works.
 For this he shall live hated, be blasphemed,
 Seized on by force, judged, and to death condemned
 A shameful and accursed, nailed to the Cross
 By his own nation, slain for bringing life;
 But to the cross he nails thy enemies —
 The Law that is against thee, and the sins
 Of all mankind, with him there crucified,
 Never to hurt them more who rightly trust
 In this his satisfaction. So he dies,
 But soon revives; Death over him no power

Shall long usurp. Ere the third dawning light
 Return, the stars of morn shall see him rise
 Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,
 Thy ransom paid, which Man from Death redeems —
 His death for Man, as many as offered life
 Neglect not, and the benefit imbrace
 By faith not void of works. This godlike act
 Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have died,
 In sin for ever lost from life; this act
 Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength,
 Defeating Sin and Death, his two main arms,
 And fix far deeper in his head their stings
 Than temporal death shall bruise the Victor's heel,
 Or theirs whom he redeems — a death like sleep,
 A gentle wafting to immortal life.
 Nor after resurrection shall he stay
 Longer on Earth than certain times to appear
 To his disciples — men who in his life
 Still followed him; to them shall leave in charge
 To teach all nations what of him they learned
 And his salvation, them who shall believe
 Baptizing in the profluent stream — the sign
 Of washing them from guilt of sin to life
 Pure, and in mind prepared, if so befall,
 For death like that which the Redeemer died.
 All nations they shall teach; for from that day
 Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins
 Salvation shall be preached, but to the sons
 Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world;
 So in his seed all nations shall be blest. 450
 Then to the Heaven of Heavens he shall ascend
 With victory, triumphing through the air
 Over his foes and thine; there shall surprise
 The Serpent, Prince of Air, and drag in chains
 Through all his realm, and there confounded leave;

Then enter into glory, and resume
His seat at God's right hand, exalted high
Above all names in Heaven; and thence
shall come,
When this World's dissolution shall be ripe,
With glory and power, to judge both quick
and dead — 460
To judge the unfaithful dead, but to re-
ward
His faithful, and receive them into bliss,
Whether in Heaven or Earth; for then the
Earth
Shall all be Paradise, far happier place
Than this of Eden, and far happier days.”
So spake the Archangel Michaël; then
paused,
As at the World's great period; and our
Sire,
Replete with joy and wonder, thus re-
plied: —
“ O Goodness infinite, Goodness im-
mense,
That all this good of evil shall produce, 470
And evil turn to good — more wonderful
Than that which by creation first brought
forth
Light out of darkness! Full of doubt I
stand,
Whether I should repent me now of sin
By me done and occasioned, or rejoice
Much more that much more good thereof
shall spring —
To God more glory, more good-will to men
From God — and over wrauth grace shall
abound.
But say, if our Deliverer up to Heaven
Must reascend, what will betide the few, 480
His faithful, left among the unfaithful
herd,
The enemies of truth. Who then shall
guide
His people, who defend? Will they not
deal
Worse with his followers than with him
they dealt?”
“ Be sure they will,” said the Angel;
“ but from Heaven
He to his own a Comforter will send,
The promise of the Father, who shall dwell,
His Spirit, within them, and the law of
faith
Working through love upon their hearts
shall write,
To guide them in all truth, and also arm 490
With spiritual armour, able to resist

Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery
darts —
What man can do against them not afraid,
Though to the death; against such cruelties
With inward consolations recompensed,
And oft supported so as shall amaze
Their proudest persecutors. For the Spirit,
Poured first on his Apostles, whom he sends
To evangelize the nations, then on all
Baptized, shall them with wondrous gifts
endue 500
To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,
As did their Lord before them. Thus they
win
Great numbers of each nation to receive
With joy the tidings brought from Heaven:
at length,
Their ministry performed, and race well
run,
Their doctrine and their story written left,
They die; but in their room, as they fore-
warn,
Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous
wolves,
Who all the sacred mysteries of Heaven
To their own vile advantages shall turn 510
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth
With superstitions and traditions taint,
Left only in those written Records pure,
Though not but by the Spirit understood.
Then shall they seek to avail themselves of
names,
Places, and titles, and with these to join
Secular power, though feigning still to act
By spiritual; to themselves appropriating
The Spirit of God, promised alike and
given
To all believers; and, from that pretence, 520
Spiritual laws by carnal power shall force
On every conscience — laws which none
shall find
Left them enrowled, or what the Spirit
within
Shall on the heart engrave. What will
they then
But force the Spirit of Grace itself, and
bind
His consort, Liberty? what but unbuild
His living temples, built by faith to stand —
Their own faith, not another's? for, on
Earth,
Who against faith and conscience can be
heard
Infallible? Yet many will presume: 530
Whence heavy persecution shall arise

On all who in the worship persevere
Of Spirit and Truth; the rest, far greater
part,
Will deem in outward rites and specious
forms
Religion satisfied; Truth shall retire
Bestuck with slanderous darts, and works
of Faith
Rarely be found. So shall the World go
on,
To good malignant, to bad men benign,
Under her own weight groaning, till the
day
Appear of respiration to the just ⁵⁴⁰
And vengeance to the wicked, at return
Of Him so lately promised to thy aid,
The Woman's Seed — obscurely then fore-
told,
Now amplièr known thy Saviour and thy
Lord;
Last in the clouds from Heaven to be re-
vealed
In glory of the Father, to dissolve
Satan with his perverted World; then raise
From the conflagrant mass, purged and re-
fined,
New Heavens, new Earth, Ages of endless
date
Founded in righteousness and peace and
love, ⁵⁵⁰
To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss.”
He ended; and thus Adam last re-
plied:—
“ How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest,
Measured this transient World, the race of
Time,
Till Time stand fixed! Beyond is all
abyss —
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.
Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my
fill
Of knowledge, what this vessel can con-
tain;
Beyond which was my folly to aspire. ⁵⁶⁰
Henceforth I learn that to obey is best,
And love with fear the only God, to walk
As in his presence, ever to observe
His providence, and on him sole depend,
Merciful over all his works, with good
Still overcoming evil, and by small
Accomplishing great things — by things
deemed weak
Subverting worldly-strong, and worldly-
wise

By simply meek; that suffering for Truth's
sake
Is fortitude to highest victory,
And to the faithful death the gate of life — ⁵⁷⁰
Taught this by his example whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.”
To whom thus also the Angel last re-
plied:—
“ This having learned, thou hast attained
the sum
Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the
stars
Thou knew'st by name, and all the ethereal
powers,
All secrets of the Deep, all Nature's works,
Or works of God in heaven, air, earth, or
sea, ⁵⁷⁹
And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst,
And all the rule, one empire. Only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable; add
faith;
Add virtue, patience, temperance; add love,
By name to come called Charity, the soul
Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be
loth
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A Paradise within thee, happier far.
Let us descend now, therefore, from this top
Of speculation; for the hour precise
Exacts our parting hence; and, see! the
guards,
By me encamped on yonder hill, expect
Their motion, at whose front a flaming
sword,
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round.
We may no longer stay. Go, waken Eve;
Her also I with gentle dreams have calmed,
Portending good, and all her spirits com-
posed
To meek submission: thou, at season fit,
Let her with thee partake what thou hast
heard —
Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,
The great deliverance by her seed to
come ⁶⁰⁰
(For by the Woman's Seed) on all man-
kind —
That ye may live, which will be many
days,
Both in one faith unanimous; though sad
With cause for evils past, yet much more
cheered
With meditation on the happy end.”
He ended, and they both descend the hill.
Descended Adam to the bower where Eve

Lay sleeping ran before, but found her
waked;
And thus with words not sad she him re-
ceived:—

“Whence thou return’st and whither
went’st I know; ”⁶¹⁰
For God is also in sleep, and dreams ad-
vise,
Which he hath sent propitious, some great
good.
Presaging, since, with sorrow and heart’s
distress

Wearied, I fell asleep. But now lead on;
In me is no delay; with thee to go
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
Art all things under Heaven, all places
thou,

Who for my wilful crime art banished
hence.

This further consolation yet secure⁶²⁰
I carry hence: though all by me is lost,
Such favour I unworthy am voutsafed,
By me the Promised Seed shall all restore.”

So spake our mother Eve; and Adam
heard.
Well pleased, but answered not; for now
too nigh
The Archangel stood, and from the other
hill
To their fixed station, all in bright array,
The Cherubim descended, on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening mist

Risen from a river o’er the marsh glides,
And gathers ground fast at the labourer’s
heel

⁶³¹
Homeward returning. High in front ad-
vanced,
The brandished sword of God before them
blazed,
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the Libyan air adust,
Began to parch that temperate clime;
whereat

In either hand the hastening Angel caught
Our lingering Parents, and to the eastern
gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain — then dis-
appeared.

⁶⁴⁰
They, looking back, all the eastern side
beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand; the
gate
With dreadful faces thronged and fiery
arms.
Some natural tears they dropped, but
wiped them soon;
The world was all before them, where to
choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their
guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps
and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

PARADISE REGAINED

1665-1667

PARADISE REGAINED

Among the jottings which Milton made in 1640-41 of possible subjects for poems, were several from the life of Christ, such as Christ Born, Christ Bound, Christ Crucified, and Christ Risen. He contemplated also a drama dealing with the agony in the garden, under the title *Christus Patiens*, suggested by Hugo Grotius's drama of the same name. Although the subject of *Paradise Regained*, the temptation in the Wilderness, was suggested by Ellwood's chance remark in returning the manuscript of *Paradise Lost*, the lesser poem was doubtless a result of a long period of thought, though of a less conscious and centred kind than evolved *Paradise Lost*. Milton's long brooding, during the composition of *Paradise Lost*, on the subject of the origin of evil and the fall of man, included by implication much reflection on the final triumph of good and the reinstatement of fallen humanity in its favored station. The very fact that his thought on these subjects was conventional, and straitly bound by scriptural authority, imposed upon him all the more imperatively the need of rounding out the system which *Paradise Lost* had left incomplete. It is almost safe to say, therefore, that even without the young Quaker's "pleasant" hint, Milton would sooner or later have felt the need of supplementing the story of the first temptation with that of the second, in order to close the circle of his theology.

Paradise Regained is, then, so far as its matter goes, a continuation of *Paradise Lost*; but in point of manner it is remarkably different, — so different, indeed, that there seems some ground for refusing to it the title of epic altogether. In his *Reason of Church Government*, Milton speaks of

"that Epic form, whereof the two Poems of Homer and those other two of Virgil and Tasso, are a diffuse, and the Book of Job a brief, model," and it has been suggested that in *Paradise Regained* he essayed the "brief" epic, modelling it more or less consciously upon the precedent of Job. Certainly the form of the English and the Hebrew poem is similar. In the latter, after a short narrative introduction Job begins a series of colloquies with his friends and with the Lord which occupy the entire remainder of the poem except the short narrative conclusion. So in *Paradise Regained*, the body of the poem is dialogue, with narrative introduction and conclusion, and with narrative interludes between the various stages of the temptation. Strictly speaking, therefore, both poems are disguised dramas, the epic element being little else than expanded stage directions. In both, too, the drama is a spiritual one; the scene of conflict is in the hearts and minds of the protagonists, and the external world exists only as picturesque accessory and illustration.

The parallel is a damaging one for Milton, for it throws into relief his fatal fault in dealing with biblical material, — lack of simplicity. His account of the Creation in the seventh book of *Paradise Lost* shows this fault most glaringly. Milton's Creation is an elaborate function, the inauguration of a great celestial show; it has none of the simple awe, the lonely majesty, of Genesis, whereby we are made to feel the vague stirring of the Abyss pregnant with mortal shapes and passions. The touching anthropomorphism of the Hebrew God and the Hebrew Heaven too often becomes grotesque under his elaborating hand. Like-

wise, in *Paradise Regained*, the story of Christ's hunger and temptation in the wilderness, so strangely moving in the bare apostolic account, suffers a change into something ample and grandiose almost beyond recognition. The trial of hunger, in which Christ is bidden to turn the stone into bread, occupies in the original but two short verses. Upon the working up of this "simple passage of few notes" Milton exhausts the resources of his orchestration. He pictures forth a feast to tempt a prince in the *Arabian Nights*. In the trial of ambition, again, Milton transmutes the single phrase "the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them" into a vast panorama of Persian and Roman imperialism, and enlarges the theme still more by including in his picture Athens, as a type of the imperialism of mind. Out of the apostle's rude drawing he makes a mighty tapestry heavy with threads of gold, gorgeous and sombre with far-brought dyes. Here, as elsewhere, he shows the stamp of the later Italian Renaissance. He works over the earnest meagre traits of the apostolic story in a manner at once massive and rococo, just as the later Italian painters were wont to treat the subjects which they drew from the same source. And to match this physical elaboration in the setting of the dialogue, there is an intellectual elaboration in the dialogue itself, a parry and thrust of debate, a refinement of forensic device, which is thoroughly unbiblical, yet admirably in harmony with Milton's whole conception of his artistic problem.

The tenable objection against this elaboration is not that it falsifies the original, (for every artist must be allowed to translate his material into his own idiom, and Milton's idiom happened to be magniloquent and orotund,) but that it lowers the moral tension of the original. Satan's suggestion to Christ, that he shall turn the stone into bread, is a subtle temptation, appealing at once to physical distress and to reason. The very simplicity of the thing

demanded, the naturalness of the relief offered, gives the words a devilish insinuation. One holds one's breath before the outcome. But when Satan falls back upon steaming trenchers, cakes and dainties, silver plate and dance-girls, to accomplish his end, the moral tension disappears. The temptation is one to conquer a school-boy or a prodigal. It is strange that Milton, ascetic and arch-idealist, should have fallen into such an error. For it is a moral error, though springing from an artistic source. The "motivation" of the poem is injured by it; the spiritual intensity falls away in exact proportion as the decorative richness increases. The spiritual defect of *Paradise Lost* lies in the fact that both Satan's sin and Adam's are offences against positive edicts, not essential moral laws such as appeal to the universal conscience. The spiritual defect of *Paradise Regained* lies in the fact that, given Christ's nature, the temptations are not tempting.

And just as the elaboration of the physical accessories lowers the moral tension, so does the elaboration of the argument lower the imaginative tension. Between Satan's words in the scriptural account, "To whomsoever I will I will give it. If thou therefore wilt worship me, all shall be thine," and Christ's reply, "It is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God," the mind hangs in awe-struck suspense. But when the Christ of Milton's poem begins to argue the point we lose interest. The air is no longer tense with the strain of mute decisions. In the flow of words the sense of spiritual catastrophe evaporates; we are in a world of second thoughts, and can wait. Milton the controversialist has once more defeated Milton the artist.

But *Paradise Regained* is, after all, a great work of art, and it is great by virtue of the inexplicable quality of voice which must so often be Milton's sufficient justification. This force of style is most obviously shown in the gorgeous descriptive interludes of the poem; but much more noteworthy is

the way in which it plays over and through the grey dialogue. Few persons can read this dialogue without a sense of the tiresomeness of its matter ; no one with any feeling for style can read it without a conviction — an almost vexing conviction under the circumstances — that every word proceeds out of the mouth of a poet, “skilled to sing of time and eternity.” This, however, is merely to say that the style of *Paradise Regained* is Miltonic ; we must not leave out of the account the specific difference which marks off the style of this poem from that of *Paradise Lost*. The difference is remarkable. *Paradise Lost* leaves as a whole an impression of tireless energy. The rhythms, for all their massiveness, are buoyant ; the mighty periods march with lifted front and banners streaming. *Paradise Regained* leaves an impression of strength overborne by a weight of weariness. The language, with the exception of two or three purple patches, is neutral tinted, and the rhythms, though unconquerable as of old, move heavily, under some ghostly burden. The whole effect of the poem is sombre, nor does the sombreness seem to proceed from the subject, but to be suspended cloud-like over it. The effect is, in other words, due to a temperamental condition on Milton’s part, subtly finding expression in style.

And it is this sombreness of style, half-way between the martial elateness of *Paradise Lost* and the profound depression of *Samson Agonistes*, which redeems the shortcomings of *Paradise Regained*, giving dignity to the dialogue, and majesty to the interludes. What is meant will be made clear by comparing Giles Fletcher’s treatment of the Temptation in his epic of *Christ’s Victory*, — a poem from which Milton drew valuable hints. Fletcher, a true Spenserian, elaborates his subject with every artifice of decoration and amplification, and thus sins against the sincerity of the biblical story as grievously as does Milton ; but unlike Milton he fails to re-

deem his treatment by throwing the whole elaborate picture into shadow. His descriptions are open-hearted as a child’s, and his poem, for all its lovable ness, remains queerly vacant of the tragic sense. Milton, having lost the tragic sense by elaboration, proceeds to reinvoke it mysteriously by means of a shadowed, tragic style.

As *Lyctidas* stands between Milton’s youth and his manhood and gathers to itself the grace of the one and the strenuousness of the other, so *Paradise Regained* stands between his manhood and his old age. His poetic maturity is past ; the autumnal touch is everywhere ; the picture settles rapidly into brown and grey. But here and there the frost has come only to glorify with scarlet and purple and bronze. Indeed, there occasionally falls across the page a ray of delicate light like spring : —

“ Faery damsels met in forest wide
By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore.” —

In this poem, too, the two men of whom Milton was composed find their clear expression in style. Occasionally we come upon a line which shows the poet pure : —

“ So they in heaven their odes and vigils tuned ”
or : —

“ Morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice grey ”
or, incomparable for visual truth : —

“ The field all iron cast a gleaming brown ” —
then without warning the poet merges into the dialectician who uses the poet for a mouthpiece : —

“ Saidst thou not that to all things I had right ?
And who withholds my power that right to use ?
Shall I receive by gifts what of my own,
When and where likes me best, I can command ? ”

Less perhaps than any other work of Milton’s can *Paradise Regained* stand the test to which modern criticism is more and more prone to subject the literature of the past. When we cast aside conventions and ask the simple human question, “ Does this

poem interest and charm me?" the answer with regard to *Paradise Regained* will be less ready than that with regard to any other of the poems. The early poems, the sonnets, and Samson, rest on more permanent human foundations than either of the epics, and *Paradise Regained* has not the great creative impulse behind it which saves *Paradise Lost*. The most certain pleasure will be got from it by casting aside pre-conceptions and comparisons, by refraining

from a too rigid application of standards, and looking at it as one looks at an old tapestry like those at Dresden of Raphael's designing. Here and there patches of it are faded; not a few of its admired adornments seem now odd and rococo; some of its lines, that once were majestic, are now only stiff; but taken all in all it is still a fine work, massive and grave, to which age has added perhaps quite as much as it has taken away.

THE FIRST BOOK

I, WHO erewhile the happy Garden sung
By one man's disobedience lost, now sing
Recovered Paradise to all mankind,
By one man's firm obedience fully tried
Through all temptation, and the Tempter
foiled

In all his wiles, defeated and repulsed,
And Eden raised in the waste Wilderness.

Thou Spirit, who led'st this glorious Ere-
mite

Into the desert, his victorious field
Against the spiritual foe, and brought'st
him thence

By proof the undoubted Son of God, in-
spire,

As thou art wont, my prompted song, else
mute,

And bear through highth or depth of Na-
ture's bounds,

With prosperous wing full summed, to tell
of deeds

Above heroic, though in secret done,
And unrecorded left through many an age:
Worthy to have not remained so long un-
sung.

Now had the great Proclaimer, with a
voice

More awful than the sound of trumpet,
cried

Repentance, and Heaven's kingdom nigh at
hand

To all baptized. To his great baptism
flocked

With awe the regions round, and with them
came

From Nazareth the son of Joseph deemed
To the flood Jordan — came as then obscure,
Unmarked, unknown. But him the Bap-
tist soon

Described, divinely warned, and witness
bore

As to his worthier, and would have resigned
To him his heavenly office. Nor was long
His witness unconfirmed: on him baptized
Heaven opened, and in likeness of a Dove

30

The Spirit descended, while the Father's
voice

From Heaven pronounced him his beloved
Son.

That heard the Adversary, who, roving
still

About the world, at that assembly famed
Would not be last, and, with the voice di-
vine

Nigh thunder-struck, the exalted man to
whom

Such high attest was given a while sur-
veyed

With wonder; then, with envy fraught and
rage,

Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air
To council summons all his mighty Peers,
Within thick clouds and dark tenfold in-
volved,

41

A gloomy consistory; and them amidst,
With looks aghast and sad, he thus be-
spake: —

“ O ancient Powers of Air and this wide
World

(For much more willingly I mention Air,
This our old conquest, than remember Hell,
Our hated habitation), well ye know

How many ages, as the years of men,
This Universe we have possessed, and ruled

In manner at our will the affairs of Earth,
Since Adam and his facile consort Eve

51

Lost Paradise, deceived by me, though
since

With dread attending when that fatal
wound

Shall be inflicted by the seed of Eve
Upon my head. Long the decrees of
Heaven
Delay, for longest time to Him is short;
And now, too soon for us, the circling hours
This dreaded time have compassed, wherein
we
Must bide the stroke of that long-threat-
ened wound
(At least, if so we can, and by the head 60
Broken be not intended all our power
To be infringed, our freedom and our be-
ing
In this fair empire won of Earth and Air) —
For this ill news I bring: The Woman's
Seed,
Destined to this, is late of woman born.
His birth to our just fear gave no small
cause;
But his growth now to youth's full flower,
displaying
All virtue, grace and wisdom to achieve
Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.
Before him a great Prophet, to proclaim 70
His coming, is sent harbinger, who all
Invites, and in the consecrated stream
Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them so
Purified to receive him pure, or rather
To do him honour as their King. All come,
And he himself among them was baptized —
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
The testimony of Heaven, that who he is
Thenceforth the nations may not doubt. I
saw
The Prophet do him reverence; on him, ris-
ing 80
Out of the water, Heaven above the clouds
Unfold her crystal doors; thence on his
head
A perfet Dove descend (whate'er it meant);
And out of Heaven the sovraign voice I
heard,
'This is my Son beloved, — in him am
pleased.'
His mother, then, is mortal, but his Sire
He who obtains the monarchy of Heaven;
And what will He not do to advance his
Son ?
His first-begot we know, and sore have felt,
When his fierce thunder drove us to the
Deep; 90
Who this is we must learn, for Man he
seems
In all his lineaments, though in his face
The glimpses of his Father's glory shine.

Ye see our danger on the utmost edge
Of hazard, which admits no long debate,
But must with something sudden be opposed
(Not force, but well-couched fraud, well-
woven snares),
Ere in the head of nations he appear,
Their king, their leader, and supreme on
Earth.
I, when no other durst, sole undertook 100
The dismal expedition to find out
And ruin Adam, and the exploit performed
Successfully: a calmer voyage now
Will waft me; and the way found prosper-
ous once
Induces best to hope of like success."
He ended, and his words impression left
Of much amazement to the infernal crew,
Distracted and surprised with deep dismay
At these sad tidings. But no time was
then
For long indulgence to their fears or
grief: 110
Unanimous they all commit the care
And management of this main enterprise
To him, their great Dictator, whose attempt
At first against mankind so well had
thrived
In Adam's overthrow, and led their march
From Hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in
light,
Regents, and potentates, and kings, yea
gods,
Of many a pleasant realm and province
wide.
So to the coast of Jordan he directs
His easy steps, girded with snaky wiles, 120
Where he might likeliest find this new-de-
clared,
This man of men, attested Son of God,
Temptation and all guile on him to try —
So to subvert whom he suspected raised
To end his reign on Earth so long enjoyed:
But, contrary, unweeting he fulfilled
The purposed counsel, pre-ordained and
fixed,
Of the Most High, who, in full frequence
bright
Of Angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake:—
"Gabriel, this day, by proof, thou shalt
behold, 130
Thou and all Angels conversant on Earth
With Man or men's affairs, how I begin
To verify that solemn message late,
On which I sent thee to the Virgin pure
In Galilee, that she should bear a son,

Great in renown, and called the Son of God.

Then told'st her, doubting how these things could be

To her a virgin, that on her should come The Holy Ghost, and the power of the Highest

O'ershadow her. This Man, born and now upgrown,

To shew him worthy of his birth divine And high prediction, henceforth I expose To Satan; let him tempt, and now assay His utmost subtlety, because he boasts And vaunts of his great cunning to the strong

Of his Apostasy. He might have learnt Less overweening, since he failed in Job, Whose constant perseverance overcame Whate'er his cruel malice could invent. He now shall know I can produce a man, Of female seed, far abler to resist All his solicitations, and at length All his vast force, and drive him back to Hell —

Winning by conquest what the first man lost

By fallacy surprised. But first I mean To exercise him in the Wilderness; There he shall first lay down the rudiments Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth To conquer Sin and Death, the two grand foes.

By humiliation and strong sufferance His weakness shall o'ercome Satanic strength,

And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh; That all the Angels and æthereal Powers — They now, and men hereafter — may discern

From what consummate virtue I have chose

This perfet man, by merit called my Son, To earn salvation for the sons of men."

So spake the Eternal Father, and all Heaven

Admiring stood a space; then into hymns Burst forth, and in celestial measures moved,

Circling the throne and singing, while the hand

Sung with the voice, and this the argument: —

"Victory and triumph to the Son of God, Now entering his great duel, not of arms, But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles !

The Father knows the Son; therefore secure

Ventures his filial virtue, though untried, Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,

Allure, or terrify, or undermine.

Be frustrate, all ye stratagems of Hell, And, devilish machinations, come to nought !"

So they in Heaven their odes and vigils tuned.

Meanwhile the Son of God, who yet some days

Lodged in Bethabara, where John baptized, Musing and much revolving in his breast How best the mighty work he might begin

Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first

Publish his godlike office now mature, One day forth walked alone, the Spirit leading

And his deep thoughts, the better to converse

With solitude, till, far from track of men, Thought following thought, and step by step led on,

He entered now the bordering Desert wild, And, with dark shades and rocks environed round,

His holy meditations thus pursued: —

"O what a multitude of thoughts at once

Awakened in me swarm, while I consider What from within I feel myself, and hear What from without comes often to my ears, Ill sorting with my present state compared !

When I was yet a child, no childish play To me was pleasing; all my mind was set Serious to learn and know, and thence to do,

What might be public good; myself I thought

Born to that end, born to promote all truth, All righteous things. Therefore, above my years,

The Law of God I read, and found it sweet;

Made it my whole delight, and in it grew To such perfection that, ere yet my age Had measured twice six years, at our great

Feast

I went into the Temple, there to hear

The teachers of our Law, and to propose

What might improve my knowledge or
their own,
And was admired by all. Yet this not all
To which my spirit aspired. Victorious
deeds
Flamed in my heart, heroic acts — one
while
To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke;
Then to subdue and quell, o'er all the earth,
Brute violence and proud tyrannic power,
Till truth were freed, and equity re-
stored: ²²⁰
Yet held it more humane, more heavenly,
first
By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
And make persuasion do the work of fear;
At least to try, and teach the erring soul,
Not wilfully misdoing, but unaware
Misled; the stubborn only to subdue.
These growing thoughts my mother soon
perceiving,
By words at times cast forth, inly rejoiced,
And said to me apart, 'High are thy
thoughts,
O Son ! but nourish them, and let them
soar ²³⁰
To what highth sacred virtue and true
worth
Can raise them, though above example
high;
By matchless deeds express thy matchless
Sire.
For know, thou art no son of mortal man;
Though men esteem thee low of parentage,
Thy Father is the Eternal King who rules
All Heaven and Earth, Angels and sons of
men.
A messenger from God foretold thy birth
Conceived in me a virgin; he foretold
Thou shouldst be great, and sit on David's
throne, ²⁴⁰
And of thy kingdom there should be no end.
At thy nativity a glorious quire
Of Angels, in the fields of Bethlehem, sung
To shepherds, watching at their folds by
night,
And told them the Messiah now was born,
Where they might see him; and to thee
they came,
Directed to the manger where thou lay'st;
For in the inn was left no better room.
A Star, not seen before, in heaven appear-
ing,
Guided the Wise Men thither from the
East, ²⁵⁰

To honour thee with incense, myrrh, and
gold;
By whose bright course led on they found
the place,
Affirming it thy star, new-graven in heaven,
By which they knew thee King of Israel
born.
Just Simeon and prophetic Anna, warned
By vision, found thee in the Temple, and
spake,
Before the altar and the vested priest,
Like things of thee to all that present stood.'
This having heard, straight I again re-
volved
The Law and Prophets, searching what was
writ ²⁶⁰
Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes
Known partly, and soon found of whom
they spake
I am — this chiefly, that my way must lie
Through many a hard assay, even to the
death,
Ere I the promised kingdom can attain,
Or work redemption for mankind, whose
sins'
Full weight must be transferred upon my
head.
Yet, neither thus disheartened or dismayed,
The time prefixed I waited; when behold
The Baptist (of whose birth I oft had
heard, ²⁷⁰
Not knew by sight) now come, who was to
come
Before Messiah, and his way prepare !
I, as all others, to his baptism came,
Which I believed was from above; but
he
Straight knew me, and with loudest voice
proclaimed
Me him (for it was shewn him so from
Heaven) —
Me him whose harbinger he was; and first
Refused on me his baptism to confer,
As much his greater, and was hardly won.
But, as I rose out of the laving stream, ²⁸⁰
Heaven opened her eternal doors, from
whence
The Spirit descended on me like a Dove;
And last, the sum of all, my Father's
voice,
Audibly heard from Heaven, pronounced
me his,
Me his beloved Son, in whom alone
He was well pleased: by which I knew the
time

Now full, that I no more should live obscure,
But openly begin, as best becomes
The authority which I derived from Heaven.²⁸⁹
And now by some strong motion I am led
Into this wilderness; to what intent
I learn not yet. Perhaps I need not know;
For what concerns my knowledge God re-
veals."

So spake our Morning Star, then in his
rise,
And, looking round, on every side beheld
A pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades.
The way he came, not having marked re-
turn,
Was difficult, by human steps untrod;
And he still on was led, but with such
thoughts²⁹⁹
Accompanied of things past and to come
Lodged in his breast as well might recom-
mend

Such solitude before choicest society.
Full forty days he passed — whether on
hill
Sometimes, anon in shady vale, each night
Under the covert of some ancient oak
Or cedar to defend him from the dew,
Or harboured in one cave, is not revealed;
Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt,
Till those days ended; hungered then at
last
Among wild beasts. They at his sight grew
mild,³¹⁰
Nor sleeping him nor waking harmed; his
walk

The fiery serpent fled and noxious worm;
The lion and fierce tiger glared aloof.
But now an aged man in rural weeds,
Following, as seemed, the quest of some
stray ewe,
Or withered sticks to gather, which might
serve
Against a winter's day, when winds blow
keen,
To warm him wet returned from field at
eve,
He saw approach; who first with curious
eye
Perused him, then with words thus uttered
spake:—³²⁰
"Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee
to this place,
So far from path or road of men, who pass
In troop or caravan? for single none

Durst ever, who returned, and dropt not
here
His carcass, pined with hunger and with
droughth.
I ask the rather, and the more admire,
For that to me thou seem'st the man whom
late
Our new baptizing Prophet at the ford
Of Jordan honoured so, and called thee
Son
Of God. I saw and heard, for we some-
times³³⁰
Who dwell this wild, constrained by want,
come forth
To town or village nigh (nighest is far),
Where aught we hear, and curious are to
hear,
What happens new; fame also finds us out"
To whom the Son of God — "Who
brought me hither
Will bring me hence; no other guide I
seek."

"By miracle he may," replied the swain;
"What other way I see not; for we here
Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst in-
ured
More than the camel, and to drink go
far —³⁴⁰
Men to much misery and hardship born.
But, if thou be the Son of God, command
That out of these hard stones be made thee
bread;
So shalt thou save thyself, and us relieve
With food, whereof we wretched seldom
taste."

He ended, and the Son of God replied:—
"Think'st thou such force in bread? Is it
not written
(For I discern thee other than thou seem'st),
Man lives not by bread only, but each word
Proceeding from the mouth of God, who
fed³⁵⁰
Our fathers here with manna? In the
Mount
Moses was forty days, nor eat nor drank;
And forty days Eliah without food
Wandered this barren waste; the same I
now.
Why dost thou, then, suggest to me dis-
trust,
Knowing who I am, as I know who thou
art?"
Whom thus answered the Arch-Fiend,
now undisguised:—
"Tis true, I am that Spirit unfortunate

Who, leagued with millions more in rash revolt,

Kept not my happy station, but was driven With them from bliss to the bottomless

Deep —

Yet to that hideous place not so confined By rigour unconniving but that oft, Leaving my dolorous prison, I enjoy Large liberty to round this globe of Earth, Or range in the Air; nor from the Heaven of Heavens

Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.

I came, among the Sons of God, when he Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job, To prove him, and illustrate his high worth; And, when to all his Angels he proposed To draw the proud king Ahab into fraud, That he might fall in Ramoth, they demur- ring,

I undertook that office, and the tongues Of all his flattering prophets glibbed with lies

To his destruction, as I had in charge: For what he bids I do. Though I have lost Much lustre of my native brightness, lost To be beloved of God, I have not lost To love, at least contemplate and admire, What I see excellent in good, or fair, Or virtuous; I should so have lost all sense. What can be then less in me than desire To see thee and approach thee, whom I know

Declared the Son of God, to hear attent Thy wisdom, and behold thy godlike deeds? Men generally think me much a foe To all mankind. Why should I? they to me

Never did wrong or violence. By them I lost not what I lost; rather by them I gained what I have gained, and with them dwell

Copartner in these regions of the World, If not disposer — lend them oft my aid, Oft my advice by presages and signs, And answers, oracles, portents, and dreams, Whereby they may direct their future life. Envy, they say, excites me, thus to gain Companions of my misery and woe! At first it may be; but, long since with woe Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof That fellowship in pain divides not smart, Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load; Small consolation, then, were Man adjoined.

This wounds me most (what can it less?) that Man,

Man fallen, shall be restored, I never more." To whom our Saviour sternly thus replied: —

"Deservedly thou grievest, composed of lies

From the beginning, and in lies wilt end, Who boast'st release from Hell, and leave to come

Into the Heaven of Heavens. Thou com'st, indeed,

As a poor miserable captive thrall Comes to the place where he before had sat Among the prime in splendour, now de- posed,

Ejected, emptied, gazed, unpitied, shunned, A spectacle of ruin, or of scorn, To all the host of Heaven. The happy place

Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy — Rather inflames thy torment, representing Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable; So never more in Hell than when in Heaven.

But thou art serviceable to Heaven's King! Wilt thou impute to obedience what thy fear

Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites? What but thy malice moved thee to mis- deem

Of righteous Job, then cruelly to afflict him

With all inflictions? but his patience won. The other service was thy chosen task, To be a liar in four hundred mouths; For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.

Yet thou pretend'st to truth! all oracles By thee are given, and what confessed more true

Among the nations? That hath been thy craft,

By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies. But what have been thy answers? what but dark,

Ambiguous, and with double sense de- luding,

Which they who asked have seldom under- stood,

And, not well understood, as good not known?

Who ever, by consulting at thy shrine, Returned the wiser, or the more instruct To fly or follow what concerned him most, And run not sooner to his fatal snare?

For God hath justly given the nations up
To thy delusions; justly, since they fell
Idolatrous. But, when his purpose is
Among them to declare his providence,
To thee not known, whence hast thou then
thy truth,
But from him, or his Angels president
In every province, who, themselves disdain-
ing
To approach thy temples, give thee in com-
mand 449
What, to the smallest tittle, thou shalt say
To thy adorers? Thou, with trembling
fear,
Or like a fawning parasite, obey'st;
Then to thyself ascrib'st the truth foretold.
But this thy glory shall be soon retrenched;
No more shalt thou by oracling abuse
The Gentiles; henceforth oracles are ceased,
And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice
Shalt be enquired at Delphos or else-
where —
At least in vain, for they shall find thee
mute.
God hath now sent his living Oracle 460
Into the world to teach his final will,
And sends his Spirit of Truth henceforth to
dwell
In pious hearts, an inward oracle
To all truth requisite for men to know.”
So spake our Saviour; but the subtle
Fiend,
Though inly stung with anger and disdain,
Dissembled, and this answer smooth re-
turned: —
“ Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,
And urged me hard with doings which not
will, 469
But misery, hath wrested from me. Where
Easily canst thou find one miserable,
And not inforced oft-times to part from
truth,

THE SECOND BOOK

MEANWHILE the new-baptized, who yet
remained
At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen
Him whom they heard so late expressly
called
Jesus Messiah, Son of God, declared,
And on that high authority had believed,
And with him talked, and with him lodged
— I mean

If it may stand him more in stead to lie,
Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure?
But thou art placed above me; thou art
Lord;
From thee I can, and must, submiss, endure
Check or reproof, and glad to scape so quit.
Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to
walk,
Smooth on the tongue discoursed, pleasing
to the ear,
And tunable as sylvan pipe or song; 480
What wonder, then, if I delight to hear
Her dictates from thy mouth? most men
admire
Virtue who follow not her lore. Permit me
To hear thee when I come (since no man
comes),
And talk at least, though I despair to
attain.
Thy Father, who is holy, wise, and pure,
Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest
To tread his sacred courts, and minister
About his altar, handling holy things,
Praying or vowing, and voutsafed his
voice 490
To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet
Inspired: disdain not such access to me.”
To whom our Saviour, with unaltered
brow: —
“ Thy coming hither, though I know thy
scope,
I bid not, or forbid. Do as thou find'st
Permission from above; thou canst not
more.”
He added not; and Satan, bowing low
His gray dissimulation, disappeared,
Into thin air diffused: for now began 499
Night with her sullen wing to double-shade
The desert; fowls in their clay nests were
couched;
And now wild beasts came forth the woods
to roam.

Andrew and Simon, famous after known,
With others, though in Holy Writ not
named —
Now missing him, their joy so lately found,
So lately found and so abruptly gone, 50
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,
And, as the days increased, increased their
doubt.
Sometimes they thought he might be only
shewn,
And for a time caught up to God, as once

Moses was in the Mount and missing long,
And the great Thisbite, who on fiery wheels
Rode up to Heaven, yet once again to
come.

Therefore, as those young prophets then
with care

Sought lost Eliah, so in each place these
Nigh to Bethabara — in Jericho ²⁰

The city of palms, *Ænon*, and Salem old,
Machærus, and each town or city walled
On this side the broad lake Genezaret,
Or in Peræa — but returned in vain.

Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek,
Where winds with reeds and osiers whispering play,

Plain fishermen (no greater men them
call),

Close in a cottage low together got,
Their unexpected loss and plaints out-breathed: —

“ Alas, from what high hope to what re-lapse ³⁰

Unlooked for are we fallen ! Our eyes be-held

Messiah certainly now come, so long
Expected of our fathers; we have heard
His words, his wisdom full of grace and
truth.

‘ Now, now, for sure, deliverance is at
hand;

The kingdom shall to Israel be restored:’
Thus we rejoiced, but soon our joy is
turned

Into perplexity and new amaze.

For whither is he gone ? what accident
Hath rapt him from us ? will he now re-tire ⁴⁰

After appearance, and again prolong
Our expectation ? God of Israel,
Send thy Messiah forth; the time is come.
Behold the kings of the earth, how they
oppress

Thy Chosen, to what highth their power
unjust

They have exalted, and behind them cast
All fear of Thee; arise, and vindicate
Thy glory; free thy people from their
yoke !

But let us wait; thus far He hath per-formed — ⁴⁹

Sent his Anointed, and to us revealed him
By his great Prophet pointed at and shown
In public, and with him we have conversed.
Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
Lay on his providence; He will not fail,

Nor will withdraw him now, nor will re-call —
Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch
him hence:
Soon we shall see our hope, our joy, re-turn.”

Thus they out of their plaints new hope
resume

To find whom at the first they found un-sought.

But to his mother Mary, when she saw ⁶⁰
Others returned from baptism, not her
Son,

Nor left at Jordan tidings of him none,
Within her breast though calm, her breast
though pure,
Motherly cares and fears got head, and
raised

Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs
thus clad: —

“ Oh, what avails me now that honour
high,

To have conceived of God, or that salute,
‘ Hail, highly favoured, among women
blest ! ’

While I to sorrows am no less advanced,
And fears as eminent above the lot ⁷⁰
Of other women, by the birth I bore:
In such a season born, when scarce a shed
Could be obtained to shelter him or me
From the bleak air ? A stable was our
warmth,

A manger his; yet soon enforced to fly
Thence into Egypt, till the murderous king
Were dead, who sought his life, and, miss-ing, filled

With infant blood the streets of Bethle-hem.

From Egypt home returned, in Nazareth
Hath been our dwelling many years; his
life ⁸⁰

Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
Little suspicious to any king. But now,
Full grown to man, acknowledged, as I
hear,

By John the Baptist, and in public shewn,
Son owned from Heaven by his Father’s
voice,

I looked for some great change. To
honour ? no;

But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,
That to the fall and rising he should be
Of many in Israel, and to a sign
Spoken against — that through my very
soul ⁹⁰

A sword shall pierce. This is my favoured lot,
My exaltation to afflictions high !
Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest !
I will not argue that, nor will repine.
But where delays he now ? Some great intent
Conceals him. When twelve years he scarce had seen,
I lost him, but so found as well I saw
He could not lose himself, but went about His Father's business. What he meant I mused —
Since understand; much more his absence now ¹⁰⁰
Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.
But I to wait with patience am inured;
My heart hath been a storehouse long of things
And sayings laid up, portending strange events.”
Thus Mary, pondering oft, and oft to mind
Recalling what remarkably had passed Since first her Salutation heard, with thoughts
Meekly composed awaited the fulfilling:
The while her Son, tracing the desert wild, Sole, but with holiest meditations fed, ¹¹⁰
Into himself descended, and at once All his great work to come before him set —
How to begin, how to accomplish best His end of being on Earth, and mission high.
For Satan, with sly preface to return, Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone
Up to the middle region of thick air, Where all his Potentates in council sat. There, without sign of boast, or sign of joy,
Solicitous and blank, he thus began: — ¹²⁰
“ Princes, Heaven’s ancient Sons, Æthereal Thrones —
Dæmonian Spirits now, from the element Each of his reign allotted, rightlier called Powers of Fire, Air, Water, and Earth beneath
(So may we hold our place and these mild seats
Without new trouble !) — such an enemy Is risen to invade us, who no less Threatens than our expulsion down to Hell.

I, as I undertook, and with the vote Consenting in full frequencie was impowered,
Have found him, viewed him, tasted him; ¹³⁰
but find Far other labour to be undergone Than when I dealt with Adam, first of men,
Though Adam by his wife’s allurement fell,
However to this Man inferior far — If he be Man by mother’s side, at least With more than human gifts from Heaven adorned,
Perfections absolute, graces divine, And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds. Therefore I am returned, lest confidence Of my success with Eve in Paradise ¹⁴⁰
Deceive ye to persuasion over-sure Of like succeeding here. I summon all Rather to be in readiness with hand Or counsel to assist, lest I, who erst Thought none my equal, now be overmatched.”
So spake the old Serpent, doubting, and from all
With clamour was assured their utmost aid At his command; when from amidst them rose
Belial, the dissolutest Spirit that fell, ¹⁵⁰
The sensuallest, and, after Asmodai, The fleshiest Incubus, and thus advised: — “ Set women in his eye and in his walk, Among daughters of men the fairest found. Many are in each region passing fair As the noon sky, more like to goddesses Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet,
Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues Persuasive, virgin majesty with mild And sweet allayed, yet terrible to approach, ¹⁶⁰
Skilled to retire, and in retiring draw Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets. Such object hath the power to soften and tame
Severest temper, smooth the ruggedst brow,
Enervé, and with voluptuous hope dissolve, Draw out with credulous desire, and lead At will the manliest, resolutest breast, As the magnetic hardest iron draws. Women, when nothing else, beguiled the heart
Of wisest Solomon, and made him build, ¹⁷⁰

And made him bow, to the gods of his wives."

To whom quick answer Satan thus returned:—

"Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st All others by thyself. Because of old Thou thyself doat'st on womankind, admiring Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace, None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys. Before the Flood, thou, with thy lusty crew, False titled Sons of God, roaming the Earth, ¹⁷⁹ Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men, And coupled with them, and begot a race. Have we not seen, or by relation heard, In courts and regal chambers how thou lurk'st, In wood or grove, by mossy fountain-side, In valley or green meadow, to waylay Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene, Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa, Or Amymone, Syrinx, many more Too long — then lay'st thy scapes on names adored, Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan, ¹⁹⁹ Satyr, or Faun, or Silvan ? But these haunts Delight not all. Among the sons of men How many have with a smile made small account Of beauty and her lures, easily scorned All her assaults, on worthier things intent ! Remember that Pellean conqueror, A youth, how all the beauties of the East He slightly viewed, and slightly overpassed; How he surnamed of Africa dismissed, In his prime youth, the fair Iberian maid. For Solomon, he lived at ease, and, full ²⁰¹ Of honour, wealth, high fare, aimed not beyond Higher design than to enjoy his state; Thence to the bait of women lay exposed. But he whom we attempt is wiser far Than Solomon, of more exalted mind, Made and set wholly on the accomplishment Of greatest things. What woman will you find, Though of this age the wonder and the fame,

On whom his leisure will voutsafe an eye ²¹⁰ Of fond desire ? Or should she, confident, As sitting queen adored on Beauty's throne, Descend with all her winning charms begirt To enamour, as the zone of Venus once Wrought that effect on Jove (so fables tell), How would one look from his majestic brow, Seated as on the top of Virtue's hill, Discountenance her despised, and put to rout All her array, her female pride deject, Or turn to reverent awe ! For Beauty stands ²²⁰ In the admiration only of weak minds Led captive; cease to admire, and all her plumes Fall flat, and shrink into a trivial toy, At every sudden slighting quite abashed. Therefore with manlier objects we must try His constancy — with such as have more shew Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise (Rocks whereon greatest men have oftest wrecked); Or that which only seems to satisfy Lawful desires of nature, not beyond. ²³⁰ And now I know he hungers, where no food Is to be found, in the wide Wilderness: The rest commit to me; I shall let pass No advantage, and his strength as oft as say." He ceased, and heard their grant in loud acclaim; Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band Of Spirits likest to himself in guile, To be at hand and at his beck appear, If cause were to unfold some active scene Of various persons, each to know his part; Then to the desert takes with these his flight, ²⁴¹ Where still, from shade to shade, the Son of God, After forty days' fasting, had remained, Now hungering first, and to himself thus said:— "Where will this end ? Four times ten days I have passed Wandering this woody maze, and human food

Nor tasted, nor had appetite. That fast
To virtue I impute not, or count part
Of what I suffer here. If nature need not,
Or God support nature without repast, 250
Though needing, what praise is it to endure?

But now I feel I hunger; which declares
Nature hath need of what she asks. Yet
God

Can satisfy that need some other way,
Though hunger still remain. So it remain
Without this body's wasting, I content me,
And from the sting of famine fear no
harm;

Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts, that
feed

Me hungering more to do my Father's
will."

It was the hour of night, when thus the
Son

Communed in silent walk, then laid him
down

Under the hospitable covert nigh
Of trees thick interwoven. There he slept,
And dreamed, as appetite is wont to dream,
Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment
sweet.

Him thought he by the brook of Cherith
stood,

And saw the ravens with their horny beaks
Food to Elijah bringing even and morn —
Though ravenous, taught to abstain from
what they brought;

He saw the Prophet also, how he fled 270
Into the desert, and how there he slept
Under a juniper — then how, awaked,
He found his supper on the coals prepared,
And by the Angel was bid rise and eat,
And eat the second time after repose,
The strength whereof sufficed him forty
days:

Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,
Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.

Thus wore out night; and now the herald
Lark

Left his ground-nest, high towering to de-
sry

The Morn's approach, and greet her with
his song.

As lightly from his grassy couch up rose
Our Saviour, and found all was but a
dream;

Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting
waked.

Up to a hill anon his steps he reared,

From whose high top to ken the prospect
round,
If cottage were in view, sheep-cote, or
herd;
But cottage, herd, or sheep-cote, none he
saw —

Only in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,
With chaunt of tuneful birds resounding
loud.

Thither he bent his way, determined there
To rest at noon, and entered soon the shade
High-roofed, and walks beneath, and alleys
brown,

That opened in the midst a woody scene;
Nature's own work it seemed (Nature
taught Art),

And, to a superstitious eye, the haunt
Of wood-gods and wood-nymphs. He
viewed it round;

When suddenly a man before him stood,
Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,
As one in city or court or palace bred, 300
And with fair speech these words to him
addressed: —

"With granted leave officious I return,
But much more wonder that the Son of
God

In this wild solitude so long should bide,
Of all things destitute, and, well I know,
Not without hunger. Others of some note,
As story tells, have trod this wilderness:
The fugitive Bond-woman, with her son,
Outcast Nebaioth, yet found here relief
By a providing Angel; all the race 310
Of Israel here had famished, had not God
Rained from heaven manna; and that Pro-
phet bold,

Native of Thebez, wandering here, was fed
Twice by a voice inviting him to eat.
Of thee these forty days none hath regard,
Forty and more deserted here indeed."

To whom thus Jesus: — "What con-
clud'st thou hence ?

They all had need; I, as thou seest, have
none."

"How hast thou hunger then ?" Satar
replied.

"Tell me, if food were now before thee
set,

Wouldst thou not eat ?" "Thereafter as
I like

The giver," answered Jesus. "Why should
that
Cause thy refusal ?" said the subtle Fiend.
"Hast thou not right to all created things ?

Owe not all creatures, by just right, to thee
Duty and service, nor to stay till bid,
But tender all their power ? Nor mention I
Meats by the law unclean, or offered first
To idols — those young Daniel could refuse;
Nor proffered by an enemy — though who
Would scruple that, with want oppressed ?

Behold, ³³¹
Nature ashamed, or, better to express,
Troubled, that thou shouldst hunger, hath
purveyed

From all the elements her choicest store,
To treat thee as beseems, and as her Lord
With honour. "Only deign to sit and eat."

He spake no dream; for, as his words
had end,

Our Saviour, lifting up his eyes, beheld,
In ample space under the broadest shade,
A table richly spread in regal mode, ³⁴⁰
With dishes piled and meats of noblest sort
And savour — beasts of chase, or fowl of
game,

In pastry built, or from the spit, or boiled,
Grisamber-steamed; all fish, from sea or
shore,

Freshet or purling brook, of shell or fin,
And exquisitest name, for which was
drained

Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.
Alas ! how simple, to these cates compared,
Was that crude Apple that diverted Eve !
And at a stately sideboard, by the wine, ³⁵⁰
That fragrant smell diffused, in order stood
Tall stripling youths rich-clad, of fairer hue
Than Ganymed or Hylas; distant more,
Under the trees now tripped, now solemn
stood.

Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades
With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's
horn,

And ladies of the Hesperides, that seemed
Fairer than feigned of old, or fabled since
Of faery damsels met in forest wide
By knights of Logres, or of Lyones, ³⁶⁰
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore.
And all the while harmonious airs were
heard

Of chiming strings or charming pipes;
and winds
Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fanned
From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest
smells.

Such was the splendour; and the Tempter
now
His invitation earnestly renewed: —

"What doubts the Son of God to sit and
eat ?

These are not fruits forbidden; no inter-
dict

Defends the touching of these viands pure;
Their taste no knowledge works, at least
of evil, ³⁷¹

But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,
Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.
All these are Spirits of air, and woods, and
springs,

Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay
Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their
Lord.

What doubt'st thou, Son of God ? Sit
down and eat."

To whom thus Jesus temperately re-
plied: —

"Said'st thou not that to all things I had
right ?

And who withholds my power that right to
use ? ³⁸⁰

Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
When and where likes me best, I can com-
mand ?

I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,
Command a table in this wilderness,
And call swift flights of Angels ministrant,
Arrayed in glory, on my cup to attend:
Why shouldst thou, then, obtrude this dili-
gence

In vain, where no acceptance it can find ?
And with my hunger what hast thou to
do ?

Thy pompous delicacies I contemn, ³⁹⁰
And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but
guiles."

To whom thus answered Satan, male-
content: —

"That I have also power to give thou
seest;

If of that power I bring thee voluntary
What I might have bestowed on whom I
pleased,

And rather opportunely in this place
Chose to impart to thy apparent need,
Why shouldst thou not accept it ? But I
see

What I can do or offer is suspect.
Of these things others quickly will dispose,
Whose pains have earned the far-fet spoil." ⁴⁰¹

With that
Both table and provision vanished quite,
With sound of harpies' wings and talons
heard;

Only the impor'tune Tempter still remained,
And with these words his temptation pursued:—
“ By hunger, that each other creature tames,
Thou art not to be harmed, therefore not moved;
Thy temperance, invincible besides,
For no allurement yields to appetite;
And all thy heart is set on high designs, ⁴¹⁰
High actions. But wherewith to be achieved ?
Great acts require great means of enterprise;
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,
A carpenter thy father known, thyself Bred up in poverty and straits at home,
Lost in a desert here and hunger-bit.
Which way, or from what hope, dost thou aspire
To greatness ? whence authority deriv'st ?
What followers, what retin'ue canst thou gain,
Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude, ⁴²⁰
Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost ?
Money brings honour, friends, conquest, and realms.
What raised Antipater the Edomite,
And his son Herod placed on Juda's throne,
Thy throne, but gold, that got him puissant friends ?
Therefore, if at great things thou wouldst arrive,
Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap —
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me.
Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand;
They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain,
While virtue, valour, wisdom, sit in want.” ⁴³⁰
To whom thus Jesus patiently replied:—
“ Yet wealth without these three is impotent
To gain dominion, or to keep it gained —
Witness those ancient empires of the earth,
In highth of all their flowing wealth dissolved;
But men endued with these have oft attained,
In lowest poverty, to highest deeds —
Gideon, and Jephtha, and the shepherd lad

Whose offspring on the throne of Juda sat ⁴⁴⁰
So many ages, and shall yet regain That seat, and reign in Israel without end.
Among the Heathen (for throughout the world
To me is not unknown what hath been done Worthy of memorial) canst thou not remember
Quintius, Fabrius, Curius, Regulus ?
For I esteem those names of men so poor,
Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
Riches, though offered from the hand of kings.
And what in me seems wanting but that I May also in this poverty as soon ⁴⁵⁰
Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more ?
Extol not riches, then, the toil of fools,
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare; more apt
To slacken virtue and abate her edge
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.
What if with like aversion I reject Riches and realms ! Yet not for that a crown,
Golden in shew, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights, ⁴⁶⁰
To him who wears the regal diadem,
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies;
For therein stands the office of a king,
His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,
That for the public all this weight he bears.
Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king —
Which every wise and virtuous man attains;
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes,
Subject himself to anarchy within, ⁴⁷⁰
Or lawless passions in him, which he serves.
But to guide nations in the way of truth
By saving doctrine, and from error lead To know, and, knowing, worship God aright,
Is yet more kingly. This attracts the soul,
Governs the inner man, the nobler part;
That other o'er the body only reigns,
And oft by force — which to a generous mind

So reigning can be no sincere delight. ⁴⁸⁰
 Besides, to give a kingdom hath been
 thought
 Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
 Far more magnanimous, than to assume.

Riches are needless, then, both for them-
 selves,
 And for thy reason why they should be
 scught—
 To gain a sceptre, oftest better missed."

THE THIRD BOOK

So spake the Son of God; and Satan stood
 A while as mute, confounded what to say,
 What to reply, confuted and convinced
 Of his weak arguing and fallacious drift;
 At length, collecting all his serpent wiles,
 With soothing words renewed, him thus
 accosts:—

“ I see thou know’st what is of use to
 know,
 What best to say canst say, to do canst do;
 Thy actions to thy words accord; thy words
 To thy large heart give utterance due; thy
 heart
 Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect
 shape.
 Should kings and nations from thy mouth
 consult,

Thy counsel would be as the oracle
 Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems
 On Aaron’s breast, or tongue of Seers old
 Infallible; or, wert thou sought to deeds
 That might require the array of war, thy
 skill
 Of conduct would be such that all the world
 Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist
 In battle, though against thy few in arms.
 These godlike virtues wherefore dost thou
 hide ? ²¹

Affecting private life, or more obscure
 In savage wilderness, wherefore deprive
 All Earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself
 The fame and glory — glory, the reward
 That sole excites to high attempts the flame
 Of most erected spirits, most tempered pure
 Æthereal, who all pleasures else despise,
 All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,
 And dignities and powers, all but the high-
 est ? ²⁰

Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe. The son
 Of Macedonian Philip had ere these
 Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held
 At his dispose; young Scipio had brought
 down
 The Carthaginian pride; young Pompey
 quelled

The Pontic king, and in triumph’ had rode.
 Yet years, and to ripe years judgment ma-
 ture,
 Quench not the thirst of glory, but aug-
 ment.
 Great Julius, whom now all the world ad-
 mires,
 The more he grew in years, the more
 inflamed ⁴⁰
 With glory, wept that he had lived so long
 Inglorious. But thou yet art not too late.”
 To whom our Saviour calmly thus re-
 plied:—
 “ Thou neither dost persuade me to seek
 wealth

For empire’s sake, nor empire to affect
 For glory’s sake, by all thy argument.
 For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
 The people’s praise, if always praise un-
 mixed ?

And what the people but a herd confused,
 A miscellaneous rabble, who extol ⁵⁰
 Things vulgar, and, well weighed, scarce
 worth the praise ?
 They praise and they admire they know
 not what,
 And know not whom, but as one leads the
 other;

And what delight to be by such extolled,
 To live upon their tongues, and be their
 talk ?

Of whom to be dispraised were no small
 praise—

His lot who dares be singularly good.
 The intelligent among them and the wise
 Are few, and glory scarce of few is raised.
 This is true glory and renown — when God,
 Looking on the Earth, with approbation
 marks ^{6:}

The just man, and divulges him through
 Heaven

To all his Angels, who with true applause
 Recount his praises. Thus he did to Job,
 When, to extend his fame through Heaven
 and Earth,
 As thou to thy reproach may’st well re-
 member,

He asked thee, 'Hast thou seen my servant
Job ?'
Famous he was in Heaven; on Earth less
known,
Where glory is false glory, attributed
To things not glorious, men not worthy of
fame.
They err who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest far and wide, to overrun
Large countries, and in field great battles
win,
Great cities by assault. What do these
worthies
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and en-
slave
Peaceable nations, neighbouring or remote,
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those their conquerors, who leave be-
hind
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace de-
stroy;
Then swell with pride, and must be titled
Gods,
Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,
Worshipped with temple, priest, and sacri-
fice ?
One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other;
Till conqueror Death discover them scarce
men,
Rowling in brutish vices, and deformed,
Violent or shameful death their due re-
ward.
But, if there be in glory aught of good;
It may by means far different be attained,
Without ambition, war, or violence —
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance. I mention still
Him whom thy wrongs, with saintly pa-
tience borne,
Made famous in a land and times obscure;
Who names not now with honour patient
Job ?
Poor Socrates, (who next more memor-
able ?)
By what he taught and suffered for so do-
ing,
For truth's sake suffering death unjust,
lives now
Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.
Yet, if for fame and glory aught be done, ¹⁰⁰
Aught suffered — if young African for
fame
His wasted country freed from Punic
rage —

The deed becomes unpraised, the man at
least,
And loses, though but verbal, his reward.
Shall I seek glory, then, as vain men seek,
Oft not deserved ? I seek not mine, but
His
Who sent me, and thereby witness whence
I am."
To whom the Tempter, murmuring, thus
replied:—
" Think not so slight of glory, therein least
Resembling thy great Father. He seeks
glory,
And for his glory all things made, all things
Orders and governs; nor content in Hea-
ven,
By all his Angels glorified, requires
Glory from men, from all men, good or bad,
Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemp-
tion.
Above all sacrifice, or hallowed gift,
Glory he requires, and glory he receives,
Promiscuous from all nations, Jew, or
Greek,
Or Barbarous, nor exception hath de-
clared;
From us, his foes pronounced, glory he ex-
acts."
To whom our Saviour fervently replied:
" And reason; since his Word all things
produced,
Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,
But to shew forth his goodness, and impart
His good communicable to every soul
Freely; of whom what could He less expect
Than glory and benediction — that is,
thanks —
The slightest, easiest, readiest recompense
From them who could return him nothing
else,
And, not returning that, would likeliest
render
Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy ?
Hard recompense, unsuitable return
For so much good, so much beneficence !
But why should man seek glory, who of his
own
Hath nothing, and to whom nothing be-
longs
But condemnation, ignominy, and shame —
Who, for so many benefits received,
Turned recreant to God, ingrate and false,
And so of all true good himself despoiled;
Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take ¹⁴⁰
That which to God alone of right belongs ?

Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,
That who advance his glory, not their own,
Them he himself to glory will advance."

So spake the Son of God; and here again
Satan had not to answer, but stood struck
With guilt of his own sin — for he himself,
Insatiable of glory, had lost all;

Yet of another plea bethought him soon: —
"Of glory, as thou wilt," said he, "so
deem;" ¹⁵⁰

Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass.
But to a Kingdom thou art born — or-
dained

To sit upon thy father David's throne,
By mother's side thy father, though thy
right

Be now in powerful hands, that will not
part

Easily from possession won with arms.
Judea now and all the Promised Land,
Reduced a province under Roman yoke,
Obey'd Tiberius, nor is always ruled
With temperate sway: oft have they vio-
lated ¹⁶⁰

The Temple, oft the Law, with foul affronts,
Abominations rather, as did once

Antiochus. And think'st thou to regain
Thy right by sitting still, or thus retiring ?
So did not Machabeus. He indeed
Retired unto the Desert, but with arms;
And o'er a mighty king so oft prevailed
That by strong hand his family obtained,
Though priests, the crown, and David's
throne usurped,

With Modin and her suburbs once content.
If kingdom move thee not, let move thee
zeal ¹⁷¹

And duty — zeal and duty are not slow,
But on Occasion's forelock watchful wait:
They themselves rather are occasion best —
Zeal of thy Father's house, duty to free
Thy country from her heathen servitude.
So shalt thou best fulfil, best verify,
The Prophets old, who sung thy endless
reign —

The happier reign the sooner it begins.
Reign then; what canst thou better do the
while ? " ¹⁸⁰

To whom our Saviour answer thus re-
turned: —

"All things are best fulfilled in their due
time;

And time there is for all things, Truth
hath said.

If of my reign Prophetic Writ hath told

That it shall never end, so, when begin
The Father in his purpose hath decreed —
He in whose hand all times and seasons
rowl.

What if he hath decreed that I shall first
Be tried in humble state, and things ad-
verse,

By tribulations, injuries, insults,
Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and
violence, ¹⁹⁰

Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting
Without distrust or doubt, that He may
know

What I can suffer, how obey ? Who best
Can suffer best can do, best reign who first
Well hath obeyed — just trial ere I merit
My exaltation without change or end.

But what concerns it *thee* when I begin
My everlasting Kingdom ? Why art thou
Solicitous ? What moves thy inquisition ?
Know'st thou not that my rising is thy
fall, ²⁰¹

And my promotion will be thy destruc-
tion ? "

To whom the Tempter, inly racked, re-
plied: —

"Let that come when it comes. All hope
is lost

Of my reception into grace; what worse ?
For where no hope is left is left no fear.

If there be worse, the expectation more
Of worse torments me than the feeling can.
I would be at the worst; worst is my port,
My harbour, and my ultimate repose, ²¹⁰

The end I would attain, my final good.

My error was my error, and my crime
My crime; whatever, for itself condemned,

And will alike be punished, whether thou
Reign or reign not — though to that gentle
brow

Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign,
From that placid aspect and meek regard,
Rather than aggravate my evil state,
Would stand between me and thy Father's
ire

(Whose ire I dread more than the fire of
Hell) ²²⁰

A shelter and a kind of shading cool
Interposition, as a summer's cloud.
If I, then, to the worst that can be haste,
Why move thy feet so slow to what is
best ?

Happiest, both to thyself and all the world,
That thou, who worthiest art, shouldst be
their King !

Perhaps thou linger'st in deep thoughts detained

Of the enterprise so hazardous and high !
No wonder; for, though in thee be united
What of perfection can in Man be found,
Or human nature can receive, consider ²³¹
Thy life hath yet been private, most part
spent

At home, scarce viewed the Galilean towns,
And once a year Jerusalem, few days'
Short sojourn; and what thence couldst
thou observe ?

The world thou hast not seen, much less
her glory,
Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant
courts —

Best school of best experience, quickest in
sight

In all things that to greatest actions lead.
The wisest, unexperienced, will be ever ²⁴⁰
Timorous, and loth, with novice modesty
(As he who, seeking asses, found a king-
dom)

Irresolute, unhardy, unadventurous.
But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt
quit

Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes
The monarchies of the Earth, their pomp
and state —

Sufficient introduction to inform
Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal arts,
And regal mysteries; that thou may'st
know

How best their opposition to withstand."

With that (such power was given him
then), he took ²⁵¹

The Son of God up to a mountain high.
It was a mountain at whose verdant feet
A spacious plain outstretched in circuit
wide

Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers
flowed,

The one winding, the other straight, and
left between

Fair champaign, with less rivers inter-
veined,

Then meeting joined their tribute to the
sea.

Fertil of corn the glebe, of oil, and wine;
With herds the pasture thronged, with
flocks the hills;

Huge cities and high-towered, that well
might seem ²⁶⁰

The seats of mightiest monarchs; and so
large

The prospect was that here and there was
room

For barren desert, fountainless and dry.
To this high mountain-top the Tempter
brought

Our Saviour, and new train of words be-
gan: —

" Well have we speeded, and o'er hill
and dale,

Forest, and field, and flood, temples and
towers,

Cut shorter many a league. Here thou be-
hold'st

²⁶⁰ Assyria, and her empire's ancient bounds,
Araxes and the Caspian lake; thence on
As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,
And oft beyond; to south the Persian bay,
And, inaccessible, the Arabian drouth:

Here, Nineveh, of length within her wall
Several days' journey, built by Ninus old,
Of that first golden monarchy the seat,
And seat of Salmanassar, whose success
Israel in long captivity still mourns;

²⁷⁰ There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues,
As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice
Judah and all thy father David's house
Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,
Till Cyrus set them free; Persepolis,

His city, there thou seest, and Bactra
there;

Ecbatana her structure vast there shews,
And Hecatompyle her hundred gates;
There Susa by Choaspes, amber stream,
The drink of none but kings; of later fame,
Built by Emathian or by Parthian hands,

The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there ²⁹¹
Artaxata, Teredon, Ctesiphon,

Turning with easy eye, thou may'st behold.
All these the Parthian (now some ages

past

By great Arsaces led, who founded first
That empire) under his dominion holds,
From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.
And just in time thou com'st to have a
view

Of his great power; for now the Parthian
king

In Ctesiphon hath gathered all his host ³⁰⁰
Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild
Have wasted Sogdiana; to her aid
He marches now in haste. See, though
from far,

His thousands, in what martial equipage
They issue forth, steel bows and shafts
their arms,

Of equal dread in flight or in pursuit —
All horsemen, in which fight they most excel;
See how in warlike muster they appear,
In rhombs, and wedges, and half-moons,
and wings.”
He looked, and saw what numbers numberless
The city gates outpoured, light-armed ³¹⁰
troops
In coats of mail and military pride.
In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
Prauncing their riders bore, the flower and choice
Of many provinces from bound to bound —
From Arachosia, from Candaor east,
And Margiana, to the Hyreanian cliffs
Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales;
From Atropatia, and the neighbouring plains
Of Adiabene, Media, and the south ³²⁰
Of Susiana, to Balsara’s haven.
He saw them in their forms of battle ranged,
How quick they wheeled, and flying behind them shot
Sharp sleet of arrowy showers against the face
Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight;
The field all iron cast a gleaming brown.
Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor, on each horn,
Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,
Chariots, or elephants indorsed with towers
Of archers; nor of labouring pioneers ³³⁰
A multitude, with spades and axes armed,
To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,
Or where plain was raise hill, or overlay
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke:
Mules after these, camels and dromedaries,
And waggons fraught with utensils of war.
Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,
When Agrican, with all his northern powers,
Besieged Albracea, as romances tell,
The city of Gallaphrone, from thence to win ³⁴⁰
The fairest of her sex, Angelica,
His daughter, sought by many prowest knights,
Both Paynim and the peers of Charlemane.
Such and so numerous was their chivalry;
At sight whereof the Fiend yet more presumed,

And to our Saviour thus his words renewed: —
“ That thou may’st know I seek not to engage
Thy virtue, and not every way secure
On no slight grounds thy safety, hear and mark
To what end I have brought thee hither, and shew ³⁵⁰
All this fair sight. Thy kingdom, though foretold
By Prophet or by Angel, unless thou Endeavour, as thy father David did,
Thou never shalt obtain: prediction still
In all things, and all men, supposes means;
Without means used, what it predicts revokes.
But say thou wert possessed of David’s throne
By free consent of all, none opposite, Samaritan or Jew; how couldst thou hope Long to enjoy it quiet and secure ³⁶⁰
Between two such enclosing enemies, Roman and Parthian? Therefore one of these
Thou must make sure thy own: the Parthian first,
By my advice, as nearer, and of late Found able by invasion to annoy
Thy country, and captive lead away her kings,
Antigonus and old Hyrcanus, bound, Maugre the Roman. It shall be my task
To render thee the Parthian at dispose, Choose which thou wilt, by conquest or by league. ³⁷⁰
By him thou shalt regain, without him not, That which alone can truly reinstall thee
In David’s royal seat, his true successor — Deliverance of thy brethren, those Ten Tribes
Whose offspring in his territory yet serve In Habor, and among the Medes dispersed:
Ten sons of Jacob, two of Joseph, lost Thus long from Israel, serving, as of old
Their fathers in the land of Egypt served, This offer sets before thee to deliver. ³⁸⁰
These if from servitude thou shalt restore To their inheritance, then, nor till then, Thou on the throne of David in full glory, From Egypt to Euphrates and beyond,
Shalt reign, and Rome or Cæsar not need fear.”
To whom our Saviour answered thus, unmoved: —

About the wine-press where sweet must is
poured,
Beat off, returns as oft with humming
sound;
Or surging waves against a solid rock,
Though all to shivers dashed, the assault
renew,
(Vain battery !) and in froth or bubbles
end—²⁰
So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,
Yet gives not o'er, though desperate of
success,
And his vain importunity pursues.
He brought our Saviour to the western side
Of that high mountain, whence he might
behold
Another plain, long, but in breadth not
wide,
Washed by the southern sea, and on the
north
To equal length backed with a ridge of
hills
That screened the fruits of the earth and
seats of men
From cold Septentrion blasts; thence in the
midst
Divided by a river, off whose banks
On each side an Imperial City stood,
With towers and temples proudly elevate
On seven small hills, with palaces adorned,
Porches and theatres, baths, aqueducts,
Statues and trophies, and triumphal arcs,
Gardens and groves, presented to his eyes
Above the height of mountains interposed—
By what strange parallax, or optic skill ⁴⁰
Of vision, multiplied through air, or glass
Of telescope, were curious to enquire.
And now the Tempter thus his silence
broke:—
“ The city which thou seest no other deem
Than great and glorious Rome, Queen of
the Earth
So far renowned, and with the spoils en-
riched
Of nations. There the Capitol thou seest,
Above the rest lifting his stately head
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel
Impregnable; and there Mount Palatine, ⁵⁰
The imperial palace, compass huge, and
high
The structure, skill of noblest architects,
With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,
Turrets, and terraces, and glittering spires.
Many a fair edifice besides, more like

Houses of gods — so well I have disposed
My aerie microscope — thou may'st behold,
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs
Carved work, the hand of famed artificers
In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold. ⁶⁰
Thence to the gates cast round thine eye,
and see
What conflux issuing forth, or entering in:
Prætors, proconsuls to their provinces
Hasting, or on return, in robes of state;
Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their
power;
Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and
wings;
Or embassies from regions far remote,
In various habits, on the Appian road,
Or on the *Æ*milian — some from farthest
south,
Syene, and where the shadow both way
falls, ⁷⁰
Meroë, Nilotic isle, and, more to west,
The realm of Bocchus to the Blackmoor sea;
From the Asian kings (and Parthian among
these),
From India and the Golden Chersoness,
And utmost Indian isle Taprobane,
Dusk faces with white silken turbants
wreathed;
From Gallia, Gades, and the British west;
Germans, and Scythians, and Sarmatians
north
Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool. ⁷⁹
All nations now to Rome obedience pay—
To Rome's great Emperor, whose wide do-
main,
In ample territory, wealth and power,
Civility of manners, arts and arms,
And long renown, thou justly may'st prefer
Before the Parthian. These two thrones
except,
The rest are barbarous, and scarce worth
the sight,
Shared among petty kings too far removed;
These having shewn thee, I have shewn
thee all
The kingdoms of the world, and all their
glory. ⁸⁹
This Emperor hath no son, and now is old,
Old and lascivious, and from Rome retired
To Caprea, an island small but strong
On the Campanian shore, with purpose
there
His horrid lusts in private to enjoy;
Committing to a wicked favourite
All public cares, and yet of him suspicious;

Hated of all, and hating. With what ease,
Endued with regal virtues as thou art,
Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,
Might'st thou expel this monster from his
throne,
Now made a sty, and, in his place ascending,
ing,

A victor-people free from servile yoke !
And with my help thou may'st; to me the
power

Is given, and by that right I give it thee.
Aim, therefore, at no less than all the
world;

Aim at the highest; without the highest
attained,

Will be for thee no sitting, or not long,
On David's throne, be prophesied what
will."

To whom the Son of God, unmoved, re-
plied:—

"Nor doth this grandeur and majestic
shew
Of luxury, though called magnificence,
More than of arms before, allure mine
eye,

Much less my mind; though thou should'st
add to tell
Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous
feasts

On citron tables or Atlantic stone
(For I have also heard, perhaps have read),
Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,
Chios and Crete, and how they quaff in
gold,

Crystal, and myrrhine cups, imbossed with
gems

And studs of pearl — to me should'st tell,
who thirst
And hunger still. Then embassies thou
shew'st

From nations far and nigh ! What honour
that,
But tedious waste of time, to sit and hear
So many hollow compliments and lies,
Outlandish flatteries ? Then proceed'st to
talk

Of the Emperor, how easily subdued,
How gloriously. I shall, thou say'st, expel
A brutish monster: what if I withal
Expel a Devil who first made him such ?
Let his tormentor, Conscience, find him
out;

For him I was not sent, nor yet to free
That people, victor once, now vile and base,
Deservedly made vassal — who, once just,

Frugal, and mild, and temperate, conquered
well,

But govern ill the nations under yoke,
Peeling their provinces, exhausted all
By lust and rapine; first ambitious grown
Of triumph, that insulting vanity;
Then cruel, by their sports to blood inured
Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts ex-
posed;

Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier
still,

And from the daily Scene effeminate.
What wise and valiant man would seek to
free

These, thus degenerate, by themselves en-
slaved,

Or could of inward slaves make outward
free ?

Know, therefore, when my season comes to
sit

On David's throne, it shall be like a tree
Spreading and overshadowing all the earth,
Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash
All monarchies besides throughout the
world;

And of my Kingdom there shall be no end.
Means there shall be to this; but what the
means

Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell."
To whom the Tempter, impudent, re-
plied:—

"I see all offers made by me how slight
Thou valuest, because offered, and reject'st.
Nothing will please the difficult and nice,
Or nothing more than still to contradict.
On the other side know also thou that I
On what I offer set as high esteem,
Nor what I part with mean to give for
naught.

All these, which in a moment thou be-
hold'st,

The kingdoms of the world, to thee I give
(For, given to me, I give to whom I please),
No trifle; yet with this reserve, not else —
On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,
And worship me as thy superior Lord
(Easily done), and hold them all of me;
For what can less so great a gift deserve ? "

Whom thus our Saviour answered with
d disdain:—

"I never liked thy talk, thy offers less;
Now both abhor, since thou hast dared to
utter

The abominable terms, impious condition.
But I endure the time, till which expired

Thou hast permission on me. It is written,
The first of all commandments, 'Thou shalt worship
The Lord thy God, and only Him shalt serve;
And dar'st thou to the Son of God profound
To worship thee, accursed? now more accursed
For this attempt, bolder than that on Eve,
And more blasphemous; which expect to rue.
The kingdoms of the world to thee were given!
Permitted rather, and by thee usurped;
Other donation none thou canst produce.
If given, by whom but by the King of kings,
God over all supreme? If given to thee,
By thee how fairly is the Giver now repaid!
But gratitude in thee is lost long since.
Wert thou so void of fear or shame
As offer them to me, the Son of God —
To me my own, on such abhorred pact,
That I fall down and worship thee as God?
Get thee behind me! Plain thou now appear'st
That Evil One, Satan for ever damned."
To whom the Fiend, with fear abashed,
replied: —
"Be not so sore offended, Son of God —
Though Sons of God both Angels are and Men —
If I, to try whether in higher sort
Than these thou bear'st that title, have proposed
What both from Men and Angels I receive,
Tetrarchs of Fire, Air, Flood, and on the Earth
Nations besides from all the quartered winds —
God of this World invoked, and World beneath.
Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold
To me most fatal, me it most concerns.
The trial hath indamaged thee no way,
Rather more honour left and more esteem;
Me naught advantaged, missing what I aimed.
Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,
The kingdoms of this world; I shall no more

Advise thee; gain them as thou canst, or not.
And thou thyself seem'st otherwise inclined
Than to a worldly crown, addicted more
To contemplation and profound dispute;
As by that early action may be judged,
When, slipping from thy mother's eye, thou went'st
Alone into the Temple, there wast found
Among the gravest Rabbies, disputant
On points and questions fitting Moses' chair,
Teaching, not taught. The childhood shews
the man,
As morning shews the day. Be famous,
then,
By wisdom; as thy empire must extend,
So let extend thy mind o'er all the world
In knowledge; all things in it comprehend.
All knowledge is not couched in Moses' law,
The Pentateuch, or what the Prophets wrote;
The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach
To admiration, led by Nature's light;
And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,
Ruling them by persuasion, as thou mean'st.
Without their learning, how wilt thou with them,
Or they with thee, hold conversation meet?
How wilt thou reason with them, how refute
Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes?
Error by his own arms is best evinced.
Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount,
Westward, much nearer by south-west; behold
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands,
Built nobly, pure the air and light the soil —
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and shades.
See there the olive-grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
There, flowery hill, Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus rowls

His whispering stream. Within the walls
then view ²⁵⁰
The schools of ancient sages — his who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lyceum there; and painted Stoa next.
There thou shalt hear and learn the secret
power
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-measured
verse,
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher
sung,
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer called,
Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his
own. ²⁶⁰
Thence what the lofty grave Tragedians
taught
In chorus or iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight received
In brief sententious precepts, while they
treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human
life,
High actions and high passions best de-
scribing.
Thence to the famous Orators repair,
Those ancient whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democracy,
Shook the Arsenal, and fulminated over
Greece ²⁷⁰
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.
To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
From heaven descended to the low-roofed
house
Of Socrates — see there his tenement —
Whom, well inspired, the Oracle pro-
nounced
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued
forth
Mellifluous streams, that watered all the
schools
Of Academics old and new, with those
Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe. ²⁸⁰
These here revolve, or, as thou likest, at
home,
Till time mature thee to a kingdom's
weight;
These rules will render thee a king com-
plete
Within thyself, much more with empire
joined.”
To whom our Saviour sagely thus re-
plied: —

“ Think not but that I know these things;
or, think
I know them not, not therefore am I short
Of knowing what I ought. He who re-
ceives
Light from above, from the Fountain of
Light,
No other doctrine needs, though granted
true;
But these are false, or little else but ²⁹⁰
dreams,
Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.
The first and wisest of them all professed
To know this only, that he nothing knew;
The next to fabling fell and smooth con-
ceits;
A third sort doubted all things, though
plain sense;
Others in virtue placed felicity,
But virtue joined with riches and long life;
In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease;
The Stoic last in philosophic pride, ³⁰⁰
By him called virtue, and his virtuous man,
Wise, perfect in himself, and all possess-
ing,
Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,
As fearing God nor man, contemning all
Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death
and life —
Which, when he lists, he leaves, or boasts
he can;
For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,
Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.
Alas! what can they teach, and not mis-
lead, ³¹⁰
Ignorant of themselves, of God much more,
And how the World began, and how Man
fell,
Degraded by himself, on grace depending?
Much of the Soul they talk, but all awry;
And in themselves seek virtue; and to
themselves
All glory arrogate, to God give none;
Rather accuse him under usual names,
Fortune and Fate, as one regardless quite
Of mortal things. Who, therefore, seeks
in these
True wisdom finds her not, or, by delusion
Far worse, her false resemblance only
meets, ³²⁰
An empty cloud. However, many books,
Wise men have said, are wearisome; who
reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,

(And what he brings what needs he elsewhere seek?)

Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep-versed in books and shallow in himself,

Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys
And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge,

As children gathering pebbles on the shore. ³²⁹
Or, if I would delight my private hours
With music or with poem, where so soon
As in our native language can I find
That solace? All our Law and Story strewed

With hymns, our Psalms with artful terms inscribed,

Our Hebrew songs and harps, in Babylon
That pleased so well our victor's ear, declare

That rather Greece from us these arts derived —

Ill imitated while they loudest sing
The vices of their deities, and their own,
In fable, hymn, or song, so personating ³⁴¹
Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.

Remove their swelling epithetes, thick-laid
As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest,
Thin-sown with aught of profit or delight,
Will far be found unworthy to compare
With Sion's songs, to all true tastes excelling,

Where God is praised aright and godlike men,

The Holiest of Holies and his Saints
(Such are from God inspired, not such from thee); ³⁵⁰

Unless where moral virtue is expressed
By light of Nature, not in all quite lost.
Their orators thou then extoll'st as those
The top of eloquence — statists indeed,
And lovers of their country, as may seem;
But herein to our Prophets far beneath,
As men divinely taught, and better teaching

The solid rules of civil government,
In their majestic, unaffected style, ³⁵⁹

Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome.
In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,

What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so,

What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat;
These only, with our Law, best form a king."

So spake the Son of God; but Satan, now
Quite at a loss (for all his darts were spent),

Thus to our Saviour, with stern brow, replied: —

" Since neither wealth nor honour, arms
nor arts,

Kingdom nor empire, pleases thee, nor aught

By me proposed in life contemplative ³⁷⁰
Or active, tended on by glory or fame,

What dost thou in this world? The Wilderness

For thee is fittest place: I found thee there,

And thither will return thee. Yet remember

What I foretell thee; soon thou shalt have cause

To wish thou never hadst rejected, thus
Nicely or cautiously, my offered aid,

Which would have set thee in short time with ease

On David's throne, or throne of all the world,

Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season, ³⁸⁰

When prophecies of thee are best fulfilled.

Now, contrary — if I read aught in heaven, Or heaven write aught of fate — by what

the stars

Voluminous, or single characters
In their conjunction met, give me to spell,
Sorrows and labours, opposition, hate,
Attends thee; scorns, reproaches, injuries,
Violence and stripes, and, lastly, cruel death.

A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom,

Real or allegoric, I discern not; ³⁹⁰
Nor when: eternal sure — as without end,

Without beginning; for no date prefixed
Directs me in the starry rubric set."

So saying, he took (for still he knew his power

Not yet expired), and to the Wilderness
Brought back, the Son of God, and left him there,

Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,
As daylight sunk, and brought in louring Night,

Her shadowy offspring, unsubstantial both,
Privation mere of light and absent day. ⁴⁰⁰

Our Saviour, meek, and with untroubled mind

After his aerie jaunt, though hurried sore,
Hungry and cold, betook him to his rest,
Wherever, under some concourse of shades,
Whose branching arms thick intertwined
 might shield
From dews and damps of night his shel-
tered head;
But, sheltered, slept in vain; for at his
 head
The Tempter watched, and soon with ugly
 dreams
Disturbed his sleep. And either tropic
 now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven;
 the clouds
From many a horrid rift abortive poured⁴¹⁰
Fierce rain with lightning mixed, water
 with fire
In ruin reconciled; nor slept the winds
Within their stony caves, but rushed abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vexed wilderness, whose tallest
 pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest
 oaks,
Bowed their stiff necks, loaden with stormy
 blasts,
Or torn up sheer. Ill wast thou shrouded
 then,
O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st⁴²⁰
Unshaken! Nor yet staid the terror there:
Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round
Environed thee; some howled, some yelled,
 some shrieked,
Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while
 thou
Sat'st unappalled in calm and sinless peace.
Thus passed the night so foul, till Morning
 fair
Came forth with pilgrim steps, in amice
 grey,
Who with her radiant finger stilled the
 roar
Of thunder, chased the clouds, and laid the
 winds,
And griesly spectres, which the Fiend had
 raised⁴³⁰
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.
And now the sun with more effectual beams
Had cheered the face of earth, and dried
 the wet
From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the
 birds,
Who all things now behold more fresh and
 green,

After a night of storm so ruinous,
Cleared up their choicest notes in bush and
 spray,
To gratulate the sweet return of morn.
Nor yet, amidst this joy and brightest
 morn,
Was absent, after all his mischief done,⁴⁴⁰
The Prince of Darkness; glad would also
 seem
Of this fair change, and to our Saviour
 came;
Yet with no new device (they all were
 spent),
Rather by this his last affront resolved,
Desperate of better course, to vent his rage
And mad despite to be so oft repelled.
Him walking on a sunny hill he found,
Backed on the north and west by a thick
 wood;
Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,
And in a careless mood thus to him said:—
 “ Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of
 God,⁴⁵⁰
After a dismal night. I heard the wrack,
As earth and sky would mingle; but my-
 self
Was distant; and these flaws, though mor-
 tals fear them,
As dangerous to the pillared frame of Hea-
 ven,
Or to the Earth's dark basis underneath,
Are to the main as inconsiderable
And harmless, if not wholesome, as a
 sneeze
To man's less universe, and soon are gone.
Yet, as being oftentimes noxious where they
 light⁴⁶⁰
On man, beast, plant, wasteful and turbu-
 lent,
Like turbulencies in the affairs of men,
Over whose heads they roar, and seem to
 point,
They oft fore-signify and threaten ill.
This tempest at this desert most was bent;
Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st
Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject
The perfect season offered with my aid
To win thy destined seat, but wilt prolong
All to the push of fate, pursue thy way⁴⁷⁰
Of gaining David's throne no man knows
 when
(For both the when and how is nowhere
 told),
Thou shalt be what thou art ordained, no
 doubt;

For Angels have proclaimed it, but concealing
 The time and means? Each act is rightiest done
 Not when it must, but when it may be best.
 If thou observe not this, be sure to find
 What I foretold thee — many a hard assay
 Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,
 Ere thou of Israel's sceptre get fast hold;
 Whereof this ominous night that closed
 thee round, 481
 So many terrors, voices, prodigies,
 May warn thee, as a sure forego ing sign."
 So talked he, while the Son of God went
 on,
 And staid not, but in brief him answered
 thus: —
 "Me worse than wet thou find'st not;
 other harm
 Those terrors which thou speak'st of did
 me none.
 I never feared they could, though noising
 loud
 And threatening nigh: what they can do as
 signs
 Betokening or ill-boding I contemn 490
 As false portents, not sent from God, but
 thee;
 Who, knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,
 Obtrud'st thy offered aid, that I, accept-
 ing,
 At least might seem to hold all power of
 thee,
 Ambitious Spirit! and would'st be thought
 my God;
 And storm'st, refused, thinking to terrify
 Me to thy will! Desist (thou art dis-
 cerned,
 And toil'st in vain), nor me in vain molest."
 To whom the Fiend, now swoln with
 rage, replied: —
 "Then hear, O Son of David, virgin-
 born! 500
 For Son of God to me is yet in doubt.
 Of the Messiah I have heard foretold
 By all the Prophets; of thy birth, at length
 Announced by Gabriel, with the first I
 knew,
 And of the angelic song in Bethlehem field,
 On thy birth-night, that sung thee Saviour
 born.
 From that time seldom have I ceased to eye

Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
 Thy manhood last, though yet in private
 bred;
 Till, at the ford of Jordan, whither all 510
 Flocked to the Baptist, I among the rest
 (Though not to be baptized), by voice from
 Heaven
 Heard thee pronounced the Son of God
 beloved.
 Thenceforth I thought thee worth my
 nearer view
 And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn
 In what degree or meaning thou art called
The Son of God, which bears no single
 sense.
 The Son of God I also am, or was;
 And, if I was, I am; relation stands:
 All men are Sons of God; yet thee I
 thought 520
 In some respect far higher so declared.
 Therefore I watched thy footsteps from
 that hour,
 And followed thee still on to this waste
 wild,
 Where, by all best conjectures, I collect
 Thou art to be my fatal enemy.
 Good reason, then, if I beforehand seek
 To understand my adversary, who
 And what he is; his wisdom, power, intent;
 By parle or composition, truce or league,
 To win him, or win from him what I can.
 And opportunity I here have had 531
 To try thee, sift thee, and confess have
 found thee
 Proof against all temptation, as a rock
 Of adamant and as a centre, firm
 To the utmost of mere man both wise and
 good,
 Not more; for honours, riches, kingdoms,
 glory,
 Have been before contemned, and may
 again.
 Therefore, to know what more thou art
 than man,
 Worth naming Son of God by voice from
 Heaven,
 Another method I must now begin." 540
 So saying, he caught him up, and, with-
 out wing
 Of hippogrif, bore through the air sublime,
 Over the wilderness and o'er the plain,
 Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,
 The Holy City, lifted high her towers,
 And higher yet the glorious Temple reared
 Her pile, far off appearing like a mount

Of alabaster, topt with golden spires:
There, on the highest pinnacle, he set
The Son of God, and added thus in scorn:—
“There stand, if thou wilt stand; to
stand upright 55¹
Will ask thee skill. I to thy Father’s
house
Have brought thee, and highest placed:
highest is best.
Now shew thy progeny; if not to stand,
Cast thyself down. Safely, if Son of God;
For it is written, ‘He will give command
Concerning thee to his Angels; in their
hands
They shall uplift thee, lest at any time
Thou chance to dash thy foot against a
stone.’”
To whom thus Jesus: “Also it is writ-
ten, 56⁰
‘Tempt not the Lord thy God.’” He said,
and stood;
But Satan, smitten with amazement, fell.
As when Earth’s son, Antæus (to compare
Small things with greatest), in Irassia
strode
With Jove’s Alcides, and, oft foiled, still
rose,
Receiving from his mother Earth new
strength,
Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple
joined,
Throttled at length in the air expired and
fell,
So, after many a foil, the Tempter proud,
Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride
Fell whence he stood to see his victor
fall; 57¹
And, as that Theban monster that proposed
Her riddle, and him who solved it not de-
voured,
That once found out and solved, for grief
and spite
Cast herself headlong from the Ismenian
steep,
So, strook with dread and anguish, fell the
Fiend,
And to his crew, that sat consulting,
brought
Joyless triumphs of his hoped success,
Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,
Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of
God. 58⁰
So Satan fell; and straight a fiery globe
Of Angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
Who on their plumpy vans received Him soft

From his uneasy station, and upbore,
As on a floating couch, through the blithe
air;
Then, in a flowery valley, set him down
On a green bank, and set before him spread
A table of celestial food, divine
Ambrosial fruits fetched from the Tree of
Life,
And from the Fount of Life ambrosial
drink, 59⁰
That soon refreshed him wearied, and re-
paired
What hunger, if aught hunger, had im-
paired,
Or thirst; and, as he fed, Angelic quires
Sung heavenly anthems of his victory
Over temptation and the Tempter proud:—
“True Image of the Father, whether
throned
In the bosom of bliss, and light of light
Conceiving, or, remote from Heaven, en-
shrinéd
In fleshly tabernacle and human form, 59⁹
Wandering the wilderness—whatever place,
Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing
The Son of God, with Godlike force endued
Against the attempter of thy Father’s
throne
And thief of Paradise! Him long of old
Thou didst debel, and down from Heaven
cast
With all his army; now thou hast avenged
Supplanted Adam, and, by vanquishing
Temptation, hast regained lost Paradise,
And frustrated the conquest fraudulent.
He never more henceforth will dare set
foot 60⁰
In paradise to tempt; his snares are broke.
For, though that seat of earthly bliss be
failed,
A fairer Paradise is founded now
For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou,
A Saviour, art come down to reinstall;
Where they shall dwell secure, when time
shall be,
Of tempter and temptation without fear.
But thou, Infernal Serpent! shalt not long
Rule in the clouds. Like an autumnal
star,
Or lightning, thou shalt fall from Heaven,
trod down 61⁰
Under his feet. For proof, ere this thou
feel’st
Thy wound (yet not thy last and deadliest
wound)

By this repulse received, and hold'st in Hell
No triumph; in all her gates Abaddon rues
Thy bold attempt. Hereafter learn with
 awe
To dread the Son of God. He, all un-
 armed,
Shall chase thee, with the terror of his
 voice,
From thy demoniac holds, possession foul —
Thee and thy legions; yelling they shall
 fly,
And beg to hide them in a herd of swine,
Lest he command them down into the
 Deep,

63.

Bound, and to torment sent before their
 time.
Hail, Son of the Most High, heir of both
 Worlds,
Queller of Satan! On thy glorious work
Now enter, and begin to save Mankind.”
 Thus they the Son of God, our Saviour
 meek,
Sung victor, and, from heavenly feast re-
 freshed,
Brought on his way with joy. He, unob-
 served,
Home to his mother's house private re-
 turned.

SAMSON AGONISTES

A DRAMATIC POEM

Aristot. Poet. cap. 6. Τραγῳδία μίμησις πράξεως στρουδαίας, &c. — Tragœdia est imitatio actionis seriae, &c., per misericordiam et metum perficiens talium affectuum lustrationem.

1667-1671

SAMSON AGONISTES

I

The story of *Samson* was, as has been before stated (introductory biography, p. xxxi.), one of those to which Milton gave attention after his return from Italy, while he was in search of a subject for a great epic or drama. At that time, apparently, he considered it little, since the jottings are unaccompanied by any hints as to treatment. He did, however, look at five phases of Samson's history, as is indicated by the note: "Samson Pursophorus, or Hybristes, or Samson Marrying, or Ramath-Lechi, Judges xv., Dagonalia, Judges xvi." Samson Pursophorus, or the Bearer of the Firebrand, would have dealt with the hero's exploit of firing the corn; Samson Hybristes, or the Violent, with his bearing away of the gates of Gaza, or some similar action of disdain for his Philistine foes; Samson Marrying, with his earlier life, and his marriage with the woman of Timnath; Ramath-Lechi, with his slaughter of the Philistines at Lehi; Dagonalia, with his destruction of the temple and his death. When, about 1667, Milton's mind again recurred to this subject, he saw a double reason for choosing the last of these episodes. Samson's story, continued to its last stage, offered a striking parallelism with his own; and besides this personal reason for the selection, there was the obvious artistic one, that the last subject held in solution the other four. Besides being in itself a unified action, with a magnificent climax, and hence naturally adapted to dramatic treatment, it also carried along with it a great fund of previous story, to be drawn upon at the dramatist's will for the purpose of enriching the rather meagre

action with semi-narrative episodes. The exact nature of the drama which Milton proposed to write made this circumstance one of vital importance.

Even in the days of *Comus*, even when praising Jonson's learned sock and Shakespeare's wild wood-notes, Milton seems never to have had a real sympathy for the English stage. Since that time, the stage had degenerated rapidly, until the closing of the theatres in 1642 by decree of the Long Parliament. When they reopened at the Restoration it was to produce a species of cynical comedy even more hateful to the Puritan sense than the morbid tragedies of Ford upon which they had closed. Never in sympathy with the type of drama to which he found the stage pledged, Milton was now removed by all conceivable motives from the desire to produce an acting play. He was left free, therefore, from the restrictions of stage-craft; and he took advantage of that freedom to give his work a kind of interest inadmissible except in the closet-drama, but often very effective there. To the purely dramatic episode of Samson's death he added, by way of reminiscence on Samson's part or on the part of the Chorus, the epic material which lay in Samson's life up to the time of his falling prisoner to the Philistines. Almost every episode of that life, from his birth onward, is touched upon; and the immediate action goes on against a background of past events which add incalculably to its dignity and pathos. The meagreness of its action has been frequently objected to in *Samson Agonistes*; the objection leaves out of account the peculiar type of drama which it represents. We have said that *Paradise Regained* is a kind of disguised

drama, a dramatic epic; it is equally true that *Samson Agonistes* holds in solution a large amount of narrative not directly connected with the development, but serving to light up the hero's character,—that it is, in other words, a kind of epic drama. The mighty central figure is made to loom before our imagination not only by the pure dramatist's device of appropriate action, but by the narrative poet's— one might almost say the novelist's—devices of cumulative incident, illustration, and comment.

So much for Milton's selection of the closet over the stage drama. His selection of the classic form over the romantic was inevitable. In the first place, the tragedies of Greece and Rome did not lie under the stigma of disgrace with which Puritanism had marked the modern play; at least it was possible for Milton to shed over the ancient forms of tragedy the hallowing association of such names as Plutarch, St. Paul, and Gregory Nazianzen, though perhaps the elaborateness of his apology proves that he did not consider himself, even when following in the footsteps of Sophocles, safe from the attacks of zealous brethren. His original bias toward the classic form, shown in the drafts of plays which he made in 1640-41, had naturally strengthened with age. The turbulence and vividness of romantic drama could only be distasteful to the blind, defeated man of sixty; but into the suppression, the low-keyed passion, of ancient tragedy, he could throw the daily accents of his own heart. Goethe, reading *Samson Agonistes* in his old age, could find no words adequate to praise it. It is, indeed, as Dr. Garnett observes, an old man's play. The grimness, the grey imminence of Fate, which lies upon ancient tragedy even in its lighter moods, is here reënforced by the mood of a mind fallen upon evil days, when the pitcher is about to be broken at the fountain.

With regard to the famous "three uni-

ties" of Aristotelian criticism, Milton allows himself no liberties; so far, at least, as two of them are concerned, there can be no question. "Unity of time" prescribes that the events of a play should cover a space of not more than twenty-four hours; the action of *Samson Agonistes* begins at sunrise, and ends about noon, covering, therefore, six or eight hours at the most. "Unity of place" is as strictly observed, since the whole action passes in front of the prison at Gaza. "Unity of action" prescribes that the action shall be "complete and single" ($\tau\pi\delta\kappa\tau\varsigma\ \mu\iota\alpha\ \tau\epsilon\ \kappa\alpha\ \delta\lambda\eta$). This of course excludes at once the underplot of the Elizabethans, an accessory which Milton unequivocally condemns as "the poet's error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity, or introducing trivial and vulgar persons; which by all judicious hath been accounted absurd, and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people." It does not exclude episodical material, provided that such material is organically connected with the development of the climax, toward which classical tragedy was expected to move unwaveringly from the beginning. In this particular, *Samson Agonistes* has not escaped criticism; consideration of the points involved will be taken up in the analysis of the play below.

The chorus of *Samson* is structurally different from the choruses of classical tragedy. Milton describes it as "monostrophic or, rather, *apolelymenon*, without regard had to strophe, antistrophe, and epode,—which were a kind of stanzas framed only for the music, then used with the Chorus that sung; not essential to the poem, and therefore not material." By discarding the division into balanced strophe and antistrophe, and substituting instead a form of verse entirely unhampered even by rhyme or by fixed line-length, Milton has abandoned the letter in order to follow the spirit of the classic chorus; for the freedom of the form allows the Chorus to con-

nect itself very intimately with the shifting mood of the protagonist, to develop his thought or reflect passingly upon his state, without forfeiting, even in the shortest passages, the lyric element. It is worthy of note that Milton follows Sophocles rather than his favorite Euripides in making the Chorus cling closely to the thought and emotion of the play itself, instead of allowing it to wander away into philosophic generalizations only remotely suggested by the action in hand. Occasionally, to be sure, it does so escape, and these rare breakings-away have the effect of wonderfully calming and chastening the crude passion of the piece, throwing the particular tragedy of the moment back into an ideal remoteness where its meaning can be seen pure, untroubled by passing emotion. It will be noticed, however, that these passages occur chiefly after Samson has left the stage, while, according to the classical precedent, the climax is taking place at a distance, or after news of the hero's death has been brought. The effect aimed at is obviously that of calming the spectator, that the play may close in an atmosphere not only purged by pity and terror, but also calmed and sweetened by abstract meditation. The use of the Messenger to announce the catastrophe is of course an indispensable part of the classic apparatus; it is in the passage devoted to him that Milton has caught, perhaps more completely than anywhere else, the very form and pressure of Sophoclean dialogue. Division into acts and scenes Milton omits, as "referring chiefly to the stage, for which this work never was intended;" but the fact that he adds, "It suffices if the whole drama be found not produced beyond the fifth act" shows that he did not neglect the requirements of such division. A brief analysis will make the act-and-scene structure of the drama clear, and will throw light also on the question of its unity of action.

The opening speech of Samson, as he is

led from his prison to spend in the open air the few hours of rest which the superstition of his enemies allows him on the feast-day of their god, establishes at once the key of sombre dejection. The very first line makes us realize his pathetic helplessness, and the sense of hopelessness, of *tedium vice*, grows to its culmination in the famous lines: —

"O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,
Without all hope of day!"

His helplessness under indignity is emphasized by the fact that he mistakes the approaching Chorus for a rabble of his enemies, come to stare at and insult him; and the chanting of the Chorus, where pity for his present state is mingled with celebration of his youthful deeds of pride and might, deepens the tragic force of the picture. Samson's second speech introduces the spiritual side of his misery, remorse for his sin of weakness. The rest of Act I. is taken up with the past history of the hero. The elements of his character which it impresses upon us are: his wilfulness and amorous weakness; his exultant pride of strength; and his sense of consecration to the task of delivering Israel. This act ends with Manoa's entrance at line 331.

The sight of his son's wretchedness wrings from Manoa, as he enters, a horrified exclamation, "O miserable change!" which intensifies the effect of pity already produced. The old man's querulous questioning of God's dealings with His anointed champion brings out a new side of Samson's character; for we see that he accepts his suffering nobly, as a just punishment for sin. It is a master-stroke of artistic harmony that accomplishes this without disturbing for a moment the atmosphere of sullen gloom surrounding him. At the same time, occasion is given for a detailed account of his weakness in giving up his secret to Dalila. Upon this ensues the first of those "provocative" elements, calculated to arouse Samson little by little to the

height of passion and resolution required by the climax ; this is Manoa's reminder that for the magnifying of Dagon set apart for this feast-day, Samson is indirectly responsible, that by reason of his faithlessness an idolatrous abomination shall be set above Jehovah. Very skillfully this is made to bring out another noble trait of Samson's character, namely his impersonal optimism ; though hoping nothing for himself, he still has heart to believe in the ultimate triumph of right :—

“ Dagon hath presumed,
The overthrown, to enter lists with God,
His deity comparing and preferring
Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure,
Will not connive, or linger, thus provoked,
But will arise, and his great name assert.
Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive
Such a discomfit as shall quite despoil him
Of all these boasted trophies won on me,
And with confusion blank his worshippers.”

The last four lines should be noticed, also, as the first application in the play of the Greek principle of Tragic Irony. In *Samson*, as in the Greek tragedies, a story is being handled which is perfectly familiar to every one. The element of suspense, therefore, on which a modern playwright largely depends, is impossible here, because the catastrophe is foreseen and taken for granted from the outset. To supply its place the Greek tragedians adopted a device capable of being used with great psychological subtlety, namely, that of putting into the mouths of the persons of the drama words which to themselves, ignorant of the future course of events, were trivial, but which to the audience had a tragic emphasis because of their bearing upon the impending catastrophe. The lines quoted above are of this sort, though they lack the poignancy usually attaching to tragic or pathetic irony. The principle is used throughout *Samson*, often with extreme effectiveness ; to note and weigh the instances as they occur is necessary if we would gain from the play the peculiar effect intended,—an effect so unparalleled in English drama

that it costs, and is worth, some pains to perceive in completeness.

In the conversation between Manoa and Samson, which takes up the greater part of this act, the old man's hopeful looking to the future, his plans for ransoming his son from captivity, are thrown into relief against the listlessness of the hero himself, who knows that there is no future for him. The conversation ends with his reiteration of his deadly weariness, coupled with a touching recurrence to the glories of his youth. Then follows the most noble chorus of the play, beginning, —

“ God of our fathers ! what is man,”

in which Samson's special case is taken as a starting point for reflection upon the tragic changes everywhere in human fortune. Dalila now appears, and a subtle change in the metre and color of the verse heralds her approach ; the movement becomes more vivacious, evanescent vowel rhymes appear, and epithet and imagery take on a more opulent hue. Her triumphant beauty, as she comes

“ Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound for the isles
Of Javan or Gadire . . .
An amber scent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger,”

is the last touch needed to emphasize the wretchedness of the captive. Act II. ends with her entrance, at line 731.

The coming of Dalila is the second provocative incident necessary to rouse Samson to a supreme effort. Upon the portrayal of her character Milton has lavished all his art ; she is perhaps the one really dramatic creation, endowed with Shakespearean reality of life, to be found in his work. Her approach is humble, full of penitence and the sweetness of reawakened wifely love. First she seeks extenuation for her own weakness by reminding Samson of his ; next, with exquisite casuistry, she urges the jealousy of her love as the impelling motive of her action,unningly

reënforcing this plea by the further one of love of country and religion. Samson repels her again and again, with a mounting passion of abhorrence ; but she refuses to be turned away, and at last says humbly, "Let me approach at least and touch thy hand." When this last consummate simulacrum of tenderness fails, she throws off the mask, and stands in her heartless pride, as magnificent in self-justification as Webster's *Vittoria Corombona* :—

" in my country, where I most desire,
In Ebron, Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath,
I shall be named among the famouest
Of women, sung at solemn festivals,
Living and dead record, who, to save
Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose
Above the faith of wedlock bands."

Act III. closes, upon Dalila's departure, with a chorus in which Milton's quarrel with woman finds its most terrible expression. The strophes quiver and groan under their weight of personal bitterness. As we read we are reminded of yet another parallelism between Milton and his hero. Both had felt overmasteringly in youth the power of woman. For both, the cruellest irony was the survival of the old longing, the old cry of the heart and the flesh, long after the unworthiness of the thing desired seemed proved. (The chorus hints at this aspect of Samson's anguish in a way that illustrates the intimacy with which Milton has used his Chorus to interpret the subtle shiftings of emotion and thought in the mind of his protagonist. After Samson has dismissed his wife, the Chorus muses, —

" Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange
power,
After offence returning, to regain
Love once possessed, nor can be easily
Repulsed, without much inward passion felt,
And secret sting of amorous remorse."

Act IV. begins at line 1076, after the Chorus has heralded the approach of Harapha. The visit of Dalila has stung Samson again to life; in his passion of resentment, he has shaken off the *tedium vitae* which

weighed him down. The coming of the giant Harapha, the third provocative incident, does more: it rouses in him again the proud consciousness of power, and fills him with lust to use it for revenge. As Harapha, ceasing from his insults, and frightened and discomfited by Samson's challenge to single combat, goes off, the giant utters the threat which motivates the remainder of the play, —

" By Astaroth, ere long thou shalt lament
These braveries." . . .

This closes, at line 1243, what may be considered the first scene of Act IV. After some talk between Samson and the Chorus as to the outcome of Harapha's visit, their doubts are resolved by the arrival of the Officer, sent by the Lords at Harapha's instigation. Samson refuses to obey the summons and the Officer departs. The remonstrances of the Chorus are of no avail to change Samson's decision. But suddenly, as if smitten by a new and absorbing thought, he changes his mind. His words, —

" Be of good courage; I begin to feel
Some rousing motions in me, which dispose
To something extraordinary my thoughts.
I with this messenger will go along."

show that a vague scheme of vengeance has dawned in his brain. In the Chorus which closes the act, a strange hovering half-consciousness of what is about to happen seems to have been caught from Samson by sympathy. A very poignant effect is produced, too, by the Chorus's recalling at this juncture the signs and wonders which had long ago attended the hero's birth.

Act V. opens with line 1445. The most striking use of pathetic irony occurs here, where Manoa appears and explains his hope of ransoming Samson from captivity. While the old man is musing over his plans for tending his son and making him happy, he is interrupted by a great shout in the distance, and later by another, still louder. The Chorus is conjecturing that mayhap the Lord has restored sight to his champion

and given him power to vanquish the Philistines, when a Messenger enters to make known the catastrophe. The speeches of the Messenger, the calmness and reconciliation of Manoa's tone after his one touching cry, —

“ O ! lastly over-strong against thyself,” and the lyric quietness and elevation of the Chorus at the close, are all in the highest antique strain. It is impossible to turn from the play without feeling that it has accomplished that which the motto on the title-page declares to be the highest function of tragedy, *Per misericordiam et metum perficiens talium affectuum lustrationem*, — Through fear and terror to purge the heart of fear and terror.

Such an analysis, if it has been a true one, would seem to settle the question of the unity of action in *Samson*. The visits of Dalila and Harapha, so far from being purely episodic as they have sometimes been treated, are most vital to the denouement, besides contributing immensely to the understanding of Samson's character in several of its phases. The large amount of reminiscence concerning Samson's early life is also indispensable in the painting of that elaborate portrait which constitutes the larger unity of the drama. The figure of the hero lives, not with the elemental typical life common to most of Milton's figures, but, one may say, with an idiomatic life, a special eloquence of reality. Yet its reality impresses us less, perhaps, than its monumental quality; carved larger than human, of the grey everlasting rock, it stands in its grey world, while the little generations of art go by and are forgotten.

II

Samson Agonistes contains Milton's most studied and artful verse; but the key in which the poem is set is so low, its method so restrained, that its most finely calculated effects are likely to be passed over unregarded. Even among those persons who

are neither careless nor unequipped with the requisite technical knowledge, misunderstanding of the metrical structure of the poem has been frequent. Mr. Robert Bridges, on whose treatise entitled *Milton's Prosody* the following paragraphs are based, was the first to make clear the very simple theory upon which the elaborate rhythmical effects of *Samson* are built up.

In the typical blank-verse line of ten syllables, the stressed syllables fall in the even places, but this arrangement may in any of the five feet be inverted, so that the stressed syllable falls in the odd place. In such cases the regular iambic structure of the line, e. g., —

So they in Heav'n their odes and vigils tuned,
suffers various modifications, as in the following, where the first and second feet are inverted and become trochaic : —

Irresistible Samson, whom unarmed ;
or in this, where the second and fourth are inverted, and the first foot is weak, i. e. lacking a full stress : —

In their triple degrees ; regions to which.

This device of inversion, which in *Paradise Lost* is used sparingly, appears in the choruses of *Samson* persistently, and is made, by artful manipulation, to produce varied rhythmical effects. In the last line quoted above, the first three feet, if taken alone, might constitute an anapaestic (u u) rhythm ; and the last two might be read either as a single chorambus (u u) or as a dactyl (u u) followed by an extra syllable. The combinations of metre made possible by the free use of inversion are, it will be seen, very numerous, and of all of these Milton has taken advantage. We are to consider the whole poem, then, including the choruses, as written in iambic metre, except those few lines (less than thirty in all) which are in trochaic metre, e. g.: —

Let us not break in upon him,

and even these may be considered as iambic lines in which inversion has taken place in all the feet. Upon this simple iambic framework, various rhythms are embroidered by free inversion; but behind the shifting subtleties of rhythm thus introduced, the regular iambic beat is to be imagined as persisting.

One other variation, not accounted for by inversion, must be remembered; i. e. the possible substitution of a spondee, or foot of two stressed syllables, for the regular iambus. This usually occurs after a weak foot, e. g., —

The jaw | of a | dead ass, | their sword | of bone,
but sometimes in other position, as, for emphasis, in the first foot of the line, —

This, this | is he; | softly | a while.

The general æsthetic effect at which Milton aimed in all this can be surmised. The prevailing mood of the drama is one of sombre dejection, and to establish this mood the monotonous iteration of the iambic rhythm is essential. But this prevailing mood is broken in upon fitfully, either by bursts of passionate recollection on the part of Samson, or by the lyric animation of the chorus. To have adopted for these breaks decided singing cadences would have introduced a too violent contrast, and destroyed the sense of oppression at which the poet aimed. By preserving the fiction of the iambic iteration, and syncopating upon it intermittent half-lyric strains, which rise above the norm with a certain effort and sink back into it with relief, Milton has not only kept the integrity of the mood, but has made the melancholy deepest at the very points where the lines seem to strive most to throw off their burden.

The same artistic motive prompted the peculiar use of rhyme in *Samson*.. Nothing would more surely have dispelled the grey

atmosphere in which the poem moves than a copious rhyme. Rhyme inevitably enriches verse, makes it more winning and vivid. But for that reason Milton does not, as a lesser artist would have done, reject rhyme altogether. He lets it creep in, flicker lambently for a moment, then disappear, only to return again with the same faint-hearted insistence. Sometimes, as where the chorus announces the approach of Dalila, the rhyme is more copious, as befits the description of the woman and the richer atmosphere which she brings; but the neutral key is preserved by the employment of only vowel rhymes, which the ear distinguishes with hesitation.

The length of line is manipulated to the same end. A line of any given length, kept up without interruption, tends to take on what might be called a self-satisfied air. The expectation of the reader being constantly fulfilled, he ceases to expect; the lines go their way with resolution. The blank-verse line, because of its powerful movement, is especially apt to sustain itself in this way, and to create an impression of confidence the very obverse of that which Milton was seeking. In the speculations and reflections of the chorus there is something excitable and anxious, in the musings of the blind Samson something febrile, intermittent, almost peevish, which only the lines of varying length could register. The prevalence throughout of feminine lines, i. e. those ending in an unstressed extrametrical syllable, adds to the cumulative sense of weariness.

A more formal account may also be given of the matter. The falsity of putting a thought of whatever dimensions into a line of fixed length, and packing or spreading it to suit, is obvious. In his blank verse Milton had escaped the difficulty by overlapping phrases and sentences variously from line to line. The idea might naturally occur to him of casting away the fixed line altogether, as a useless fiction. Certainly, some such liberty as this he sought for him-

self when he adopted, in place of the elaborately constructed choruses of classic drama, a chorus of loose structure, capable of following the thought with supple freedom. Probably both sets of motives combined to determine the peculiarities of *Samson*. In any case, the drama represents Milton's art at its subtlest and most mature. For those who are willing to give it the requisite attention, it can hardly fail to have a sombre fascination, as strong perhaps as the sweeter sylvan beguilement of *Comus*.

III

The sources of *Samson Agonistes*, aside from the Bible, are few and unimportant. The fifth book of the *Antiquities* of Josephus, and the *Relation* of the traveller Sandys, each seem to have furnished a few hints. The *Historie of Samson*, by Francis Quarles, a predecessor of Milton's at Cambridge, may have been glanced into, though certainly to no great purpose. For Vondel's play of *Samson* as the inspirer of *Samson Agonistes* Mr. Edmundson makes an ingenious but unconvincing plea. There is ground for belief that Milton knew Vondel's work, and it is possible that the Dutch drama revived in him interest in the subject which he had meditated more than twenty-five years before. The only "source" worth much consideration, however, is the account given in Judges, chapters xiii.-xvi. Almost every incident of the Bible narrative Milton has worked into the texture of the play, either in the text or in the choruses. Besides the Officer, the Messenger, and the Chorus, the only new personage introduced is the giant Harapha, whose name Milton manufactured from the Hebrew word for giant, Rapha (2 Samuel, xxi. 15-22). A thorough knowledge of the Scripture passages is indispensable to an understanding of many passages of the drama; they are accordingly subjoined:—

And the children of Israel did evil again in the sight of the Lord; and the Lord delivered them into the hand of the Philistines forty years.

And there was a certain man of Zorah, of the family of the Danites, whose name was Manoah; and his wife was barren, and bare not. And the angel of the Lord appeared unto the woman, and said unto her, Behold now, thou art barren, and bearest not: but thou shalt conceive, and bear a son; and no razor shall come on his head: for the child shall be a Nazarite unto God from the womb: and he shall begin to deliver Israel out of the hand of the Philistines.

So Manoah took a kid with a meat offering, and offered it upon a rock unto the Lord: and the angel did wonderously; and Manoah and his wife looked on. For it came to pass, when the flame went up toward heaven from off the altar, that the angel of the Lord ascended in the flame of the altar. And Manoah and his wife looked on it, and fell on their faces to the ground.

And Samson went down to Timnath, and saw a woman in Timnath of the daughters of the Philistines. And he came up, and told his father and his mother, and said, I have seen a woman in Timnath of the daughters of the Philistines: now therefore get her for me to wife. Then his father and his mother said unto him, Is there never a woman among the daughters of thy brethren, or among all my people, that thou goest to take a wife of the uncircumcised Philistines? And Samson said unto his father, Get her for me; for she pleaseth me well.

Then went Samson down, and his father and his mother, to Timnath, and came to the vineyards of Timnath: and, behold, a young lion roared against him. And the Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and he rent him as he would have rent a kid, and he had nothing in his hand: but he told not his father or his mother what he had done. And he went down, and talked with the woman; and she pleased Samson well.

And after a time he returned to take her, and he turned aside to see the carcase of the lion: and, behold, there was a swarm of bees and honey in the carcase of the lion.

So his father went down unto the woman: and Samson made there a feast; for so used the young men to do. And it came to pass, when they saw him, that they brought thirty companions to be with him.

And Samson said unto them, I will now put forth a riddle unto you: if ye can certainly de-

clare it me within the seven days of the feast, and find it out, then I will give you thirty sheets and thirty change of garments: And he said unto them, Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness. And they could not in three days expound the riddle. And it came to pass on the seventh day, that they said unto Samson's wife, Entice thy husband, that he may declare unto us the riddle, lest we burn thee and thy father's house with fire. And Samson's wife wept before him, and said, Thou dost but hate me, and lovest me not: thou hast put forth a riddle unto the children of my people, and hast not told it me. And she wept before him the seven days, while their feast lasted: and it came to pass on the seventh day, that he told her, because she lay sore upon him: and she told the riddle to the children of her people. And the men of the city said unto him on the seventh day before the sun went down, What is sweeter than honey? and what is stronger than a lion?

And the Spirit of the Lord came upon him, and he went down to Ashkelon, and slew thirty men of them, and took their spoil, and gave change of garments unto them which expounded the riddle. And his anger was kindled, and he went up to his father's house. But Samson's wife was given to his companion, whom he had used as his friend.

And Samson said concerning them, Now shall I be more blameless than the Philistines, though I do them a displeasure. And Samson went and caught three hundred foxes, and took firebrands and turned tail to tail, and put a firebrand in the midst between two tails. And when he had set the brands on fire, he let them go into the standing corn of the Philistines, and burnt up both the shocks, and also the standing corn, with the vineyards and olives.

And he smote them hip and thigh with a great slaughter: and he went down and dwelt in the top of the rock Etam.

Then the Philistines went up, and pitched in Judah, and spread themselves in Lehi. And the men of Judah said, Why are ye come up against us? And they answered, To bind Samson are we come up, to do to him as he hath done to us. Then three thousand men of Judah went to the top of the rock Etam, and said to Samson, Knowest thou not that the Philistines are rulers over us? what is this that thou hast done unto us? And he said unto them, As they did unto me, so have I done unto them. And they said unto him, We are come down to bind thee, that we may deliver thee into the hand of the Philistines. And Samson said unto

them, Swear unto me, that ye will not fall upon me yourselves. And they spake unto him, saying, No; but we will bind thee fast, and deliver thee into their hand: but surely we will not kill thee. And they bound him with two new cords, and brought him up from the rock.

And when he came unto Lehi, the Philistines shouted against him: and the Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, and the cords that were upon his arms became as flax that was burnt with fire, and his bands loosed from off his hands. And he found a new jawbone of an ass, and put forth his hand, and took it, and slew a thousand men therewith. And it came to pass, that he cast away the jawbone out of his hand, and called that place Ramath-lehi.

And it was told the Gazites, saying, Samson is come hither. And they compassed him in, and laid wait for him all night in the gate of the city, and were quiet all the night, saying, In the morning, when it is day, we shall kill him. And Samson lay till midnight, and arose at midnight, and took the doors of the gate of the city, and the two posts, and went away with them, bar and all, and put them upon his shoulders, and carried them up to the top of an hill that is before Hebron.

And it came to pass afterward, that he loved a woman in the valley of Sorek, whose name was Delilah. And the lords of the Philistines came up unto her, and said unto her, Entice him, and see wherein his great strength lieth, and by what means we may prevail against him, that we may bind him to afflict him: and we will give thee every one of us eleven hundred pieces of silver.

And Delilah said to Samson, Tell me, I pray thee, wherein thy great strength lieth, and wherewith thou mightest be bound to afflict thee. And Samson said unto her, If they bind me with seven green withes that were never dried, then shall I be weak, and be as another man. Then the lords of the Philistines brought up to her seven green withes which had not been dried, and she bound him with them. Now there were men lying in wait, abiding with her in the chamber. And she said unto him, The Philistines be upon thee, Samson. And he brake the withes, as a thread of tow is broken when it toucheth the fire. So his strength was not known. And Delilah said unto Samson, Behold, thou hast mocked me, and told me lies: now tell me, I pray thee, wherewith thou mightest be bound. And he said unto her, If they bind me fast with new ropes that never were occupied, then shall I be weak, and be as another man. Delilah therefore took new

ropes, and bound him therewith, and said unto him, The Philistines be upon thee, Samson. And there were liers in wait abiding in the chamber. And he brake them from off his arms like a thread. And Delilah said unto Samson, Hitherto thou hast mocked me, and told me lies: tell me wherewith thou mightest be bound. And he said unto her, If thou weavest the seven locks of my head with the web. And she fastened it with the pin, and said unto him, The Philistines be upon thee, Samson. And he awaked out of his sleep, and went away with the pin of the beam, and with the web.

And she said unto him, How canst thou say, I love thee, when thine heart is not with me? thou hast mocked me these three times, and hast not told me wherein thy great strength lieth. And it came to pass, when she pressed him daily with her words, and urged him, so that his soul was vexed unto death, that he told her all his heart, and said unto her, There hath not come a razor upon mine head; for I have been a Nazarite unto God from my mother's womb: if I be shaven, then my strength will go from me, and I shall become weak, and be like any other man. And when Delilah saw that he had told her all his heart, she sent and called for the lords of the Philistines, saying, Come up this once, for he hath shewed me all his heart. Then the lords of the Philistines came up unto her, and brought money in their hand. And she made him sleep upon her knees; and she called for a man, and she caused him to shave off the seven locks of his head; and she began to afflict him, and his strength went from him. And she said, The Philistines be upon thee, Samson. And he awoke out of his sleep, and said, I will go out as at other times before, and shake myself. And he wist not that the Lord was departed from him.

But the Philistines took him, and put out his eyes, and brought him down to Gaza, and bound

him with fetters of brass; and he did grind in the prison house. Howbeit the hair of his head began to grow again after he was shaven. Then the lords of the Philistines gathered them together for to offer a great sacrifice unto Dagon their god, and to rejoice: for they said, Our god hath delivered Samson our enemy into our hand. And when the people saw him, they praised their god: for they said, Our god hath delivered into our hands our enemy, and the destroyer of our country, which slew many of us. And it came to pass, when their hearts were merry, that they said, Call for Samson, that he may make us sport. And they called for Samson out of the prison house; and he made them sport: and they set him between the pillars. And Samson said unto the lad that held him by the hand, Suffer me that I may feel the pillars whereupon the house standeth, that I may lean upon them. Now the house was full of men and women; and all the lords of the Philistines were there; and there were upon the roof about three thousand men and women, that beheld while Samson made sport. And Samson called unto the Lord, and said, O Lord God, remember me, I pray thee, and strengthen me, I pray thee, only this once, O God, that I may be at once avenged of the Philistines for my two eyes. And Samson took hold of the two middle pillars upon which the house stood, and on which it was borne up, of the one with his right hand, and of the other with his left. And Samson said, Let me die with the Philistines. And he bowed himself with all his might; and the house fell upon the lords, and upon all the people that were therein. So the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life. Then his brethren and all the house of his father came down, and took him, and brought him up, and buried him between Zorah and Eshtaol in the burying-place of Manoah his father.

MILTON'S INTRODUCTION

OF THAT SORT OF DRAMATIC POEM CALLED TRAGEDY

TRAGEDY, as it was anciently composed, hath been ever held the gravest, most lasting, and most profitable of all other Poems; therefore said by Aristotle to be of power, by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such-like passions—that is, to tem-

per and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirred up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion; for so, in Physic, things of melancholy hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humours. Hence philosophers and other greatest writers, as Cicero, Plutarch, and others

frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The Apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture, 1 Cor. xv. 33; and Paracelsus, commenting on the *Revelation*, divides the whole Book, as a Tragedy, into acts, distinguished each by a Chorus of Heavenly Harpings and Song between. Heretofore men in highest dignity have laboured not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that honour Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious than before of his attaining to the tyranny. Augustus Caesar also had begun his *Ajax*, but, unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. Seneca, the philosopher, is by some thought the author of those tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a Father of the Church, thought it not unbecoming the sanctity of his person to write a tragedy, which he entitled *Christ Suffering*. This is mentioned to vindicate Tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day, with other common Interludes; happening through the poet's error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity, or introducing trivial and vulgar persons: which by all judicious hath been counted absurd, and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And, though ancient Tragedy use no Prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self-defence or explanation, that which Martial calls an Epistle, in behalf of this tra-

gedy, coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much beforehand may be *episited* — that Chorus is here introduced after the Greek manner, not ancient only, but modern, and still in use among the Italians. In the modelling therefore of this poem, with good reason, the Ancients and Italians are rather followed, as of much more authority and fame. The measure of verse used in the Chorus is of all sorts, called by the Greeks *Monostrophic*, or rather *Apolelymenon*, without regard had to Strophe, Antistrophe, or Epoede, — which were a kind of stanzas framed only for the music, then used with the Chorus that sung; not essential to the poem, and therefore not material; or, being divided into stanzas or pauses, they may be called *Alleostropha*. Division into act and scene, referring chiefly to the stage (to which this work never was intended), is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole drama be found not produced beyond the fifth act. Of the style and uniformity, and that commonly called the plot, whether intricate or explicit — which is nothing indeed but such economy, or disposition of the fable, as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum — they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the three tragic poets unequalled yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write Tragedy. The circumscription of time, wherein the whole drama begins and ends, is, according to ancient rule and best example, within the space of twenty-four hours.

SAMSON AGONISTES

THE ARGUMENT

SAMSON, made captive, blind, and now in the prison at Gaza, there to labour as in a common workhouse, on a festival day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open air, to a place nigh, somewhat retired, there to sit awhile and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old father, Manoa, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; lastly, that this feast was proclaimed by the Philistines as a day of thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson — which yet more troubles him. Manoa then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistine lords for Samson's redemption: who, in the meanwhile, is visited by other persons, and, lastly, by a public officer to require his coming to the feast before the lords and people, to play or shew his strength in their presence. He at first refuses, dismissing the public officer with absolute denial to come; at length, persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatenings to fetch him. The Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoa returns full of joyful hope to procure ere long

his son's deliverance; in the midst of which discourse an Ebrie comes in haste, confusedly at first, and afterwards more distinctly, relating the catastrophe — what Samson had done to the Philistines, and by accident to himself; wherewith the Tragedy ends.

THE PERSONS

SAMSON	
MANOA, the father of Samson.	Public Officer.
DALILA, his wife.	Messenger.
HARAPHA of Gath.	Chorus of Danites.

The Scene, before the Prison in Gaza.

Sams. A little onward lend thy guiding hand

To these dark steps, a little further on;
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade.

There I am wont to sit, when any chance Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
Daily in the common prison else enjoined me.
Where I, a prisoner chained, scarce freely draw

The air, imprisoned also, close and damp,
Unwholesome draught. But here I feel
 amends —

The breath of heaven fresh blowing, pure
 and sweet,
With day-spring born; here leave me to
 respire.

This day a solemn feast the people hold
To Dagon, their sea-idol, and forbid
Laborious works. Unwillingly this rest
Their superstition yields me; hence, with
 leave

Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
This unfrequented place to find some
 ease —

Ease to the body some, none to the mind
From restless thoughts, that, like a deadly
 swarm

Of hornets armed, no sooner found alone 20
But rush upon me thronging, and pre-
 sent

Times past, what once I was, and what am
 now.

Oh, wherefore was my birth from Heaven
 foretold

Twice by an Angel, who at last, in sight
Of both my parents, all in flames ascended
From off the altar where an offering
 burned,

As in a fiery column charioting
His godlike presence, and from some great
 act

Or benefit revealed to Abraham's race ?
Why was my breeding ordered and pre-
 scribed 30

As of a person separate to God,
Designed for great exploits, if I must
 die

Betrayed, captived, and both my eyes put
 out,

Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze,
To grind in brazen fetters under task
With this heaven-gifted strength ? O glo-
 rious strength,

Put to the labour of a beast, debased
Lower than bond-slave ! Promise was
 that I

Should Israel from Philistian yoke de-
 liver !

Ask for this great Deliverer now, and find
 him 40

Eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves,
Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke.
Yet stay; let me not rashly call in doubt
Divine prediction. What if all foretold

Had been fulfilled but through mine own
 default ?

Whom have I to complain of but myself,
Who this high gift of strength committed
 to me,

In what part lodged, how easily bereft
 me,

Under the seal of silence could not keep,
But weakly to a woman must reveal it, 50
O'ercome with importunity and tears ?
O impotence of mind in body strong !

But what is strength without a double
 share

Of wisdom ? Vast, unwieldy, burdensome,
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall

By weakest subtleties; not made to rule,
But to subserve where wisdom bears com-
 mand.

God, when he gave me strength, to shew
 withal

How slight the gift was, hung it in my
 hair.

But peace ! I must not quarrel with the
 will 60

Of highest dispensation, which herein
 Haply had ends above my reach to know.

Suffices that to me strength is my bane,
And proves the source of all my mis-
 eries —

So many, and so huge, that each apart
Would ask a life to wail. But, chief of
 all,

O loss of sight, of thee I most complain !
Blind amoung enemies ! O worse than
 chains,

Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age !
Light, the prime work of God, to me is ex-
 tinct, 70

And all her various objects of delight
Annulled, which might in part my grief
 have eased.

Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm, the vilest here excel
 me:

They creep, yet see; I, dark in light, ex-
 posed

To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and
 wrong,

Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own —

Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than
 half.

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of
 noon, 80

Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse

Without all hope of day !
 O first-created Beam, and thou great
 Word,
 "Let there be light, and light was over
 all,"
 Why am I thus bereaved thy prime de-
 cree ?
 The Sun to me is dark
 And silent as the Moon,
 When she deserts the night,
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
 Since light so necessary is to life, 90
 And almost life itself, if it be true
 That light is in the soul,
 She all in every part, why was the sight
 To such a tender ball as the eye confined,
 So obvious and so easy to be quenched,
 And not, as feeling, through all parts dif-
 fused,
 That she might look at will through every
 pore ?
 Then had I not been thus exiled from
 light,
 As in the land of darkness, yet in light,
 To live a life half dead, a living death, 100
 And buried; but, O yet more miserable !
 Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave;
 Buried, yet not exempt,
 By privilege of death and burial,
 From worst of other evils, pains, and
 wrongs;
 But made hereby obnoxious more
 To all the miseries of life,
 Life in captivity
 Among inhuman foes.
 But who are these ? for with joint pace I
 hear 110
 The tread of many feet steering this
 way;
 Perhaps my enemies, who come to stare
 At my affliction, and perhaps to insult —
 Their daily practice to afflict me more.
 Chor. This, this is he; softly a while;
 Let us not break in upon him.
 O change beyond report, thought, or be-
 lief !
 See how he lies at random, carelessly dif-
 fused,
 With languished head unpropt,
 As one past hope, abandoned, 120
 And by himself given over,
 In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds
 O'er-worn and soiled.
 Or do my eyes misrepresent ? Can this
 be he,

That heroic, that renowned,
 Irresistible Samson ? whom, unarmed,
 No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast,
 could withstand;
 Who tore the lion as the lion tears the
 kid;
 Ran on embattled armies clad in iron, 130
 And, weaponless himself,
 Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery
 Of brazen shield and spear, the hammered
 cuirass,
 Chalybean-tempered steel, and frock of
 mail
 Adamantean proof:
 But safest he who stood aloof,
 When insupportably his foot advanced,
 In scorn of their proud arms and warlike
 tools,
 Spurned them to death by troops. The
 bold Ascalonite
 Fled from his lion ramp; old warriors
 turned
 Their plated backs under his heel, 140
 Or grovelling soiled their crested helmets
 in the dust.
 Then with what trivial weapon came to
 hand,
 The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone,
 A thousand foreskins fell, the flower of
 Palestine,
 In Ramath-lechi, famous to this day:
 Then by main force pulled up, and on his
 shoulders bore,
 The gates of Azza, post and massy bar,
 Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants
 old —
 No journey of a sabbath-day, and loaded
 so —
 Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up
 Heaven. 150
 Which shall I first bewail —
 Thy bondage or lost sight,
 Prison within prison
 Inseparably dark ?
 Thou art become (O worst imprisonment !)
 The dungeon of thyself; thy soul
 (Which men enjoying sight oft without
 cause complain)
 Imprisoned now indeed,
 In real darkness of the body dwells, 160
 Shut up from outward light
 To incorporate with gloomy night;
 For inward light, alas !
 Puts forth no visual beam.
 O mirror of our fickle state,

Since man on earth, unparalleled,
The rarer thy example stands,
By how much from the top of wondrous
glory,
Strongest of mortal men,
To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art
fallen.

For him I reckon not in high estate 170
Whom long descent of birth,
Or the sphere of fortune, raises;
But thee, whose strength, while virtue was
her mate,

Might have subdued the Earth,
Universally crowned with highest praises.

Sams. I hear the sound of words; their
sense the air
Dissolves unjointed ere it reach my ear.

Chor. He speaks: let us draw nigh.
Matchless in might,
The glory late of Israel, now the grief!
We come, thy friends and neighbours not
unknown, 180
From Eshtaoil and Zora's fruitful vale,
To visit or bewail thee; or, if better,
Counsel or consolation we may bring,
Salve to thy sores: apt words have power
to swage

The tumours of a troubled mind,
And are as balm to festered wounds.

Sams. Your coming, friends, revives me;
for I learn
Now of my own experience, not by talk,
How counterfeit a coin they are who
“friends”

Bear in their superscription (of the most 190
I would be understood). In prosperous
days

They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their
head,

Not to be found, though sought. Ye see,
O friends,

How many evils have enclosed me round;
Yet that which was the worst now least
afflicts me,

Blindness; for, had I sight, confused with
shame,

How could I once look up, or heave the
head,

Who, like a foolish pilot, have shipwrecked
My Vessel trusted to me from above,
(Gloriously rigged, and for a word, a tear, 200
Fool! have divulged the secret gift of
God

To a deceitful woman? Tell me, friends,
Am I not sung and proverbed for a fool

In every street? Do they not say, “How
well

Are come upon him his deserts”? Yet
why?

Immeasurable strength they might behold
In me; of wisdom nothing more than
mean.

This with the other should at least have
paired;

These two, proportioned ill, drove me trans-
verse.

Chor. Tax not divine disposal. Wisest
men

Have erred, and by bad women been 210
deceived;

And shall again, pretend they ne'er so
wise.

Deject not, then, so overmuch thyself,
Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides.
Yet, truth to say, I oft have heard men
wonder

Why thou should'st wed Philistine women
rather

Than of thine own tribe fairer, or as
fair,

At least of thy own nation, and as noble.

Sams. The first I saw at Timna, and she
pleased

Me, not my parents, that I sought to wed 220
The daughter of an Infidel. They knew
not

That what I motioned was of God; I knew
From intimate impulse, and therefore urged
The marriage on, that, by occasion hence,
I might begin Israel's deliverance —
The work to which I was divinely called.
She proving false, the next I took to wife
(O that I never had! fond wish too
late!)

Was in the vale of Sorec, Dalila,
That specious monster, my accomplished
snare. 230

I thought it lawful from my former act,
And the same end, still watching to op-
press

Israel's oppressors. Of what now I suf-
fer

She was not the prime cause, but I my-
self,

Who, vanquished with a peal of words, (O
weakness!)

Gave up my fort of silence to a woman.

Chor. In seeking just occasion to pro-
voke

The Philistine, thy country's enemy.

Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness;

Yet Israel still serves with all his sons. ²⁴⁰
Sams. That fault I take not on me, but transfer

On Israel's governors and heads of tribes,
Who, seeing those great acts which God had done

Singly by me against their conquerors,
Acknowledged not, or not at all considered,

Deliverance offered. I, on the other side,

Used no ambition to commend my deeds;
The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the doer.

But they persisted deaf, and would not seem

To count them things worth notice, till at length ²⁵⁰

Their lords, the Philistines, with gathered powers,

Entered Judea, seeking me, who then Safe to the rock of Etham was retired —

Not flying, but forecasting in what place To set upon them, what advantaged best.

Meanwhile the men of Judah, to prevent The harass of their land, beset me round; I willingly on some conditions came

Into their hands, and they as gladly yield

me

To the Uncircumcised a welcome prey, ²⁶⁰ Bound with two cords. But cords to me were threads

Touched with the flame: on their whole host I flew

Unarmed, and with a trivial weapon felled Their choicest youth; they only lived who fled.

Had Judah that day joined, or one whole tribe,

They had by this possessed the Towers of Gath,

And lorded over them whom now they serve.

But what more oft, in nations grown corrupt,

And by their vices brought to servitude, Than to love bondage more than liberty — ²⁷⁰

Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty — And to despise, or envy, or suspect, Whom God hath of his special favour raised

As their deliverer? If he aught begin,

How frequent to desert him, and at last To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds!

Chor. Thy words to my remembrance bring

How Suecoth and the fort of Penuel Their great deliverer contemned,

The matchless Gideon, in pursuit ²⁸⁰ Of Midian, and her vanquished kings;

And how ingrateful Ephraim Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument,

Not worse than by his shield and spear, Defended Israel from the Ammonite,

Had not his prowess quelled their pride In that sore battle when so many died

Without reprieve, adjudged to death For want of well pronouncing *Shibboleth*.

Sams. Of such examples add me to the roll. ²⁹⁰

Me easily indeed mine may neglect, But God's proposed deliverance not so.

Chor. Just are the ways of God,

And justifiable to men, Unless there be who think not God at all.

If any be, they walk obscure; For of such doctrine never was there school, But the heart of the Fool,

And no man therein doctor but himself.

Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just, ³⁰⁰

As to his own edicts found contradicting; Then give the reins to wandering thought, Regardless of his glory's diminution, Till, by their own perplexities involved, They ravel more, still less resolved, But never find self-satisfying solution.

As if they would confine the Interminable,

And tie him to his own prescript, Who made our laws to bind us, not himself,

And hath full right to exempt ³¹⁰ Whomso it pleases him by choice

From national obstruction, without taint Of sin, or legal debt; For with his own laws he can best dispense.

He would not else, who never wanted means,

Nor in respect of the enemy just cause, To set his people free, Have prompted this heroic Nazarite, Against his vow of strictest purity, To seek in marriage that fallacious bride, ³²⁰ Unclean, unchaste.

Down, Reason, then; at least, vain reasonings down;
Though Reason here aver
That moral verdict quits her of unclean:
Unchaste was subsequent; her stain, not his.

But see! here comes thy reverend sire,
With careful step, locks white as down,
Old Manoa: advise
Forthwith how thou ought'st to receive him.

Sams. Ay me! another inward grief,
awaked

With mention of that name, renews the ³³⁰ assault.

Man. Brethren and men of Dan (for such ye seem
Though in this uncouth place), if old respect,
As I suppose, towards your once gloried friend,

My son, now captive, hither hath informed
Your younger feet, while mine, cast back with age,

Came lagging after, say if he be here.

Chor. As signal now in low dejected state
As erst in highest, behold him where he lies.

Man. O miserable change! Is this the man,

That invincible Samson, far renowned, ³⁴⁰
The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength

Equivalent to Angels' walked their streets,
None offering fight; who, single combatant, Duelled their armies ranked in proud array, Himself an Army — now unequal match To save himself against a coward armed At one spear's length? O ever-failing trust

In mortal strength! and, oh, what not in man

Deceivable and vain? Nay, what thing good

Prayed for, but often proves our woe, our bane?

I prayed for children, and thought barrenness

In wedlock a reproach; I gained a son, And such a son as all men hailed me happy: Who would be now a father in my stead? Oh, wherefore did God grant me my request, And as a blessing with such pomp adorned?

Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt Our earnest prayers, then, given with solemn hand

As graces, draw a scorpion's tail behind? ³⁶⁰ For this did the Angel twice descend? for this

Ordained thy nurture holy, as of a plant Select and sacred? glorious for a while, The miracle of men; then in an hour Ensnares, assaulted, overcome, led bound, Thy foes' derision, captive, poor and blind, Into a dungeon thrust, to work with slaves! Alas! methinks whom God hath chosen once

To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,

He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall Subject him to so foul indignities, Be it but for honour's sake of former deeds.

Sams. Appoint not heavenly disposition, father.

Nothing of all these evils hath befallen me But justly; I myself have brought them on;

Sole author I, sole cause. If aught seem vile,

As vile hath been my folly, who have profaned

The mystery of God, given me under pledge Of vow, and have betrayed it to a woman, A Canaanite, my faithless enemy. ³⁸⁰

This well I knew, nor was at all surprised, But warned by oft experience. Did not she

Of Timna first betray me, and reveal The secret wrested from me in her hight Of nuptial love professed, carrying it straight

To them who had corrupted her, my spies And rivals? In this other was there found More faith, who, also in her prime of love, Spousal embraces, vitiated with gold, Though offered only, by the scent conceived

Her spurious first-born, Treason against me?

Thrice she assayed, with flattering prayers and sighs,

And amorous reproaches, to win from me My capital secret, in what part my strength Lay stored, in what part summed, that she might know;

Thrice I deluded her, and turned to sport Her importunity, each time perceiving How openly and with what impudence

She purposed to betray me, and (which was worse
Than undissembled hate) with what contempt ⁴⁰⁰
She sought to make me traitor to myself.
Yet, the fourth time, when, mustering all her wiles,
With blandished parleys, feminine assaults,
Tongue-batteries, she surceased not day nor night
To storm me, over-watched and wearied out,
At times when men seek most repose and rest,
I yielded, and unlocked her all my heart,
Who, with a grain of manhood well resolved,
Might easily have shook off all her snares;
But foul effeminacy held me yoked ⁴¹⁰
Her bond-slave. O indignity, O blot
To Honour and Religion! servile mind
Rewarded well with servile punishment!
The base degree to which I now am fallen,
These rags, this grinding, is not yet so base
As was my former servitude, ignoble,
Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
True slavery; and that blindness worse
than this,
That saw not how degenerately I served.
Man. I cannot praise thy marriage-choices, son — ⁴²⁰
Rather approved them not; but thou didst plead
Divine impulsion prompting how thou might'st
Find some occasion to infest our foes.
I state not that; this I am sure — our foes
Found soon occasion thereby to make thee
Their captive, and their triumph; thou the sooner
Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms,
To violate the sacred trust of silence
Deposited within thee — which to have kept
Tacit was in thy power. True; and thou bear'st ⁴³⁰
Enough, and more, the burden of that fault;
Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying,
That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains:
This day the Philistines a popular feast
Here celebrate in Gaza, and proclaim
Great pomp, and sacrifice, and praises loud,
To Dagon, as their god who hath delivered

Thee, Samson, bound and blind, into their hands —
Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.
So Dagon shall be magnified, and God, ⁴⁴⁰
Besides whom is no god, compared with idols,
Disglorified, blasphemed, and had in scorn
By the idolatrous rout amidst their wine;
Which to have come to pass by means of thee,
Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,
Of all reproach the most with shame that ever
Could have befallen thee and thy father's house.
Sams. Father, I do acknowledge and confess
That I this honour, I this pomp, have brought ⁴⁴⁹
To Dagon, and advanced his praises high
Among the Heathen round — to God have brought
Dishonour, obloquy, and oped the mouths
Of idolists and atheists; have brought scandal
To Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt
In feeble hearts, propense enough before
To waver, or fall off and join with idols:
Which is my chief affliction, shame and sorrow,
The anguish of my soul, that suffers not
Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest. ⁴⁵⁹
This only hope relieves me, that the strife
With me hath end. All the contest is now
'Twixt God and Dagon. Dagon hath presumed,
Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,
His deity comparing and preferring
Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure,
Will not connive, or linger, thus provoked,
But will arise, and his great name assert.
Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive
Such a discomfit as shall quite despoil him
Of all these boasted trophies won on me, ⁴⁷⁰
And with confusion blank his Worshipers.
Man. With cause this hope relieves thee;
and these words,
I as a prophecy receive; for God
(Nothing more certain) will not long defer
To vindicate the glory of his name
Against all competition, nor will long

Endure it doubtful whether God be Lord
Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be
done?

Thou must not in the meanwhile, here
forgot,

Lie in this miserable loathsome plight 480
Neglected. I already have made way
To some Philistine lords, with whom to
treat

About thy ransom. Well they may by this
Have satisfied their utmost of revenge,
By pains and slaveries, worse than death,
inflicted

On thee, who now no more canst do them
harm.

Sams. Spare that proposal, father; spare
the trouble

Of that solicitation. Let me here,
As I deserve, pay on my punishment,
And expiate, if possible, my crime, 490
Shameful garrulity. To have revealed
Secrets of *men*, the secrets of a friend,
How heinous had the fact been, how de-
serving

Contempt and scorn of all — to be excluded
All friendship, and avoided as a blab,
The mark of fool set on his front!

But I *God's* counsel have not kept, his holy
secret

Presumptuously have published, impiously,
Weakly at least and shamefully — a sin
That Gentiles in their parables condemn 500
To their Abyss and horrid pains confined.

Man. Be penitent, and for thy fault con-
trite;

But act not in thy own affliction, son.
Repent the sin; but, if the punishment
Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids;
Or the execution leave to high disposal,
And let another hand, not thine, exact
Thy penal forfeit from thyself. Perhaps
God will relent, and quit thee all his debt;
Who ever more approves and more ac-
cepts

(Best pleased with humble and filial sub-
mission)

Him who, imploring mercy, sues for life,
Than who, self-rigorous, chooses death as
due;

Which argues over-just, and self-displeased
For self-offence more than for God of-
fended.

Reject not, then, what offered means who
knows

But God hath set before us to return thee

Home to thy country and his sacred house.
Where thou may'st bring thy offerings, to
avert

His further ire, with prayers and vows re-
newed.

Sams. His pardon I implore; but, as for
life,

To what end should I seek it? When in
strength

All mortals I excelled, and great in hopes,
With youthful courage, and magnanimous
thoughts

Of birth from Heaven foretold and high
exploits,

Full of divine instinct, after some proof
Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond

The sons of Anak, famous now and blazed,
Fearless of danger, like a petty god

520 I walked about, admired of all, and dreaded
On hostile ground, none daring my af-
front —

Then, swollen with pride, into the snare I
fell

Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,
Softened with pleasure and voluptuous life
At length to lay my head and hallowed
pledge

Of all my strength in the lascivious lap
Of a deceitful Concubine, who shone me,

Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece,
Then turned me out ridiculous, despoiled,
Shaven, and disarmed among my ene-
mies.

Chor. Desire of wine and all delicious
drinks,

Which many a famous warrior overturns,
Thou could'st repress; nor did the dancing
ruby,

Sparkling out-poured, the flavour or the
smell,

Or taste, that cheers the heart of gods and
men,

Allure thee from the cool crystal'lin stream.

Sams. Wherever fountain or fresh cur-
rent flowed

Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure
With touch ethereal of Heaven's fiery rod,
I drank, from the clear milky juice allay-
ing

530 Thirst, and refreshed; nor envied them the
grape

Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills
with fumes.

Chor. O madness! to think use of strong-
est wines

And strongest drinks our chief support of health,
When God with these forbidden made choice to rear
His mighty Champion, strong above compare,
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook !

Sams. But what availed this temperance, not complete

Against another object more enticing ?
What boots it at one gate to make defence,

And at another to let in the foe,
Effeminate vanquished ? by which means, Now blind, disheartened, shamed, dishonoured, quelled,

To what can I be useful ? wherein serve My nation, and the work from Heaven imposed ?

But to sit idle on the household hearth, A burdenous drone ; to visitants a gaze, Or pitied object ; these redundant locks, Robustious to no purpose, clustering down, Vain monument of strength ; till length of years

And sedentary numbness craze my limbs To a contemptible old age obscure.

Here rather let me drudge, and earn my bread,

Till vermin, or the draff of servile food, Consume me, and oft-invocated death Hasten the welcome end of all my pains.

Man. Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with that gift

Which was expressly given thee to annoy them ?

Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle, Inglorious, unemployed, with age out-worn.

But God, who caused a fountain at thy prayer

From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst to allay

After the brunt of battel, can as easy Cause light again within thy eyes to spring, Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast.

And I persuade me so. Why else this strength

Miraculous yet remaining in those locks ? His might continues in thee not for naught, Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

Sams. All otherwise to me my thoughts portend —

59^a That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light,

Nor the other light of life continue long, But yield to double darkness nigh at hand ; So much I feel my genial spirits droop, My hopes all flat. Nature within me seems In all her functions weary of herself ; My race of glory run, and race of shame, And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

Man. Believe not these suggestions, which proceed

From anguish of the mind, and humours black

60^a That mingle with thy fancy. I, however, Must not omit a father's timely care To prosecute the means of thy deliverance By ransom or how else : meanwhile be calm, And healing words from these thy friends admit.

Sams. Oh, that torment should not be confined

To the body's wounds and sores, With maladies innumerable In heart, head, breast, and reins, But must secret passage find 61^a To the inmost mind, There exercise all his fierce accidents, And on her purest spirits prey, As on entrails, joints, and limbs, With answerable pains, but more intense, Though void of corporal sense !

My griefs not only pain me As a lingering disease, But, finding no redress, ferment and rage ; Nor less than wounds immedicable 62^a Rankle, and fester, and gangrene, To black mortification.

Thoughts, my tormentors, armed with deadly stings,

Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts, Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb Or medicinal liquor can assuage, Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp. Sleep hath forsook and given me o'er To death's benumbing opium as my only cure ;

63^a Thence faintings, swoonings of despair, And sense of Heaven's desertion.

I was his nursling once and choice delight,

His destined from the womb,

Promised by heavenly message twice descending.

Under his special eye

Abstemious I grew up and thrived a main;
He led me on to mightiest deeds,

Above the nerve of mortal arm, 639

Against the Uncircumcised, our enemies:

But now hath cast me off as never known,
And to those cruel enemies,

Whom I by his appointment had provoked,
Left me all helpless, with the irreparable

loss

Of sight, reserved alive to be repeated
The subject of their cruelty or scorn.

Nor am I in the list of them that hope;
Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless.

This one prayer yet remains, might I be
heard,

No long petition — speedy death, 650
The close of all my miseries and the balm.

Chor. Many are the sayings of the wise,
In ancient and in modern books enrolled,
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude,
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to man's frail life,
Consolatories writ

With studied argument, and much persua-
sion sought,

Lement of grief and anxious thought.
But with the afflicted in his pangs their
sound 660

Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his
complaint,

Unless he feel within
Some source of consolation from above,
Secret refreshings that repair his strength
And fainting spirits uphold.

God of our fathers ! what is Man,
That thou towards him with hand so vari-
ous —

Or might I say contrarious ? —
Temper'st thy providence through his short
course: 670

Not evenly, as thou rul'st
The angelic orders, and inferior creatures
mute,

Irrational and brute ?
Nor do I name of men the common rout,
That, wandering loose about,
Grow up and perish as the summer fly,
Heads without name, no more remembered;
But such as thou hast solemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently adorned,
To some great work, thy glory, 680

And people's safety, which in part they
effect.

Yet toward these, thus dignified, thou oft,
Amidst their hight of noon,
Changest thy countenance and thy hand,
with no regard

Of highest favours past
From thee on them, or them to thee of ser-
vice.

Nor only dost degrade them, or remit
To life obscured, which were a fair dismis-
sion,

But throw'st them lower than thou didst
exalt them high —

Unseemly falls in human eye, 690
Too grievous for the trespass or omission;
Oft leav'st them to the hostile sword
Of heathen and profane, their carcasses
To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captived,
Or to the unjust tribunals, under change of
times,

And condemnation of the ungrateful multi-
tude.

If these they scape, perhaps in poverty
With sickness and disease thou bow'st
them down,

Painful diseases and deformed,
In crude old age;
Though not disordinate, yet causeless suf-
fering 700

The punishment of dissolute days. In fine,
Just or unjust alike seem miserable,
For oft alike both come to evil end.

So deal not with this once thy glorious
Champion,
The image of thy strength, and mighty
minister.

What do I beg ? how hast thou dealt
already !

Behold him in this state calamitous, and
turn

His labours, for thou canst, to peaceful end.
But who is this ? what thing of sea or
land — 710

Female of sex it seems —
That, so bedecked, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way sailing,

Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound for the isles
Of Javan or Gadire,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails filled, and streamers waving,
Courted by all the winds that hold them
play;

An amber scent of odorous perfume 720

Her harbinger, a damsel train behind ?
Some rich Philistine matron she may seem;
And now, at nearer view, no other certain
Than Dalila thy wife.

Sams. My wife ! my traitress ! let her
not come near me.

Chor. Yet on she moves; now stands and
eyes thee fixed,
About to have spoke; but now, with head
declined,
Like a fair flower surcharged with dew,
she weeps,
And words addressed seem into tears dis-
solved,

Wetting the borders of her silken veil. ⁷³⁰
But now again she makes address to speak.

Dal. With doubtful feet and wavering
resolution

I came, still dreading thy displeasure,
Samson;
Which to have merited, without excuse,
I cannot but acknowledge. Yet, if tears
May expiate (though the fact more evil
drew

In the perverse event than I foresaw),
My penance hath not slackened, though
my pardon

No way assured. But conjugal affection,
Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt, ⁷⁴⁰
Hath led me on, desirous to behold
Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,
If aught in my ability may serve
To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease
Thy mind with what amends is in my
power —

Though late, yet in some part to recom-
pense

My rash but more unfortunate misdeed.

Sams. Out, out, Hyæna ! These are thy
wonted arts,
And arts of every woman false like thee —
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, be-
tray; ⁷⁵⁰
Then, as repentant, to submit, beseech,
And reconciliation move with feigned re-
morse,
Confess, and promise wonders in her
change —

Not truly penitent, but chief to try
Her husband, how far urged his patience
bears,
His virtue or weakness which way to assail:
Then, with more cautious and instructed
skill,
Again transgresses, and again submits;

That wisest and best men, full oft beguiled,
With goodness principled not to reject ⁷⁶⁰
The penitent, but ever to forgive,
Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
Entangled with a poisonous bosom-snake,
If not by quick destruction soon cut off,
As I by thee, to ages an example.

Dal. Yet hear me, Samson; not that I
endeavour

To lessen or extenuate my offence,
But that, on the other side, if it be weighed
By itself, with aggravations not surcharged,
Or else with just allowance counter-
poised, ⁷⁷⁰

I may, if possible, thy pardon find
The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.
First granting, as I do, it was a weakness
In me, but incident to all our sex,
Curiosity, inquisitive, importune'
Of secrets, then with like infirmity
To publish them — both common female
faults —

Was it not weakness also to make known
For importunity, that is for naught,
Wherein consisted all thy strength and
safety ? ⁷⁸⁰

To what I did thou shew'dst me first the
way.

But I to enemies revealed, and should not !
Nor should'st thou have trusted that to
woman's frailty:

Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel.
Let weakness, then, with weakness come to
parle,

So near related, or the same of kind;
Thine forgive mine, that men may censure
thine

The gentler, if severely thou exact not
More strength from me than in thyself was
found.

And what if love, which thou interpret'st
hate, ⁷⁹⁰

The jealousy of love, powerful of sway
In human hearts, nor less in mine towards
thee,

Caused what I did ? I saw thee mutable
Of fancy; feared lest one day thou would'st
leave me

As her at Timna; sought by all means,
therefore,

How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest:
No better way I saw than by importuning
To learn thy secrets, get into my power
Thy key of strength and safety. Thou wilt
say,

“Why, then, revealed?” I was assured
by those 800
Who tempted me that nothing was designed
Against thee but safe custody and hold.
That made for me; I knew that liberty
Would draw thee forth to perilous enter-
prises,
While I at home sat full of cares and fears,
Wailing thy absence in my widowed bed;
Here I should still enjoy thee, day and
night,
Mine and love’s prisoner, not the Philis-
tines’,
Whole to myself, unhazzarded abroad,
Fearless at home of partners in my love. 810
These reasons in Love’s law have passed
for good,
Though fond and reasonless to some per-
haps;
And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought
much woe.

Yet always pity or pardon hath obtained.
Be not unlike all others, not austere
As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.
If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,
In uncompassionate anger do not so.

Sams. How cunningly the Sorceress dis-
plays
Her own transgressions, to upbraid me
mine ! 820
That malice, not repentance, brought thee
hither
By this appears. I gave, thou say'st, the
example,
I led the way — bitter reproach, but true;
I to myself was false ere thou to me.
Such pardon, therefore, as I give my folly
Take to thy wicked deed; which when thou
seest

Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,
Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much
rather
Confess it feigned. Weakness is thy ex-
cuse,
And I believe it — weakness to resist 830
Philistine gold. If weakness may excuse,
What murtherer, what traitor, parricide,
Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead
it?
All wickedness is weakness; that plea,
therefore,
With God or Man will gain thee no remis-
sion.
But love constrained thee! Call it furious
rage

To satisfy thy lust. Love seeks to have
love;
My love how could'st thou hope, who took'st
the way
To raise in me inexpiable hate,
Knowing, as needs I must, by thee be-
trayed ? 840
In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with
shame,
Or by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.
Dal. Since thou determin'st weakness
for no plea
In man or woman, though to thy own con-
demning,
Hear what assaults I had, what snares
besides,
What sieges girt me round, ere I con-
sented,
Which might have awed the best-resolved
of men,
The constantest, to have yielded without
blame.
It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,
That wrought with me. Thou know'st the
Magistrates 850
And Princes of my country came in person,
Solicited, commanded, threatened, urged,
Adjured by all the bonds of civil duty
And of religion — pressed how just it was,
How honourable, how glorious, to entrap
A common enemy, who had destroyed
Such numbers of our nation: and the Priest
Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
Preaching how meritorious with the gods
It would be to ensnare an irreligious 860
Dishonourer of Dagon. What had I
To oppose against such powerful argu-
ments ?
Only my love of thee held long debate,
And combated in silence all these reasons
With hard contest. At length, that
grounded maxim,
So rife and celebrated in the mouths
Of wisest men, that to the public good
Private respects must yield, with grave
authority
Took full possession of me, and prevailed;
Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty, so enjoin-
ing. 870
Sams. I thought where all thy circling
wiles would end —
In feigned religion, smooth hypocrisy !
But, had thy love, still odiously pretended,
Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have
taught thee

Far other reasonings, brought forth other
deeds.

I, before all the daughters of my tribe
And of my nation, chose thee from among
My enemies, loved thee, as too well thou
knew'st;

Too well; unbosomed all my secrets to thee,
Not out of levity, but overpowered 880
By thy request, who could deny thee
nothing;

Yet now am judged an enemy. Why,
then,
Didst thou at first receive me for thy hus-
band —

Then, as since then, thy country's foe pro-
fessed?

Being once a wife, for me thou wast to
leave
Parents and country; nor was I their sub-
ject,
Nor under their protection, but my own;
Thou mine, not theirs. If aught against
my life

Thy country sought of thee, it sought un-
justly,
Against the law of nature, law of na-
tions; 890
No more thy country, but an impious crew
Of men conspiring to uphold their state
By worse than hostile deeds, violating the
ends

For which our country is a name so dear;
Not therefore to be obeyed. But zeal
moved thee;

To please thy gods thou didst it! Gods
unable

To acquit themselves and prosecute their
foes

But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
Of their own deity, Gods cannot be —
Less therefore to be pleased, obeyed, or
feared. 900

These false pretexts and varnished colours
failing,

Bare in thy guilt, how foul must thou ap-
pear!

Dal. In argument with men a woman
ever

Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.

Sams. For want of words, no doubt, or
lack of breath!

Witness when I was worried with thy
peals.

Dal. I was a fool, too rash, and quite
mistaken

In what I thought would have succeeded
best.

Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson;
Afford me place to shew what recom-
pense

Towards thee I intend for what I have
misdone,

Misguided. Only what remains past cure
Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist
To afflict thyself in vain. Though sight

be lost,

Life yet hath many solaces, enjoyed
Where other senses want not their de-
lights —

At home, in leisure and domestic ease,
Exempt from many a care and chance to
which

Eyesight exposes, daily, men abroad. 910
I to the Lords will intercede, not doubting
Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee
From forth this loathsome prison-house, to
abide

With me, where my redoubled love and
care,

With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
May ever tend about thee to old age,
With all things grateful cheered, and so
supplied

That what by me thou hast lost thou least
shalt miss.

Sams. No, no; of my condition take no
care;

It fits not; thou and I long since are twain;
Nor think me so unwary or accursed 930
To bring my feet again into the snare
Where once I have been caught. I know
thy trains,

Though dearly to my cost, thy gins, and toils.

Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling
charms,

No more on me have power; their force is
nullled;

So much of adder's wisdom I have learned,
To fence my ear against thy sorceries.

If in my flower of youth and strength,
when all men

Loved, honoured, feared me, thou alone
could hate me,

Thy husband, slight me, sell me, and
forgo me, 940

How would'st thou use me now, blind, and
thereby

Deceivable, in most things as a child

Helpless, thence easily contemned and

scorned,

And last neglected ! How would'st thou
insult,
When I must live uxorious to thy will
In perfet thraldom ! how again betray me,
Bearing my words and doings to the lords
To gloss upon, and, censuring, frown or
smile !

This gaol I count the house of Liberty
To thine, whose doors my feet shall never
enter.

Dal. Let me approach at least, and touch
thy hand.

Sams. Not for thy life, lest fierce remem-
brance wake

My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.
At distance I forgive thee; go with that;
Bewail thy falsehood, and the pious works
It hath brought forth to make thee mem-
orable

Among illustrious women, faithful wives;
Cherish thy hastened widowhood with the
gold

Of matrimonial treason: so farewell.

Dal. I see thou art implacable, more
deaf
To prayers than winds and seas. Yet

⁹⁶⁰
winds to seas

Are reconciled at length, and sea to shore:
Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages,
Eternal tempest never to be calmed.

Why do I humble thus myself, and, suing
For peace, reap nothing but repulse and
hate,

Bid go with evil omen, and the brand
Of infamy upon my name denounced ?
To mix with thy concernments I desist
Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my

⁹⁷⁰
own.

Fame, if not double-faced, is double-
mouthed,

And with contrary blast proclaims most
deeds;

On both his wings, one black, the other
white,

Bears greatest names in his wild aerie flight.
My name, perhaps, among the Circumcised
In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering Tribes,
To all posterity may stand defamed,
With malediction mentioned, and the blot
Of falsehood most unconjugal traduced.

But in my country, where I most desire, ⁹⁸⁰
In Ebron, Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath,
I shall be named among the famousest
Of women, sung at solemn festivals,
Living and dead recorded, who, to save

Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose
Above the faith of wedlock bands; my tomb
With odours visited and annual flowers;
Not less renowned than in Mount Ephraim
Jael, who, with inhospitable guile,
Smote Sisera sleeping, through the temples
nailed.

⁹⁹⁰
Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy
The public marks of honour and reward
Conferred upon me for the piety
Which to my country I was judged to have
shewn.

At this whoever envies or repines,
I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

Chor. She's gone — a manifest Serpent
by her sting

Discovered in the end, till now concealed.

Sams. So let her go. God sent her to
debase me,

And aggravate my folly, who committed ¹⁰⁰⁰
To such a viper his most sacred trust
Of secrecy, my safety, and my life.

Chor. Yet beauty, though injurious, hath
strange power,

After offence returning, to regain
Love once possessed, nor can be easily
Repulsed, without much inward passion felt,
And secret sting of amorous remorse.

Sams. Love-quarrels oft in pleasing con-
cord end;

Not wedlock-treachery endangering life.

Chor. It is not virtue, wisdom, valour,
wit, ¹⁰¹⁰

Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest
merit,

That woman's love can win, or long in-
herit;

But what it is, hard is to say,

Harder to hit,

Which way soever men refer it,
(Much like thy riddle, Samson) in one day
Or seven though one should musing sit.

If any of these, or all, the Timnian bride
Had not so soon preferred

Thy Paranymp, worthless to thee com-
pared, ¹⁰²⁰

Successor in thy bed,

Nor both so loosely disallied

Their nuptials, nor this last so treacher-
ously.

Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head.

Is it for that such outward ornament

Was lavished on their sex, that inward gifts
Were left for haste unfinished, judgment
scant,

Capacity not raised to apprehend
Or value what is best,
In choice, but oftest to affect the wrong? ¹⁰³⁰
Or was too much of self-love mixed,
Of constancy no root infix'd,
That either they love nothing, or not long?
Whate'er it be, to wisest men and best,
Seeming at first all heavenly under virgin
veil,
Soft, modest, meek, demure,
Once joined, the contrary she proves—a
thorn

Intestine, far within defensive arms
A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue
Adverse and turbulent; or by her charms
Draws him awry, enslaved ¹⁰⁴¹
With dotage, and his sense depraved
To folly and shameful deeds, which ruin
ends.

What pilot so expert but needs must wreck,
Embarked with such a steers-mate at the
helm?

Favoured of Heaven who finds
One virtuous, rarely found,
That in domestic good combines!
Happy that house! his way to peace is
smooth:
But virtue which breaks through all oppo-
sition, ¹⁰⁵⁰

And all temptation can remove,
Most shines and most is acceptable above.

Therefore God's universal law
Gave to the man despotic power
Over his female in due awe,
Nor from that right to part an hour,
Smile she or lour:
So shall he least confusion draw
On his whole life, not swayed
By female usurpation, nor dismayed. ¹⁰⁶⁰

But had we best retire? I see a storm.
Sams. Fair days have oft contracted
wind and rain.

Chor. But this another kind of tempest
brings.

Sams. Be less abstruse; my riddling
days are past.

Chor. Look now for no enchanting voice,
nor fear
The bait of honeyed words; a rougher
tongue
Draws hitherward; I know him by his
stride,
The giant Harapha of Gath, his look
Haughty, as is his pile high-built and
proud.

Comes he in peace? What wind hath
blown him hither ¹⁰⁷⁰
I less conjecture than when first I saw
The sumptuous Dalila floating this way:
His habit carries peace, his brow defi-
ance.

Sams. Or peace or not, alike to me he
comes.

Chor. His fraught we soon shall know:
he now arrives.

Har. I come not, Samson, to condole thy
chance,

As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,
Though for no friendly intent. I am of
Gath;

Men call me Harapha, of stock renowned
As Og, or Anak, and the Emims old ¹⁰⁸⁰
That Kiriathaim held. Thou know'st me
now,

If thou at all art known. Much I have
heard
Of thy prodigious might and feats per-
formed,

Incredible to me, in this displeased,
That I was never present on the place
Of those encounters, where we might have
tried

Each other's force in camp or listed field;
And now am come to see of whom such
noise

Hath walked about, and each limb to sur-
vey,

If thy appearance answer loud report. ¹⁰⁹⁰
Sams. The way to know were not to see,
but taste.

Har. Dost thou already single me? I
thought

Gyves and the mill had tamed thee. O
that fortune

Had brought me to the field where thou art
famed

To have wrought such wonders with an
ass's jaw!

I should have forced thee soon with other
arms,

Or left thy carcass where the ass lay thrown;
So had the glory of prowess been recovered
To Palestine, won by a Philistine
From the unforeskinned race, of whom thou
bear'st ¹¹⁰⁰

The highest name for valiant acts. That
honour,

Certain to have won by mortal duel from
thee,

I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out.

Sams. Boast not of what thou would'st have done, but do
What then thou would'st; thou seest it in thy hand.

Har. To combat with a blind man I disdain,
And thou hast need much washing to be touched.

Sams. Such usage as your honourable Lords
Afford me, assassinated and betrayed; Who durst not with their whole united powers
In fight withstand me single and unarmed, ¹¹¹⁰
Nor in the house with chamber-ambushes Close-banded durst attack me, no, not sleeping,
Till they had hired a woman with their gold,
Breaking her marriage-faith, to circumvent me.

Therefore, without feign'd shifts, let be assigned
Some narrow place enclosed, where sight may give thee,
Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet
And brigandine of brass, thy broad habergeon, ¹¹²⁰
Vant-brass and greaves and gauntlet; add thy spear,
A weaver's beam, and seven-times-folded shield:

I only with an oaken staff will meet thee,
And raise such outcries on thy clattered iron,
Which long shall not withhold me from thy head,
That in a little time, while breath remains thee,
Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath, to boast
Again in safety what thou would'st have done

To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.

Har. Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms ¹¹³⁰

Which greatest heroes have in battel worn,
Their ornament and safety, had not spells And black enchantments, some magician's art,
Armed thee or charmed thee strong, which thou from Heaven

Feign'dst at thy birth was given thee in thy hair,

Where strength can least abide, though all thy hairs Were bristles ranged like those that ridge the back

Of chafed wild boars or ruffled porcupines.

Sams. I know no spells, use no forbidden arts;

My trust is in the Living God, who gave me, ¹¹⁴⁰

At my nativity, this strength, diffused No less through all my sinews, joints, and bones,

Than thine, while I preserved these locks unshorn,

The pledge of my unviolated vow. For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy god, Go to his temple, invoke his aid With solemnest devotion, spread before him

How highly it concerns his glory now To frustrate and dissolve these magic spells, ¹¹⁴⁹

Which I to be the power of Israel's God Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test, Offering to combat thee, his Champion bold,

With the utmost of his godhead seconded: Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.

Har. Presume not on thy God. What-e'er he be,

Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off Quite from his people, and delivered up Into thy enemies' hand; permitted them To put out both thine eyes, and fettered send thee ¹¹⁶⁰

Into the common prison, there to grind Among the slaves and asses, thy comrades, As good for nothing else, no better service With those thy boisterous locks; no worthy match

For valour to assail, nor by the sword Of noble warrior, so to stain his honour, But by the barber's razor best subdued.

Sams. All these indignities, for such they are

From thine, these evils I deserve and more, Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me ¹¹⁷⁴

Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon, Whose ear is ever open, and his eye Gracious to re-admit the suppliant;

In confidence whereof I once again
Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight,
By combat to decide whose god is God,
Thine, or whom I with Israel's sons adore.

Har. Fair honour that thou dost thy God,
in trusting

He will accept thee to defend his cause,
A murtherer, a revolter, and a robber ! ¹¹⁸⁰

Sams. Tongue-doughty giant, how dost
thou prove me these ?

Har. Is not thy nation subject to our
Lords ?

Their magistrates confessed it when they
took thee

As a league-breaker, and delivered bound
Into our hands; for hadst thou not com-
mitted

Notorious murder on those thirty men
At Ascalon, who never did thee harm,
Then, like a robber, stripp'dst them of
their robes ?

The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the
league,

Went up with armed powers thee only seek-
ing, ¹¹⁹⁰

To others did no violence nor spoil.

Sams. Among the daughters of the Phi-
listines

I chose a wife, which argued me no foe,
And in your city held my nuptial feast;
But your ill-meaning politician lords,
Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,

Appointed to await me thirty spies,
Who, threatening cruel death, constrained

the bride

To wring from me, and tell to them, my
secret,

That solved the riddle which I had pro-
posed. ¹²⁰⁰

When I perceived all set on enmity,
As on my enemies, wherever chanced,
I used hostility, and took their spoil,
To pay my underminers in their coin.

My nation was subjected to your lords !
It was the force of conquest; force with

force

Is well ejected when the conquered can.
But I, a private person, whom my country
As a league-breaker gave up bound, pre-
sumed

Single rebellion, and did hostile acts ! ¹²¹⁰
I was no private, but a person raised,
With strength sufficient, and command
from Heaven,

To free my country. If their servile minds

Me, their Deliverer sent, would not re-
ceive,
But to their masters gave me up for
nought,
The unworthier they; whence to this day
they serve.

I was to do my part from Heaven assigned,
And had performed it if my known offence
Had not disabled me, not all your force.
These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant,
Though by his blindness maimed for high
attempts, ¹²²¹

Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,
As a petty enterprise of small enforce.

Har. With thee, a man condemned, a
slave enrolled,

Due by the law to capital punishment ?
To fight with thee no man of arms will
deign.

Sams. Cam'st thou for this, vain boaster,
to survey me,

To descend on my strength, and give thy
verdit ?

Come nearer; part not hence so slight in-
formed;

But take good heed my hand survey not
thee. ¹²³⁰

Har. O Baal-zebub ! can my ears unused
Hear these dishonours, and not render
death ?

Sams. No man withholds thee; nothing
from thy hand

Fear I incurable; bring up thy van;
My heels are fettered, but my fist is free.

Har. This insolence other kind of answer
fits.

Sams. Go, baffled coward, lest I run
upon thee,

Though in these chains, bulk without spirit
vast,

And with one buffet lay thy structure
low,

Or swing thee in the air, then dash thee
down, ¹²⁴⁰

To the hazard of thy brains and shattered
sides.

Har. By Astaroth, ere long thou shalt
lament

These braveries, in irons loaden on thee.

Chor. His Giantship is gone somewhat
crest-fallen,

Stalking with less unconscionable strides,
And lower looks, but in a sultry chafe.

Sams. I dread him not, nor all his giant
brood,

Though fame divulge him father of five sons,

All of gigantic size, Goliah chief.

Chor. He will directly to the lords, I fear, ¹²⁵⁰

And with malicious counsel stir them up Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.

Sams. He must allege some cause, and offered fight

Will not dare mention, lest a question rise Whether he durst accept the offer or not; And that he durst not plain enough appeared.

Much more affliction than already felt They cannot well impose, nor I sustain, If they intend advantage of my labours, The work of many hands, which earns my keeping, ¹²⁶⁰

With no small profit daily to my owners. But come what will; my deadliest foe will prove

My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence;

The worst that he can give to me the best. Yet so it may fall out, because their end Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

Chor. O, how comely it is, and how reviving

To the spirits of just men long oppressed, When God into the hands of their deliverer

¹²⁷⁰

Puts invincible might, To quell the mighty of the earth, the oppressor,

The brute and boisterous force of violent men,

Hardy and industrious to support Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue The righteous, and all such as honour truth !

He all their ammunition And feats of war defeats, With plain heroic magnitude of mind And celestial vigour armed; ¹²⁸⁰

Their armouries and magazins contemns, Renders them useless, while With winged expedition

Swift as the lightning glance he executes His errand on the wicked, who, surprised, Lose their defence, distracted and amazed.

But patience is more oft the exercise Of saints, the trial of their fortitude, Making them each his own deliverer,

And victor over all That tyranny or fortune can inflict.

Either of these is in thy lot, Samson, with might endued

Above the sons of men; but sight bereaved May chance to number thee with those Whom Patience finally must crown.

This Idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,

Labouring thy mind

More than the working day thy hands.

And yet, perhaps, more trouble is behind; For I descry this way

Some other tending; in his hand A sceptre or quaint staff he bears, Comes on amain, speed in his look. By his habit I discern him now A public officer, and now at hand.

His message will be short and voluble.

Off. Ebrews, the prisoner Samson here I seek.

Chor. His manacles remark him; there he sits.

Off. Samson, to thee our Lords thus bid me say:

This day to Dagon is a solemn feast, With sacrifices, triumph, pomp and games; Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,

And now some public proof thereof require To honour this great feast, and great assembly.

Rise, therefore, with all speed, and come along,

Where I will see thee heartened and fresh clad,

To appear as fits before the illustrious Lords.

Sams. Thou know'st I am an Ebew; therefore tell them

Our law forbids at their religious rites ¹³²⁰ My presence; for that cause I cannot come.

Off. This answer, be assured, will not content them.

Sams. Have they not sword-players, and every sort

Of gymnic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners, Jugglers and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics,

But they must pick me out, with shackles tired,

And over-laboured at their public mill, To make them sport with blind activity ?

Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels, On my refusal, to distress me more, ¹³³⁰

Or make a game of my calamities ?
Return the way thou cam'st; I will not come.

Off. Regard thyself; this will offend them highly.

Sams. Myself ! my conscience, and internal peace.

Can they think me so broken, so debased
With corporal servitude, that my mind ever
Will condescend to such absurd commands ?

Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester,
And, in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief,
To shew them feats, and play before their god —

The worst of all indignities, yet on me
Joined with extreme contempt ! I will not come.

Off. My message was imposed on me with speed,

Brooks no delay: is this thy resolution ?

Sams. So take it with what speed thy message needs.

Off. I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.

Sams. Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed.

Chor. Consider, Samson; matters now are strained

Up to the highth, whether to hold or break.
He's gone, and who knows how he may report

Thy words by adding fuel to the flame ?
Expect another message, more imperious,
More lordly thundering than thou well wilt bear.

Sams. Shall I abuse this consecrated gift
Of strength, again returning with my hair
After my great transgression — so requite
Favour renewed, and add a greater sin
By prostituting holy things to idols,
A Nazarite, in place abominable,
Vaunting my strength in honour to their Dagon ?

Besides how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,
What act more execrably unclean, profane ?

Chor. Yet with this strength thou serv'st the Philistines,
Idolatrous, uncircumcised, unclean.

Sams. Not in their idol-worship, but by labour

Honest and lawful to deserve my food
Of those who have me in their civil power.

Chor. Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile not.

Sams. Where outward force constrains, the sentence holds:

But who constrains me to the temple of Dagon,

Not dragging ? The Philistine Lords command:

Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,

I do it freely, venturing to displease God for the fear of Man, and Man prefer, Set God behind; which, in his jealousy, Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness. Yet that he may dispense with me, or thee, Present in temples at idolatrous rites For some important cause, thou need'st not doubt.

Chor. How thou wilt here come off surmounts my reach.

Sams. Be of good courage; I begin to feel

Some rousing motions in me, which dispose To something extraordinary my thoughts. I with this messenger will go along — Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour Our Law, or stain my vow of Nazarite. If there be aught of presage in the mind, This day will be remarkable in my life By some great act, or of my days the last.

Chor. In time thou hast resolved: the man returns.

Off. Samson, this second message from our Lords

To thee I am bid say: Art thou our slave, Our captive, at the publick mill our drudge, And dar'st thou, at our sending and command,

Dispute thy coming ? Come without delay;

Or we shall find such engines to assail And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force, Though thou wert firmlier fastened than a rock.

Sams. I could be well content to try their art, Which to no few of them would prove pernicious;

Yet, knowing their advantages too many, Because they shall not trail me through their streets

Like a wild beast, I am content to go.

Masters' commands come with a power resistless

To such as owe them absolute subjection;
And for a life who will not change his purpose?

(So mutable are all the ways of men!)

Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply
Scandalous or forbidden in our Law.

Off. I praise thy resolution. Doff these links:

By this compliance thou wilt win the Lords
To favour, and perhaps to set thee free.

Sams. Brethren, farewell. Your company along

I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them
To see me girt with friends; and how the sight

Of me, as of a common enemy,
So dreaded once, may now exasperate them
I know not. Lords are lordliest in their wine;

And the well-feasted priest then soonest fired

With zeal, if aught religion seem concerned;

No less the people, on their holy-days,
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable.

Happen what may, of me expect to hear
Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy
Our God, our Law, my nation, or myself;
The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

Chor. Go, and the Holy One
Of Israel be thy guide

To what may serve his glory best, and spread his name

Great among the Heathen round; Send thee the Angel of thy birth, to stand Fast by thy side, who from thy father's field

Rode up in flames after his message told
Of thy conception, and be now a shield
Of fire; that Spirit that first rushed on thee

In the camp of Dan,
Be efficacious in thee now at need!
For never was from Heaven imparted
Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,

As in thy wondrous actions hath been seen.
But wherefore comes old Manoa in such haste

With youthful steps? Much livelier than erewhile

He seems: supposing here to find his son,
Or of him bringing to us some glad news?

Man. Peace with you, brethren! My inducement hither

Was not at present here to find my son,
By order of the Lords new parted hence
To come and play before them at their feast.

I heard all as I came; the city rings, And numbers thither flock: I had no will, Lest I should see him forced to things unseemly.

But that which moved my coming now was chiefly

To give ye part with me what hope I have With good success to work his liberty.

Chor. That hope would much rejoice us to partake

With thee. Say, reverend sire; we thirst to hear.

Man. I have attempted, one by one, the Lords, Either at home, or through the high street passing,

With supplication prone and father's tears, To accept of ransom for my son, their prisoner.

Some much averse I found, and wondrous harsh, Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite;

That part most reverenced Dagon and his priests:

Others more moderate seeming, but their aim

Private reward, for which both God and State

They easily would set to sale: a third More generous far and civil, who confessed They had enough revenged, having reduced Their foe to misery beneath their fears;

The rest was magnanimity to remit, If some convenient ransom were proposed. What noise or shout was that? It tore the sky.

Chor. Doubtless the people shouting to behold Their once great dread, captive and blind before them, Or at some proof of strength before them shown.

Man. His ransom, if my whole inheritance

May compass it, shall willingly be paid And numbered down. Much rather I shall choose

To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest

And he in that calamitous prison left. 1480
No, I am fixed not to part hence without
him.

For his redemption all my patrimony,
If need be, I am ready to forgo
And quit. Not wanting him, I shall want
nothing.

Chor. Fathers are wont to lay up for
their sons;
Thou for thy son art bent to lay out all:
Sons wont to nurse their parents in old
age;
Thou in old age car'st how to nurse thy
son,
Made older than thy age through eye-sight
lost.

Man. It shall be my delight to tend his
eyes, 1490
And view him sitting in his house, en-
nobled
With all those high exploits by him
achieved,
And on his shoulders waving down those
locks
That of a nation armed the strength con-
tained.

And I persuade me God hath not per-
mitted
His strength again to grow up with his hair
Garrisoned round about him like a camp
Of faithful soldiery, were not his purpose
To use him further yet in some great ser-
vice —

Not to sit idle with so great a gift 1500
Useless, and thence ridiculous, about him.
And, since his strength with eye-sight was
not lost,
God will restore him eye-sight to his
strength.

Chor. Thy hopes are not ill founded, nor
seem vain,
Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon
Conceived, agreeable to a father's love;
In both which we, as next, participate.

Man. I know your friendly minds, and
... O, what noise !
Mercy of Heaven ! what hideous noise was
that ?

Horribly loud, unlike the former shout. 1510
Chor. Noise call you it, or universal
groan,

As if the whole inhabitation perished ?
Blood, death, and deathful deeds, are in
that noise,
Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

Man. Of ruin indeed methought I heard
the noise.

Oh ! it continues; they have slain my son.

Chor. Thy son is rather slaying them:
that outcry
From slaughter of one foe could not as-
cend.

Man. Some dismal accident it needs
must be.

What shall we do — stay here, or run and
see ? 1520

Chor. Best keep together here, lest, run-
ning thither,

We unawares run into danger's mouth.

This evil on the Philistines is fallen:
From whom could else a general cry be
heard ?

The sufferers, then, will scarce molest us
here;
From other hands we need not much to
fear.

What if, his eye-sight (for to Israel's God
Nothing is hard) by miracle restored,
He now be dealing dole among his foes,
And over heaps of slaughtered walk his
way ? 1530

Man. That were a joy presumptuous to
be thought.

Chor. Yet God hath wrought things as
incredible

For his people of old; what hinders now ?

Man. He can, I know, but doubt to think
he will;

Yet hope would fain subscribe, and tempts
belief.

A little stay will bring some notice hither.

Chor. Of good or bad so great, of bad
the sooner;

For evil news rides post, while good news
baits.

And to our wish I see one hither speed-
ing —

An Ebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe.

Messenger. O, whither shall I run, or
which way fly 1540

The sight of this so horrid spectacle,
Which erst my eyes beheld, and yet be-
hold ?

For dire imagination still pursues me.

But providence or instinct' of nature seems,
Or reason, though disturbed and scarce
consulted,

To have guided me aright, I know not
how,

To thee first, reverend Manoa, and to these

My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,
As at some distance from the place of
horror, 1550
So in the sad event too much concerned.
Man. The accident was loud, and here
before thee
With rueful cry; yet what it was we hear
not.
No preface needs; thou seest we long to
know.

Mess. It would burst forth; but I re-
cover breath,
And sense distract, to know well what I
utter.

Man. Tell us the sum; the circumstance
defer.

Mess. Gaza yet stands; but all her sons
are fallen,

All in a moment overwhelmed and fallen.

Man. Sad! but thou know'st to Israel-
ites not saddest 1560

The desolation of a hostile city.

Mess. Feed on that first; there may in
grief be surfeit.

Man. Relate by whom.

Mess. By Samson.

Man. That still lessens
The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

Mess. Ah! Manoa, I refrain too sud-
denly

To utter what will come at last too soon,
Lest evil tidings, with too rude irruption
Hitting thy aged ear, should pierce too
deep.

Man. Suspense in news is torture; speak
them out.

Mess. Then take the worst in brief:
Samson is dead. 1570

Man. The worst indeed! O, all my
hope's defeated

To free him hence! but Death, who sets all
free,

Hath paid his ransom now and full dis-
charge.

What windy joy this day had I conceived,
Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves
Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring
Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's
frost!

Yet, ere I give the reins to grief, say first
How died he; death to life is crown or
shame.

All by him fell, thou say'st; by whom fell
he? 1580

What glorious hand gave Samson his
death's wound?

Mess. Unwounded of his enemies he fell.
Man. Wearied with slaughter, then, or
how? explain.

Mess. By his own hands.

Man. Self-violence! What cause
Brought him so soon at variance with him-
self

Among his foes?

Mess. Inevitable cause —
At once both to destroy and be destroyed.
The edifice, where all were met to see
him,

Upon their heads and on his own he pulled.

Man. O lastly over-strong against thy-
self! 1590

A dreadful way thou took'st to thy re-
venge.

More than enough we know; but, while
things yet

Are in confusion, give us, if thou canst,
Eye-witness of what first or last was done,
Relation more particular and distinct.

Mess. Occasions drew me early to this
city;

And, as the gates I entered with sun-rise,
The morning trumpets festival proclaimed
Through each high street. Little I had
dispatched,

When all abroad was rumoured that this
day 1600

Samson should be brought forth, to shew
the people

Proof of his mighty strength in feats and
games.

I sorrowed at his captive state, but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle.

The building was a spacious theatre,
Half round on two main pillars vaulted
high,

With seats where all the Lords, and each
degree

Of sort, might sit in order to behold;
The other side was open, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under sky might
stand: 1610

I among these aloof obscurely stood.
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice

Had filled their hearts with mirth, high
cheer, and wine,

When to their sports they turned. Imme-
diately

Was Samson as a public servant brought,
In their state livery clad: before him pipes

And timbrels; on each side went armèd guards;
 Both horse and foot before him and behind,
 Archers and slingers, cataphracts, and
 spears.
 At sight of him the people with a shout
 Rifted the air, clamouring their god with
 praise,¹⁶²¹
 Who had made their dreadful enemy their
 thrall.
 He patient, but undaunted, where they led
 him,
 Came to the place; and what was set be-
 fore him,
 Which without help of eye might be as-
 sayed,
 To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still
 performed
 All with incredible, stupendious force,
 None daring to appear antagonist.
 At length, for intermission sake, they led
 him
 Between the pillars; he his guide re-
 quested
 (For so from such as nearer stood we
 heard),¹⁶³⁰
 As over-tired, to let him lean a while
 With both his arms on those two massy
 pillars,
 That to the archèd roof gave main sup-
 port.
 He unsuspicious led him; which when Sam-
 son
 Felt in his arms, with head a while en-
 clin'd,
 And eyes fast fixed, he stood, as one who
 prayed,
 Or some great matter in his mind revolved:
 At last, with head erect, thus cried aloud:—
 “Hitherto, Lords, what your commands
 imposed¹⁶⁴⁰
 I have performed, as reason was, obeying,
 Not without wonder or delight beheld;
 Now, of my own accord, such other trial
 I mean to shew you of my strength yet
 greater
 As with amaze shall strike all who behold.”
 This uttered, straining all his nerves, he
 bowed;
 As with the force of winds and waters pent
 When mountains tremble, those two massy
 pillars
 With horrible convulsion to and fro
 He tugged, he shook, till down they came,
 and drew¹⁶⁵⁰

The whole roof after them with burst of
 thunder
 Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
 Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or
 priests,
 Their choice nobility and flower, not only
 Of this, but each Philistine city round,
 Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
 Samson, with these immixed, inevitably
 Pulled down the same destruction on him-
 self;
 The vulgar only scaped, who stood with-
 out.
Chor. O dearly bought revenge, yet
 glorious!¹⁶⁶⁰
 Living or dying thou hast fulfilled
 The work for which thou wast foretold
 To Israel, and now liest victorious
 Among thy slain self-killed;
 Not willingly, but tangled in the fold
 Of dire Necessity, whose law in death con-
 joined
 Thee with thy slaughtered foes, in number
 more
 Than all thy life had slain before.
Semichor. While their hearts were jo-
 cund and sublime,
 Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine¹⁶⁷⁰
 And fat regorged of bulls and goats,
 Chaunting their idol, and preferring
 Before our Living Dread, who dwells
 In Silo, his bright sanctuary,
 Among them he a spirit of phrenzy sent,
 Who hurt their minds,
 And urged them on with mad desire
 To call in haste for their destroyer.
 They, only set on sport and play,
 Unweetingly importuned¹⁶⁸⁰
 Their own destruction to come speedy upon
 them.
 So fond are mortal men,
 Fallen into wrath divine,
 As their own ruin on themselves to invite,
 Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,
 And with blindness internal struck.
Semichor. But he, though blind of sight,
 Despised, and thought extinguished quite,
 With inward eyes illuminated,
 His fiery virtue roused¹⁶⁹⁰
 From under ashes into sudden flame,
 And as an evening Dragon came,
 Assailant on the perched roosts
 And nests in order ranged
 Of tame villatic fowl, but as an Eagle
 His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.

So Virtue, given for lost,
Depressed and overthrown, as seemed,
Like that self-begotten bird
In the Arabian woods embost,
That no second knows nor third,
1700 And lay erewhile a holocaust,
From out her ashy womb now teemed,
Revives, refLOURishes, then vigorous most
When most unactive deemed;
And, though her body die, her fame sur-
vives,

A secular bird, ages of lives.

Man. Come, come; no time for lamenta-
tion now,
Nor much more cause. Samson hath quit
himself

Like Samson, and heroily hath finished
A life heroic, on his enemies
1711 Fully revenged — hath left them years of
mourning,

And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor
Through all Philistine bounds; to Israel
Honour hath left and freedom, let but
them

Find courage to lay hold on this occasion;
To himself and father's house eternal fame;
And, which is best and happiest yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was
feared,

But favouring and assisting to the end. 1720
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no con-
tempt,

Dispraise, or blame; nothing but well and
fair,

And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
Let us go find the body where it lies
Soaked in his enemies' blood, and from the
stream

With lavers pure, and cleansing herbs,
wash off
The clotted gore. I, with what speed the
while
(Gaza is not in plight to say us nay),
Will send for all my kindred, all my
friends,
1730

To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend,
With silent obsequy and funeral train,
Home to his father's house. There will I
build him

A monument, and plant it round with shade
Of laurel ever green and branching palm,
With all his trophies hung, and acts en-
rolled

In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
And from his memory inflame their breasts
To matchless valour and adventures high;
The virgins also shall, on feastful days,
1741 Visit his tomb with flowers, only bewail-
ing

His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

Chor. All is best, though we oft doubt
What the unsearchable dispose
Of Highest Wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.
Oft He seems to hide his face,

But unexpectedly returns,
1750 And to his faithful Champion hath in place
Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza
mourns,

And all that band them to resist
His uncontrollable intent.

His servants He, with new acquist
Of true experience from this great event,
With peace and consolation hath dismissed
And calm of mind, all passion spent.

PART SECOND
LATIN POEMS

Title-page in Edition of 1645:—“*Joannis Miltoni Londinensis Poemata
Quorum pleraque intra annum etatis vigesimum conscripsit. Nunc primum
edita. Londini, Typis R. R., Prostant ad Insignia Principis, in Coemeterio D.
Pauli, apud Humphredum Moseley. 1645.*”

LATIN POEMS

In the first half of the seventeenth century Latin was not only the accepted language for learned writing, and for writing addressed to a European audience, but in many cases it was spontaneously chosen for other and more intimate purposes. Europe, and especially England, was not yet far enough away from the revival of learning to have begun to throw off the spell of the classics. In the universities, of course, the prejudice in favor of Latin was overwhelming, and he was an indifferent scholar who came away from his Alma Mater without having put that language almost as much at his command as the vernacular. In reading Milton's Latin poetry, therefore, we must bear in mind that it was not task-verse, nor mere language exercise, but that almost as a matter of course he put into it, rather than into his English verse, the first enthusiasm of his mind. Indeed, if it were not for the *Nativity Ode*, we should be justified in saying that before the Horton period began, he possessed a much greater facility and poetical power in Latin than in English. As it is, we find in his Latin poetry that record of his poetic boyhood which we look for in vain among the meagre and (with one great exception) disappointing English verse of his early period.

The most obvious interest which attaches to the Latin poems is the definite autobiographic material which they contain. In the first elegy, for example, we learn of Milton's suspension from college, and of the manner in which he employed himself during his enforced vacation. In the sixth elegy occurs the first mention of the *Nativity Ode*, at the close of a noble statement of that poetic creed, making great art in-

separable from great living, which he had already at the age of twenty-one fully developed. Then, set in odd relief against this precocious solemnity, there follows in the seventh elegy an account of a thoroughly boyish and naive love affair, a chance meeting in a London street with a girl whose eyes draw the soul out of his body, — one of those lightning flashes from the clear sky of youth which tell of the summer passion suspended there. In the verses *To Manso*, we get the first announcement of Milton's intention to write an epic poem on the legendary history of Britain, in a connection suggestive of the manner in which the heroic poems of Italy had stimulated and made definite his vague poetical ambitions. In the *Epitaphium Damonis* we learn of his decision, arrived at only after much debate and weighing of the odds, to write in English rather than in Latin.

More interesting even than these scraps of definite information, is the light thrown by the Latin poems upon Milton's relations with the people about him. The second elegy shows us the deep feeling of tenderness which he continued to cherish for his tutor, Thomas Young, after their separation; and furnishes a picture of that worthy *Smectymnuan* which seems to justify the feeling. The verses addressed to his father show us both how carefully and generously the elder Milton provided for his son's growth in all the graces and virtues of the intellect, and also how uneasy the old gentleman became over the refusal of that son to employ his education toward any more definite end than that of becoming a poet skilled to sing of time and eternity. Behind the son's protest against his elder's practicality

there is evident a filial relation of unusual depth and sweetness. Again, in the verses to Salzillo and to Manso, and in the *Epitaphium Damonis*, we get many entertaining glimpses of the friendships which Milton made in Italy. Above all, we get from the Latin poems, as a whole, an understanding of the one great friendship of Milton's life, that with Charles Diodati. The lament upon Diodati's untimely death not only is an exquisite work of art, beautiful with the delicate, pure beauty of the Sicilian lyrists, but it also has a touching humanity very rare in Milton's work.

This latter quality suggests another interest possessed by the Latin poems, namely, the indirect information they convey concerning Milton's character during its plastic period. His enthusiasm for the theatre, his eager holiday interest in the crowds thronging the London parks and suburban pleasure-places, the rapturous praise of English girls to which he is moved by the sight of groups of them promenading in holiday attire, his instantaneous surrender before one pair of challenging eyes, — all this shows a side of Milton unfamiliar to those who know him only through his English verse. The sixth elegy, sent to Diodati at some country-house where Christmas was being celebrated in good old English fashion, has a delightful geniality, not spoiled but only thrown into relief by the mood of strenuousness with which the poem closes. The unrestrained fervor of the lines *On the Approach of Spring* surprises us until we learn from a dozen places in the poems of this period that the lax, voluptuous Ovid was Milton's darling poet among the Latins. Along with these hints of character, we get others of a more familiar kind, — the Puritan boy's indignation over the fact that a godly minister like Young should be compelled to seek sustenance in a foreign country; the Puritan youth's dogma of asceticism as a preparation for the life of poetry; the young bachelor's self-confidence, tingeing the real humility of his feeling toward his father and the venerable Manso with a hint of superb intellectual arrogance behind; and, in the *Ode to Rouse*, the adult

poet's weariness with the wranglings and hoarse disputes of his generation. Milton is Milton still; a knowledge of his Latin poetry can hardly disturb our fundamental conceptions of him; but it is safe to say that no one who is unfamiliar with that poetry can form a true idea of his youth. With only the English poems and letters to judge from, we are left with an uncomfortable sense that young Milton was a young prig; the real dignity of his moral attitude escapes us, because we do not see the opposing forces which he had to overcome.

As to the artistic qualities of this poetry, it would not be profitable to speak here at length. In the main they are qualities of delicacy and felicitousness rather than of strength. They bear a relation to Milton's later English poetry roughly analogous to that which Tennyson's early lyrical experiments bear to his adult work. In them Milton learned his trade of poet, at least on its technical and imitative side. The habit of assimilation, the power to freight his lines with the accumulated riches of past thought, we see here in the making, and we see also how the habit of conveying commonplace thought in a sonorous and magniloquent medium fostered that large Miltonic diction, which was so noble in Milton's own hands, and so intolerably hollow in the hands of his eighteenth-century imitators. It would be wrong, however, to think of these poems as consciously disciplinary. When they were written, the chances seemed even that Milton's main work as poet would be in Latin rather than in English; they represent sincere creative effort, and offer many rare intrinsic beauties in spite of their immaturity.

To see most clearly what Milton could have accomplished in neo-Latin poetry, we must turn to the few pieces written after his apprenticeship had passed, and especially to the *Epitaphium Damonis*. No more convincing proof is needed of the artistic sincerity of Milton's Latin poetry than the fact that he chose the Latin medium for this threnody. For sweet directness of feeling, undiverted by the conventional

mould into which it is thrown, it challenges comparison with Moschus himself, of whose lament for Bion it is formally an imitation. To place the *Epitaphium Damonis* beside *Lycidas* is to show the difference between pastoral poetry in its early purity and pastoral poetry after it had gathered up the confused riches of the Renaissance. *Lycidas* is more splendid; the poet's imagination circles out from his theme with a mightier wing, and lays under contribution a wider area of suggestion: but the *Epitaphium Damonis* has a unity, a plaintive clinging to its grief, a touching absorption in the familiar aspects of the life it mourns, which compensate for its narrower range. This effect of unity is subtly heightened by the recurrence of the plaint:—

"*Ite domum, impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni,*"
 interrupting the pastoral pictures as they drift by in lovely succession. The episodic passages descriptive of Milton's experiences at Florence, of the Manso cups, and of the incepted epic upon King Arthur, might seem to be exceptions to the unity of design. Such episodes, however, were traditional in poetry of the kind; and they serve, by the touch of garrulous egotism that is in them, to heighten the effect of naïveté proper to the speaker. The conclusion is similar to that of *Lycidas*, but touched with a wilder phantasy. Perhaps no passage in Milton is so original, so daring, as this, where the joys of the redeemed soul in Paradise are represented under the symbolism of the Dionysiac orgies.

NOTE BY THE REVISER

In the judgment of the reviser, Mr. Moody's translation of the Latin poems, like his sympathetic account of their literary qualities, is extraordinarily fine. His purpose, as explained in his prefatory note, is to add a literal rendering in prose to the metrical versions of Cowper, Strutt, and Masson. But literalness does not mean, necessarily, literal truth to grammar, which often has to be sacrificed for higher considerations of color, form, and idea. In certain cases, Mr. Moody undertakes so to translate as to avoid the necessity of a note, thus interweaving comment with translation. In the opinion of some readers, he has deviated too widely from the text. There are some actual errors, which call for emendation. There are not infrequent omissions, particularly of adjectives, due, the reviser believes, not to Mr. Moody's failure to see the words or to understand their meaning, but to his effort to turn good Latin style into good English style by an occasional pruning of stock epithets and other not indispensable adornments. Now and then he yields to his own imagination, creating the stuff of poetry, but not what Milton designed. The reviser, with some misgiving, has restored most

of the omitted words, and in other regards attempted a closer conformity to the text. He only hopes that in this process, the fine flavor of the original version has not wholly disappeared.

The text adopted by Mr. Moody is substantially that of Masson, a few unimportant pieces being relegated, without translation, to the Appendix. For the revision, the text has been compared with the first edition of 1645 and that of 1673, a few misprints have been corrected, and a very few changes in Masson's punctuation introduced, most of them agreeing with that of the early editions. One emendation, by Warton, has been accepted (see p. 354, l. 171). The only noticeable innovation is the total exclusion of the letter *j*. A study of the facsimiles of autograph pages of Milton given by Beeching in his edition of 1900 aroused the suspicion that the letter which resembles *j* is really no more *j* than it is *i*. This suspicion was confirmed by Dr. Falconer Madan, formerly director of the Bodleian Library at Oxford, who, at the writer's request, examined the autograph manuscript of Milton's *Ode to Rouse*. The same form of the letter is used throughout; it natu-

rally should be printed always *i* rather than always *j*. (See *Modern Philology*, vol. xix, pp. 315 ff.) Milton's practice in this matter was that of the Humanists of the earlier Renaissance, not that of the printers of his day.

E. K. RAND.

LATIN POEMS

[DE AUCTORE TESTIMONIA]

Hæc quæ sequuntur de Authore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quam supra se esse dicta, eo quod præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici, ita fere solent laudare ut omnia suis patiis virtutibus quam veritati congruentia nimis cupide affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam, cum alii presertim ut id faceret magno pere suaderent. Dum enim nimia laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibique quod plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, iudicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat negare non potest.

IOANNES BAPTISTA MANSUS, MARCHIO VILLENSIS NEAPOLITANUS, AD IOANNEM MILTONUM ANGLUM

Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non Anglus, verum hercule Angelus ipse,
fores.

AD IOANNEM MILTONEM ANGLUM, TRIPLOI POESEOS LAUREA CORONANDUM, GRÆCA NIMIRUM, LATINA, ATQUE HERUSCÆ, EPIGRAMMA IOANNIS SALSILLI ROMANI

Cede, Meles; cedat depressa Mincius urna;
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui;
At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas;
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

AD IOANNEM MILTONUM

Græcia Mæonidem, iactet sibi Roma Maronem;
Anglia Miltonum iactat utrique parem.
SELVAGGI.

AL SIGNOR GIO. MILTONI, NOBILE INGLESE

ODE

Ergimi all' Etra o Clio,
Perchè di stelle intreccierò corona!
Non più del biondo Dio
La fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicona
Dienisi a merto maggior maggiori i fregi,
A celeste virtù celesti pregi.

Non può del Tempo edace
Rimaner preda eterno alto valore;
Non può l' obbligo rapace
Furar dalle memorie eccelso onore.
Sull' arco di mia cетra un dardo forte
Virtù m' adatti, e ferirò la Morte.

Dell' Ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorghi Anglia risiede
Separata dal mondo,
Però che il suo valor l' umano eccede:
Questa feconda sà produrre Eroi,
Ch' hanno a ragion del sovruman tra noi.

Alla virtù sbandita
Danno nei petti lor fido ricetto,
Quella gli è sol gradita,
Perchè in lei san trovar gioia e diletto;
Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto,
Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal patrio lido
Spinse Zeusi l' industre ardente brama;
Ch' udio d' Helena il grido
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle più belle Idee trasse il più raro.

Così l' ape ingegnosa
Traqe con industria il suo liquor pregiato
Dal giglio e dalla rosa,
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;
Formano un dolce suon diverse chorde,
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amante
Milton, dal Ciel natio, per varie parti
Le peregrine piante
Volgesti a ricercar scienze ed arti;
Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi più degni.

Fabro quasi divino,
Sol virtù rintracciando, il tuo pensiero
Vide in ogni confino
Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero;
L' ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliea
Per fabbricar d'ogni virtù l' Idea.

Quanti nacquero in Flora,
O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l'arte,
La cui memoria onora 51
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,
E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.

Nell' altera Babelle
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,
Che per varie favelle
Di se stessa trofeo cadde sul piano:
Ch' ode, oltr' all' Anglia, il suo più degno
idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia, e
Roma. 60

I più profondi arcani
Ch' occulta la Natura, e in cielo e in terra,
Ch' a Ingegni sovrumanî
Troppo avara talor gli chiude, e serra,
Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non batta il Tempo l' ale,
Fermisi immoto, e in un fermarsi gli anni,
Che di virtù immortale
Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi ai danni; 70
Che s' opre degne di poema e storia
Furon già, l' hai presenti alla memoria.

Dammi tua dolce Cetra,
Se vuoi ch' io dica del tuo dolce canto,
Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra
Di farti uomo celeste ottiene il vanto;
Il Tamigi il dirà, chè gli è concesso
Per te, suo cigno, pareggiar Permesso.

Io, che in riva dell' Arno
Tento spiegar tuo merto alto e preclaro, 80
So che fatico indarno,
E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;
Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core,
Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

Del Sig. ANTONIO FRANCINI,
Gentiluomo Fiorentino.

IOANNI MILTONI LONDINENSI

Iuveni patriâ, virtutibus, eximio:

Viro qui multa peregrinatione, studio
cuncta, orbis terrarum loca perspexit, ut,
novus Ulysses, omnia ubique ab omnibus
apprehenderet:

Polyglotto, in cuius ore linguae iam de-
perditæ sic reviviscent ut idiomata omnia
sint in eius laudibus infacunda; et iure ea
percallet ut admirationes et plausus popu-
lorum ab propriâ sapientiâ excitatos intel-
ligat:

Illi, cuius animi dotes corporisque sen-
sus ad admirationem commovent, et per
ipsam motum cuique auferunt; cuius opera
ad plausus hortantur, sed venustate vocem
laudatoribus admidunt:

Cui in memoriâ totus orbis; in intellectu
sapientia; in voluntate ardor gloriæ; in
ore eloquentia; harmonicos cælestium
sphærarum sonitus Astronomiâ duce audi-
enti; characteres mirabilium naturæ per
quos Dei magnitudo describitur magistrâ
Philosophiâ legenti; antiquitatum latebras,
vetustatis excidia, eruditiois ambages, co-
mite assiduâ autorum lectione,

Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti
(At cur nitor in arduum?):

Illi in cuius virtutibus evulgandis ora
Famæ non sufficient, nec hominum stupor
in laudandis satis est, reverentia et amori-
ris ergo hoc eius meritis debitum admir-
ationis tributum offert

CAROLUS DATUS, Patricius Florentinus,
tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator.

ELEGIARUM LIBER — ELEGIES AND EPIGRAMS

ELEGIA PRIMA

AD CAROLUM DIODATUM

ELEGY I

To CHARLES DIODATI

This verse-letter marks the occasion of Milton's rustication from college during his second academic year, 1625-26, owing to a dispute with his tutor, William Chappell (see introductory biography). It is addressed to his bosom friend Charles Diodati, to whom also the sixth Latin Elegy and the Italian canzone are addressed, and in whose memory the *Epitaphium Damontis* was written. Diodati was the son of an Italian father — a physician settled in London — and an English mother. Milton's acquaintance with him, begun at St. Paul's School, continued after Diodati went up to Oxford, two years before Milton went to Cambridge. When the present epistle was written, Diodati had taken his first degree, and was visiting in the neighborhood of Chester.

The chief interest of the elegy, besides the light it throws on the incident of Milton's rustication and his feeling toward his college, lies

in the account which he gives of his pastimes during this period of enforced vacation. The enthusiastic account of his theatre-going is especially noteworthy, though ambiguity exists throughout the passage as to whether actual stage representations or merely the reading of drama is meant, an ambiguity which is increased by the fact that the illustrations seem drawn equally from Roman comedy and Greek tragedy, and from the contemporary drama of England. He also recounts his walks in the streets and parks of London, with a youthful zest and freshness doubly delightful in a character like his. His praise of the girls whom he encounters, though couched in the conventional language of pseudo-classic poetry, is thoroughly youthful and gay; even here, however, there is a touch of strenuousness at the end, none the less earnest for being half-playfully uttered.

TANDEM, chare, tuae mihi pervenere tabellæ,

Pertulit et voces nuntia charta tuas;

Pertulit occiduā Deva Cestrensis ab ora

Vergivium prono quā petit amne salum.

Multū, crede, iuvat terras aluisse remotas

Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput,

Quoddque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua
sodalem

Debet, at unde brevi reddere iussa velit.

Me tenet urbs refluā quam Thamesis alluit
undā,

Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.

Iam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere
Camum,

Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.

Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia
molles;

Quām male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!

Nec duri libet usque minas perferre Magis-
tri,

At last, dear friend, your letter has reached me; the missive paper bears me your words from the western shore of the Dee, by Chester, where that river goes down swiftly to the Irish Sea. Much joy it gives me to think that a far-off country keeps well for me so dear a head as yours, and a heart that loves me; and that this distant region owes me my merry mate, — aye, and will soon repay him at my prayers. That city which Thames washes with her tidal wave keeps me fast, nor does my pleasant birth-place detain me against my will. I have no wish to go back to reedy Cam; I feel no homesickness for that forbidden college room of mine. The bare fields there, niggard of pleasant shade, do not please me. How ill does that place suit with poets! I have no fancy to endure forever my stern master's threats or those

Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.
Si sit hoc exilium, patrios adiisse penates,
Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,
Non ego vel profugi nomen sortemve re-
cuso,

Lætus et exilii conditione fruor. 20
O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset
Ille Tomitano fœbœlis exul agro;
Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero,
Neve foret victo laus tibi prima, Maro.
Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera
Musis,

Et totum rapiunt me, mea vita, libri.
Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,
Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.
Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus
hæres,

Seu procul, aut positâ casside miles
adest, 30
Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus
Detonat inœlto barbara verba foro;
Sæpe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti,
Et nasum rigidè fallit ubique patris;
Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores

Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit
amat:
Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragedia scep-
trum

Quassat, et effusis crinibus ora rotat;
Et dolet, et specto, iuvat et spectasse
dolendo;

Interdum et lacrymis dulcis amaror
inest: 40

Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
Gaudia, et abrupto fiendus amore cadit;
Seu ferus e tenebris iterat Styga criminis
ultor,

Conscia funereo pectora torre movens;
Seu mæret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili,
Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.
Seu neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe

latemus,

Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.
Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ consitus
ulmo,

Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci. 50
Sæpius hic, blandas spirantia sidera flam-
mas,

Virgineos videas præterisse choros.
Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ
Quæ possit senium vel reparare Iovis!

other actions at which my nature rebelled. If this is "exile," to live under my fathers' roof and be free to use my leisure pleasantly, I will not repudiate either the name of outcast or his lot, but will in all happiness enjoy this state of exile. Oh would that Ovid, sad exile in the fields of Thrace, had never suffered a worse lot! Then he would have yielded not a whit even to Ionian Homer, nor would the first praise be thine, Virgil, for he would have vanquished thee.

I have time free now to give to the tranquil Muses. My books — my very life — claim me wholly. When I am weary, the pomp of the theatre with its sweeping pall awaits me, and the garrulous stage invites me to its own applause. Sometimes the cautious old man holds the scene, or the prodigal heir, or the wooer, or the soldier with his helmet laid aside; or the lawyer, pregnant with a ten-years' suit, thunders barbarous words before an ignorant court. The wily servant helps his young master in his love-scrapes, and tricks the stern father under his very nose; and the girl, wondering at the new ardor that fill her, knows not what love is, and while she knows not, loves. Then frenzied Tragedy shakes her bloody sceptre, and rolls her eyes under her disheveled hair. I suffer and yet I gaze, and find it good to suffer and gaze. A sweet bitterness now and then mingles with my tears as I see some hapless boy leave all his joys untasted and fall lamentable for the rending of his love; or when the fierce avenger of crime re-crosses Styx out of the shades, and terrifies conscious breasts with baleful torch; or when the house of Pelops mourns, or mourns the noble house of Ilus; or when the hall of Creon atones for the incest of its ancestors.

But I do not stay indoors always, nor even in town; I do not let the spring slip by unused. I visit the neighboring park, thick-set with elms or the noble shade of some suburban place. There often one may see the virgin bands go past, stars that breathe alluring flames. Ah, how many times have I stood stupefied before the miracle of some gracious form, such as might give old Jove his youth again! Ah, how many

Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,
 Atque faces quotquot volvit uterque
 polus;
 Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vin-
 cant,
 Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via,
 Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque
 capillos,
 Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor; 60
 Pellacesque genas, ad quas hyacinthina
 sordet
 Purpura et ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor!
 Cedite laudatæ toties Herœides olim,
 Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Io-
 vem;
 Cedite Achæmeniæ turritæ fronte puellæ,
 Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque
 Ninon;
 Vos etiam Danaæ fasces submittite nym-
 phæ,
 Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus;
 Nec Pompeianas Tarpæia Musa columnas
 Iactet, et Ausoniis plena theatra stolis. 70
 Gloria virginibus debetur prima Britannis;
 Extera sat tibi sit foemina posse sequi.
 Tuque urbs Dardaniis, Londinum, structa
 colonis,
 Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,
 Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis
 Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.
 Non tibi tot cælo scintillant astra sereno,
 Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ,
 Quot tibi conspicuæ formâque auroque
 puelle
 Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.
 Creditur huc geminis venisse inventa co-
 lumbis 81
 Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,
 Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simoentis flumine
 valles,
 Huic Paphon, et roseam posthabitura
 Cypron.
 Ast ego, dum pueri sinit indulgentia æcci,
 Mœnia quâm subitō linquere fausta paro;
 Et vitare procul malefideæ infamia Circes
 Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.
 Stat quoque iuncosas Cami remeare pa-
 ludes,
 Atque iterum raucae murmur adire
 Scholæ. 90
 Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
 Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

times have I seen eyes brighter than gems, brighter than all the fires that roll about either pole, necks whiter than the arms of Pelops, twice called to life, or the Milky Way that flows with pure nectar! And exquisite grace of brow, and floating locks, — golden nets which Love casts deceivingly, — inviting cheeks, to which the purple of the hyacinth, yea, even the blush of thy flower, Adonis, is dull! Yield, ye Herœides so praised of yore, and all ye loves that snared gadding Jove! Yield, ye Persian damsels with your turreted brows; and all ye who dwell in Susa, in Memnonian Nineveh! Even ye, maidens of Danaüs, lower the fasces; and ye Trojan brides, and ye of the race of Romulus! Let not the poet who lived by the Tarpeian rock [Ovid] boast the dames of Pompey's porch, nor the theatre full of Roman stoles. To the virgins of Britain first glory is due; suffice it, foreign woman, that thou canst follow them! And thou city of London, built by Dardanian colonists, thy towered head conspicuous far and wide, thou, too happy, encloseth with thy walls whatever beauty the pendulous Earth owns. Not so many stars twinkle over thee in the clear nigh' sky, ministrant troops of Endymion's god dess, as through thy highways throng troops of girls, bright with beauty and with gold, drawing all eyes with their radiance. Men say that hither blessed Venus came, escorted by her quivered soldier-boy, drawn by twin doves, willing to love London more than Cnidos, or the vales watered by the stream of Simoëis, or Paphos, or rosy Cyprus.

But for my part, while the blind boy grants me immunity, I make ready to leave these fortunate walls as quickly as I may; and avoid far off the evil halls of Circe the deceiver, using the help of moly, that heavenly plant. It has been arranged for me to go back to the bulrush swamps of Cam, and to the raucous murmur of the school. Meanwhile take this poor gift of a faithful friend, these few words constrained into the measure of elegy.

ELEGIA SECUNDA

Anno etatis 17

IN OBITUM PRÆCONIS ACADEMICI CANTABRIGIENSIS

ELEGY II

ON THE DEATH OF THE UNIVERSITY BEADLE

The person to whose memory this elegy is addressed, Richard Riddings, M.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge, died in the autumn of 1626, near the beginning of Milton's third year at the University. Three persons at Cambridge bear the title of Esquire Bedel (Latin *praeco*, herald or crier). Their duties are, to bear the mace before the Chancellor on solemn occasions, and to give summons. The office is one of considerable dignity, and has a

Te, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas
 Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,
 Ultima præconum præconem te quoque
 sœva
 Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.
 Candidora licet fuerint tibi tempora plu-
 mis
 Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Iovem,
 O dignus tamen Hæmonio iuvenescere
 succo,
 Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,
 Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab
 undis
 Arte Coronides, sœpe rogante deâ. 10
 Tu si iussus eras acies accire togatas,
 Et celer a Phœbo nuntius ire tuo,
 Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenus aulâ
 Alipes, æthereâ missus ab arce Patris;
 Talis et Eurybates ante ora furentis Achil-
 lei
 Rettulit Atridæ iussa severa ducis.
 Magna sepulchrorum regina, satelles
 Averni,
 Sœva nimis Musis, Palladi sœva nimis,
 Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terra?
 Turba quidem est telis ista petenda
 tuis. 20
 Vestibus hunc igitur pullis, Academia, luge,
 Et madeant lacrymis nigra feretra tuis.
 Fundat et ipsa modos querebunda Elegæia
 tristes,
 Personet et totis nænia mœsta scholis.

life tenure. The opening lines of the elegy have a suspicion of humor in them, but it is safe to say that Milton's tribute was meant in all seriousness. At any rate, the passing away of a picturesque figure from the University life gave the young Latinist too good an opportunity for versifying to be neglected. The date-heading, *anno etatis 17*, is here and elsewhere misleading; Milton was, in the autumn of 1626, near the end of his eighteenth year.

As beadle, you were wont, standing conspicuous with your shining staff, to assemble the flock of Pallas: but now Death, the ultimate beadle, savagely arrests you, too, beadle, and shows no favor even to his own office. 'Tis true, the locks of your temples were whiter than the swan-plumes under which Jove is storied to have hid, but O, you deserved to grow young again like Æson, with the simples drawn by Medea from the flowers of Hæmonvale! Esculapius, son of Coronis, heeding the goddess's prayers importunate, should have called you back with his healing art from the Stygian waves. Whenever you were ordered to go as a swift herald from your Apollo [the vice-chancellor of the university] and bring together the togaed hosts, you stood like wing-foot Hermes in the Trojan halls, sent from the ethereal citadel of his Father; or like the herald Eurybates, when before the stormy face of Achilles he delivered the stern demands of King Agamemnon. O thou great queen of sepulchres, handmaid of Avernus, too harsh to the Muses and the arts of Pallas, why shouldst thou not seize instead some human clod, some useless weight of earth? Against such rabble thy arrows might better be aimed. O Academe, grieve in mourning vestment for this good man, and bedew his dark bier with thy tears. Let complaining Elegy pour out her sad strains, and let a mournful dirge ring through all the schools.

ELEGIA TERTIA

Anno etatis 17

IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS WINTONIENSIS

ELEGY III

ON THE DEATH OF DR. ANDREWES, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER

The subject of this elegy, Dr. Launcelot Andrewes, died in September, 1626, at the close of the second long vacation of Milton's academic course. He was a fit subject for eulogy at the hands of young Cantabrigians, because he not only was a Cambridge man,

Mæstus eram, et tacitus, nullo comitante,
sedebam,
Hærebantque animo tristia plura meo:
Protinus en subiit funestæ cladis imago
Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo;
Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes
marmore turres
Dira sepulchrali Mors metuenda face,
Pulsavitque auro gravidos et iaspide muros,
Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce
greges.
Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque
verendi,
Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis; 10
Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera
raptos,
Flevit et amissos Belgia tota duces.
At te præcipuè luxi, dignissime Præsul,
Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tua;
Delicui fletu, et tristi sic ore querebar:
“Mors fera, Tartareo diva secunda Iovi,
Nonne satis quod sylva tuas persentiat iras,
Et quod in herbosus ius tibi detur agros,
Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,
Et crocus, et pulchræ Cypriди sacra rosa?
Nec sinis ut semper fluvio contermina quer-

cus 21

Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ;
Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima cælo
Evehitur pennis, quamlibet augur, avis,
Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis,
Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pe-
cus.

but had at one time been Master of Pembroke Hall. The tone of the elegy affords a curious contrast to Milton's later utterances, in his anti-episcopal pamphlets, concerning this same bishop.

SAD and silent I sat, comradeless; and many griefs clung about my soul. Then suddenly, behold, there arose before me an image of the deadly plague which Libitina spread on English soil, when dire Death, fearful with his sepulchral torch, entered the glorious marble towers of the great, shook the walls heavy with jasper and gold, and feared not to lay low with his scythe the host of princes. Then I thought on that illustrious duke [Duke Christian of Brunswick, a victim of the War of the Palatinate] and his worshipped brother-in-arms, whose bones were consumed on untimely pyres; and I thought on those heroes whom all Belgia saw snatched away to the skies, — saw, and wept her lost leaders. But for you chiefly I grieved, good Bishop, once the great glory of your Winchester. I melted in tears, and with sad lip thus complained: “Cruel Death, second among gods to Tartarean Jove, is it then not enough that the woods should feel thy wrath, and that power should be given thee over the green things of the fields? That, touched by thy pestilent breath, the lily withers, and the crocus, and the rose sacred to beautiful Cypris? Thou dost not permit the oak to stand forever by the stream, looking at the slipping-by of the water. To thee succumb the birds, as many as are borne on wings through the liquid sky, — even the birds, though they give augury; and all the thousand animals that roam the dark forests; and the dumb herd that the caves of Proteus shelter.

Invida, tanta tibi cum sit concessa potestas,
 Quid iuvat humanâ tingere cæde manus?
 Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,
 Semideamque animam sede fugasse
 suâ?"³⁰
 Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore
 volvo,
 Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,
 Et Tartessiaco submerserat æquore currum
 Phœbus, ab Eō littore mensus iter.
 Nec mora; membra cavo posui refovenda
 cubili;
 Condiderant oculos noxque soporque
 meos,
 Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro;
 Heu! nequit ingenium visa referre
 meum.
 Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
 Ut matutinum cum iuga sole rubent;⁴⁰
 Ac velut cum pandit opes Thaumantia
 proles
 Vestitu nituit multicolore solum;
 Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
 Alcinoi Zephyro Chloris amata levi.
 Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea cam-
 pos;
 Ditiō Hesperio flavet arena Tago;
 Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Fa-
 voni,
 Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis:
 Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
 Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.⁵⁰
 Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus um-
 bras
 Et pelluentes miror ubique locos,
 Ecce mihi subitò Præsul Wintonius astat!
 Sidereum nitido fulsit in ore iubar;
 Vestis ad auratos defluit candida talos;
 Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.
 Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus
 amictu,
 Intremuit lato florea terra sono;
 Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cælestia pen-
 nis;
 Pura triumphali personat æthra tubâ.⁶⁰
 Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque
 salutat,
 Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore
 sonos:
 "Nate, veni, et patrii felix cape gaudia
 regni;
 Semper abhinc duro, nate, labore vaca."

Envious! When so much power has been granted thee, what does it pleasure thee to steep thy hands in human slaughter, sharpen thy certain arrows to pierce a noble breast, and drive from its tenement a soul half-divine?"

While thus with tears I brooded in the depth of my heart, dewy Hesperus rose from the western waters; for Phœbus, having measured out his journey from the shores of dawn, had submerged his chariot in the seas beyond Spain. Forthwith I laid my limbs upon my pliant bed to be refreshed by sleep. Night and slumber had closed my eyes, when suddenly I seemed to be walking in a wide field. Alas, I have no gift to tell what I saw! There all things shone with a purpureal light, as when the mountain tops are flushed with the morning sun; and the earth gleamed with a vesture of many colors, even as when Iris scatters her wealth abroad. Not with so various flowers did Chloris, goddess loved of light Zephyr, adorn the gardens of King Alcinoüs. Silver streams laved the green champaign; the sand shone richer than Hesperian Tagus. Through the odorous leafage breathed the light breath of Favonius, rising humid from under bowers of roses. Such a place men fable the home of the King of Light to be, far on the shores beyond Ganges. As I stood wondering at the dense shadows of the clustered vines and the radiance of these places everywhere, behold, suddenly before me stood Winchester's bishop! His face shone with glory like the stars; down to his golden sandals his robe flowed all candid; a white fillet encircled his saintly head. As the old man, thus venerably clad, walked on, the flowery earth trembled with joyful sound; hosts of angels clapped their jewelled wings, and through the air rang out a clear, triumphal horn. Each angel saluted his new comrade with embrace and song; and from the placid lips of One came these words: "Come, son, enjoy the gladness of thy father's realm; rest henceforth from thy hard labors." As He

Dixit, et aligeræ tetigerunt nablia turmæ;
At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies;
Flebam turbatos Cephaleiā pellice somnos.
Talia contingent somnia sœpe mihi!

spoke, the winged choirs touched their psaltries. But from me my golden rest fled with the darkness, and I was left weeping that the Dawn, paramour of Cephalus, had stirred my sleep. May the like dreams come to me often again!

ELEGIA QUARTA

*Anno etatis 18*AD THOMAM IUNIUM, PRÆCEPTOREM SUUM, APUD MERCATORES ANGLICOS
HAMBURGÆ AGENTES PASTORIS MUNERE FUNGENTEM

ELEGY IV

TO HIS TUTOR, THOMAS YOUNG, CHAPLAIN TO THE ENGLISH MERCHANTS AT HAMBURG

Thomas Young, a young Scotch divine who had come to England in the wake of King James, had been Milton's domestic tutor, and had probably continued in that capacity after the boy was sent to St. Paul's School. Two years before Milton left St. Paul's, Young accepted a position abroad as minister of a Protestant church supported by the English merchants resident at Hamburg in Germany. The present verse-letter, written in 1627, some years after Young's departure, shows by its tone of tenderness and solicitude that, in spite of his dilatoriness in writing, Milton still cherished a sincere affection for his former tutor. He compares his love for Young to that of Alcibiades for Socrates, and plainly states his debt to him for initiation into the delights of classical literature. Milton's references to the troubled state of Germany, and the danger to which Young is exposed, will be made clear by remembering that in 1627 the Thirty Years' War had entered upon its second stage, with Tilly and Wallenstein at the head of the Imperialist forces, and Christian IV. of Denmark as champion of the Protestant cause. When the present epistle was written,

the Imperialist army was reported in England to be on the point of laying siege to Hamburg. This circumstance serves to inflame Milton's indignation over the callousness of England, who had allowed one of her most righteous sons to be driven abroad for sustenance.

The prophecy with which the epistle closes, that Young would soon see his native shores again, was fulfilled in the same or the following year. He received a living at Stowmarket, Suffolk, and held it uninterruptedly until the close of his life in 1655. When the Long Parliament met to inaugurate a new state of things in the church, Young came forward with the famous pamphlet against Bishop Hall and his defence of Episcopacy. This pamphlet was signed *Smectymnuus*, a name made up from the initials of Young and the four other ministers who had collaborated in the production; it was the first of the remarkable series of Smectymnuan pamphlets to which Milton contributed. After Milton's break with the Presbyterians, and his embroilment in the divorce controversy, his intimacy with Young probably ceased.

CURRE per immensum subitō, mea littera,
pontum;

I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros;
Segnes rumpe moras, et nil, precor, obstet
eunti,

Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.

Ipse ego Sicario frænamentum carcere ventos
Æolon, et virides sollicitabo Deos,
Cæruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nym-
phis,

Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.
At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume iugales,
Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri; 10

RUN through the great sea, my letter;
go, over the smooth waters seek the shores
of Germany. Tarry not; let nothing, I
pray, stand in the way of your going; let
nothing impair your haste. I myself will
pray to *Aeolus*, who chains the winds in his
Sicilian cave, and to all the green-haired
gods, and to cerulean Doris with her nymphs,
that they give you a quiet way through their
realms. But do you, if possible, get for
yourself that swift dragon-team, where-
with Medea fled from the face of her hus-

Aut quis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in
 oras,
 Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer.
 Atque, ubi Germanas flavere videbis are-
 nas,
 Dicitis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,
 Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ
 Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.
 Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore
 Præsul Christicolas pascere doctus oves;
 Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera
 nostræ;
 Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego. 20
 Hei mihi, quot pelagi, quot montes inter-
 iecti,
 Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei!
 Charior ille mihi quâm tu, doctissime
 Graitum,
 Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat;
 Quâmque Stagirites generoso magnus
 alumno,
 Quem peperit Lybico Chaonis alma Iovi.
 Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyrœius he-
 ros
 Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.
 Primus ego Aonios illo præeunte recessus
 Lustrabam, et bifidi sacra vireta iugi, 30
 Pieriosque hausi latices, Clioque favente
 Castalio sparsi lœta ter ora mero.
 Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis
 Æthon
 Induxit auro lanae terga novo,
 Bisque novo terram sparsisti, Chlori, seni-
 lem
 Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster
 opes;
 Necdum eius licuit mihi lumina pascere
 vultu,
 Aut linguae dulces aure bibisse sonos.
 Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte
 sonorum;
 Quâm sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa
 vides. 40
 Invenies dulci cum coniuge fortè sedentem,
 Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo;
 Forsan aut veterum prælarga volumina
 Patrum
 Versantem, aut veri Biblia sacra Dei,
 Cælestive animas saturantem rore tenellas,
 Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.
 Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salu-
 tem,

band; or that with which the boy Triptolemus came into Scythia, a welcome messenger from Eleusis. And when you shall see the German sands gleam, turn your course to the walls of wealthy Hamburg, which takes its name, they say, from Hama, slain by the club of the Danish giant. There a priest of honored fame for ancient piety dwells, skilled to pasture the flocks of Christ. He is the other half of my soul. yea, more; without him I am forced to live a half-life. Ah me, how many seas, how many mountains, interpose to part me from my other self! Dearer he is to me than wert thou, Socrates, wisest of Greeks, to Alcibiades, who had Telamon for ancestor; dearer than the great Stagyrite to his high-born pupil Alexander, whom kindly Olympias of Chaonia bore to Lybian Jove. As to the King of the Myrmidons was Phoenix, the son of Amyntor, or Chiron, son of nymph Philyra, such is this man to me. I followed his footsteps when I first wandered through the hollows of the Aonian mount, and through the sacred groves of the twice cloven hill; with him I first drank the waters of the Pierian spring, and under favor of Clio wet my happy lips thrice with wine of Castaly. But flame-clad Æthon, the sun-hero, had three times seen the sign of the ram, and clothed the woolly back with new gold; and twice, O Flora, thou hadst sprinkled the old earth with new verdure, and twice had Auster, the South-wind, stolen away thy wealth, nor yet was it granted mine eyes to feast upon this man's face, or mine ears to drink in the sweet tones of his voice.

Go, then, and outstrip in your flight the sonorous East-wind. What need there is of admonition, occasion teaches and you yourself can see. Perchance you will come upon him as he sits with his sweet wife, fondling in his breast the dear pledges of their love; or perchance as he turns the massive tomes of the ancient Fathers, or the sacred books of the true God; or as he sprinkles with heavenly dew the souls not yet grown strong in faith, — great work of healing religion. Take care to give him

Dicere quam decuit, si modo adesset,
herum.
Hæc quoque, paulum oculos in humum
defixa modestos,
Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui: 50
"Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia
Musis,
Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.
Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem;
Fiat et hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.
Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta
recepit
Icaris a lento Penelopeia viro.
Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere cri-
men,
Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit?
Arguitur tardus meritum, noxamque fatetur,
Et pudet officium deseruisse suum. 60
Tu modum da veniam fasso, veniamque ro-
ganti;
Crimina diminui quæ patuere solent.
Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,
Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.
Sæpe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis
Supplicis ad moestas delicuere preces;
Extensemque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
Placat et iratos hostia parva Deos.
Iamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,
Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor;
Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera
malorum! 71
In tibi finitimus bella tumere locis,
Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite
cinci,
Et iam Saxonicos arma parasse duces.
Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,
Et sata carne virum iam cruar
rigat.
Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Mar-
tem;
Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos;
Perpetuoque comans iam deflorescit oliva;
Fugit et æris onam Diva perosa tubam, &
Fugit, io! terris, et iam non ultima Virgo
Creditur ad superas iusta volasse domos.
Te tamen interea belli circumsonat horror,
Vivis et ignoto solus inopsque solo;
Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates,
Sede peregrinæ quæris egenus opem.

fair greeting, as is wont, and to say what it would beseem your master to say if he were there. Remember, fixing your modest eyes a while on the ground, to speak these words, shyly: "These verses — if there is time in the midst of battles for the gentle Muses — a faithful hand sends thee from the English shore. Accept his heart-felt greeting, late though it be. Aye, let it come all the welcomer for that. Late indeed, but true, was that greeting which chaste Penelope, daughter of Icarus, received from her tardy husband. But why should I seek to clear away a patent fault which my master can in no wise extenuate? Justly he is proved dilatory, and confesses the wrong; he is ashamed to have put off the performance of such a duty. Grant grace to a sinner confessed, a sinner pleading. Wrongs revealed lose half their weight. The wild beast does not open his yawning jaws upon a trembling victim; the lion will not wound with his claw those who lie prone. The cruel hearts of pike-bearing Thracians have often melted at the mournful cry of a suppliant: hands stretched out in appeal avert the lightning-stroke, and a little offering placates the anger of Gods.

"For a long time now he has been moved to write thee, and now at last Love would not suffer more delay; for vague Rumor — alas, true messenger of ill! — says that thy neighborhood is big with wars, that thou and thy city are girt about with truculent soldiery, and that the Saxon chiefs are already in arms. About thee far and wide Enyo the war goddess lays waste the fields, and blood drenches the ground sown with the bodies of men. Mars deserts his Odrysian horses. The olive, always green, now withers; and the Goddess who hates the trumpet's brazen clang has fled — look! she has fled from earth, and already the Maid of Justice, not waiting till the end, is thought to have flown to the celestial realms. Meanwhile about thee sounds the horror of war, where thou livest alone and poor in a strange land. Thou must needs seek in foreign parts the sustenance which thy fatherland denies thee. Fatherland,

Patria, dura parens, et saxis sævior albis
 Spumea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,
 Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fœtus,
 Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum,
 Et sinis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis
 Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,
 Et qui lœta ferunt de cœlo nuntia, quique
 Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra
 docent?
 Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clausa
 tenebris,
 Æternâque animæ digna perire fame!
 Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim
 Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede,
 Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis
 Achabi
 Effugit, atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.
 Talis et, horrisono laceratus membra flage-
 gello,
 Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix;
 Piscosæque ipsum Gergesse civis Iesum
 Finibus ingratius iussit abire suis.
 At tu sume animos, nec spes cadat anxia
 curis,
 Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.
 Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus
 armis,
 Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
 At nullis vel inerne latus violabitur armis,
 Deque tuo cuspis nulla crux bibet. 110
 Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide
 tutus;
 Ille tibi custos, et pugil ille tibi;
 Ille Sionæ qui tot sub moenibus arcis
 Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros;
 Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas
 oras
 Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris;
 Terruit et densas pavido cum rege cohortes,
 Aëre dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,
 Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula
 campum,
 Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum,
 Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella
 ruentum,
 Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta
 virum.

stern parent, harsher than the white rocks beaten by the foam of your shore. does it beseem you so to expose your innocent offspring, so to drive them out — O heart of iron! — into a strange land? Those whom God in his providence sent to thee, bearing good tidings from Heaven, to teach the way to the stars after the body is ashes, — will you force these to seek their food in distant regions? If so, you are worthy to live forever shut in the darkness of death, and to perish with the eternal hunger of the soul! Thus did Elijah the Tishbite of old tread with unaccustomed foot the devious desert ways and the rough wastes of Araby, when he fled from out the hands of King Ahab and of thee, dire Jezebel. Thus, his limbs torn by the harsh-crackling scourge, was Cilician Paul driven from the city of Macedon; and thus even Jesus himself was bidden by the citizens — ungrateful souls! — to depart from the shores of fishy Gergessa.

“But do thou take heart; let not care or worry steal thy hope, nor ashen fear invade thy bones. For though thou art girt about by gleaming arms, and though a thousand arrows threaten death, no weapon shall touch thy naked side, nor from thy blood shall any javelin drink. For thou shalt be safe under the radiant ægis of God. He shall be thy keeper and thy champion; He who, under the walls of Jerusalem, citadel of Zion, overwhelmed so many Assyrian men in the silence of night, and put to flight those whom primeval Damascus had sent from her ancient fields into Samaria. He terrified the dense cohorts and made the king to quake, when on the silence shrilled the clear trumpet, when horny hoofs smote the dust of the field and the chariot in its flight shook the sands, and there was heard the neighing of horses rushing to war, and the clash of iron, and the swelling roar of men. Remember to hope,

Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare mente,
 Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala;
 Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus
 annis,
 Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares."

for that is what is left to the wretched.
 Surmount thy misfortunes great-heartedly.
 And doubt not that better times will come,
 and that once more thou mayst see thine
 old home."

ELEGIA QUINTA

Anno etatis 20

IN ADVENTUM VERIS

ELEGY V

ON THE COMING OF SPRING

Although this poem contains no definite autobiographical matter, it throws much light upon Milton's youthful character. The influence of Ovid, everywhere latent and in many places explicitly acknowledged in the Latin poems, is here most evident. The quite pagan fervor and abandon of the entire poem is remarkable. The opening sentence of the second paragraph, it will be seen, was afterwards

transferred almost bodily to the Sonnet on the Nightingale. It is interesting to compare the testimony of the opening lines, concerning the power of the spring to unloose the fountains of poetic inspiration, with Milton's statement to Phillips, many years after, that his vein "never flowed freely but from the autumnal equinox to the vernal."

IN se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
 Iam revocat Zephyros, vere tepente,
 novos;
 Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata iuven-
 tam,
 Iamque soluta gelu dulcè virescit humus.
 Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina
 vires,
 Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?
 Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab
 illo
 (Quis putet?) atque aliquod iam sibi
 poscit opus.
 Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen
 oberrat,
 Et mihi Pirenæ somnia nocte ferunt; ¹⁰
 Concitaque arcane fervent mihi pectora
 motu,
 Et furor, et sonitus me sacer intus agit.
 Delius ipse venit (video Penæide lauro
 Implicitos crines), Delius ipse venit.
 Iam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua
 cæli,
 Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo;
 Perque umbras, perque antra feror, pene-
 tralia vatum;
 Et mihi fana patent interiora Deum;

TIME, revolving in perpetual gyre, now
 as the spring grows tepid calls back new
 Zephyrs. Earth refreshed puts on brief
 youth, and the ground loosened by
 thaws grows gently green. Do I mistake?
 Doth not also my strength in song return?
 At the spring's gift is not inspiration here?
 At the spring's gift 't is here! Again it gath-
 ers strength therefrom (who could believe
 it?) and looks about for some noble task.
 Castaly sways before my eyes, and the
 twice cloven peak of Parnassus; and the
 dreams of night bring to me Pirene, the
 Corinthian spring. My breast is moved
 with mysterious fervors; madness and
 divine tumult inly stir me. Delian Apollo
 himself comes (I see his locks bound with
 Daphne's laurel), Delian Apollo himself
 comes. Now my spirit is rapt into the
 skyey steeps, and freed from the flesh I
 walk through the wandering clouds;
 through the shades I go, and the caverns,
 inmost prophetic sanctuaries; and the inner
 fanes of the gods lie open to me. My soul

Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur
Olympos,¹⁹
Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos.
Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus
ore?
Quid parit hæc rabies, quid sacer
iste furor?
Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur
illo;
Profuerint isto redditâ dona modo.
Iam, Philomela, tuos, foliis adoperta novel-
lis,
Instituis modulos, dum silet omne n-
emus:
Urbe ego, tu sylvâ, simul incipiamus
utriusque.
Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.
Veris, io! rediere vices; celebremus ho-
nores
Veris, et hoc subeat Musa perennis opus.
Iam sol, ~~A~~thiopas fugiens Tithoniaque
arva,³¹
Flectit ad Arctoas aurea lora plagas.
Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis
opace,
Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.
Iamque Lycaonius plastrum cælestè
Bootes
Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante viâ;
Nunc etiam solitas circum Iovis atria toto
Excubias agitant sidera rara polo.
Nam dolus, et cædes, et vis cum nocte re-
cessit,
Neve Giganteum Dii timuere scelus.⁴⁰
Fortè aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice
pastor,
Roscida cum primo sole rubescit humus,
“Hac,” ait, “hac certè caruisti nocte pu-
ellâ,
Phœbe, tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.”
Læta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque
resumit
Cynthia, luciferas ut videt alta rotas,
Et, tenues ponens radios, gaudere videtur
Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.
“Desere,” Phœbus ait, “thalamos, Aurora,
seniles;
Quid iuvat efferto procubuisse toro?⁵⁰
Te manet ~~A~~æolides viridi venator in herbâ:
Surge; tuos ignes altus Hymettus ha-
bet.”
Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,

sees all that comes to pass in Olympus, and
the darks of Hades escape not my vision.
What lofty song does my soul intend, as it
stands with lips apart? what does this mad-
ness bring to birth, this sacred fury? The
spring, the spring which gave me dower of
genius, my genius will celebrate. Thus
her gifts repaid shall profit her.

Now, Philomel, in thy bower of new
leaves, thou beginnest thy modulations,
while all the woods are still. Thou in the
forest and I in the town, let us begin to-
gether, and together chant the coming on
of spring. Sing ho! spring now hath her
turn again! let us celebrate the glory of
spring, let the undying Muse take up her
task. For now the sun, fleeing from
the Ethiop strand and the orient fields of
Tithonus, turns to the north his golden
reins. The journey of night grows brief;
brief is the tarrying of murky night, she
goes to exile with her horrid shades. Now
Boötæ, keeper of Lycaon's child, no more
follows the heavenly Wain wearily, in a
long pathway as before; now even the
wonted watches of the stars about the
courts of Jove are sparsely set throughout
the firmament. For, along with night,
bloodshed and fraud and violence re-
treat; nor do the gods fear any longer
the villainy of their giant foes. Perchance
some shepherd, lying on a summit of
rock, as he sees the dewy earth reddening
with dawn, says, “Surely this night, O
Phœbus, thou hast lacked loving arms to
hold thee back, thee and thy swift horses.”
Cynthia, when from her high station she
beholds the sun's bright wheels, seems to
rejoice that by her brother's aid her task
has been shortened, and, laying by her
faint rays, joyously goes back to her forest
and her quiver.

“O Aurora,” Phœbus cries, “leave the
couch of old Tithonus! what does that chilly
bed avail thee? Cephalus the hunter waits
for thee in the grassy nook. Arise! Thy
flame is waiting thee on high Hymettus!”
With shy, averted face, the bright goddess

Et matutinos ociūs urget equos.
 Exuit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam,
 Et cupit amplexus, Phœbe, subire tuos.
 Et cupit, et digna est; quid enim formosius
 illā,
 Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,
 Atque Arabum spirat messes, et ab ore
 venusto
 Mitia cum Paphis fundit amoma rosis?
 Ecce, coronatur sacro frons ardua luce, 6r
 Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;
 Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
 Floribus et visa est posse placere suis.
 Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos,
 Tænario placuit diva Sicana Deo.
 Aspice, Phœbe; tibi faciles hortantur
 amores,
 Mellitasque movent flamina verna pre-
 ces;
 Cinnamēa Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer
 alā;
 Blanditasque tibi ferre videntur aves. 7o
 Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores
 Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros;
 Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in
 usus
 Præbet, et hinc titulos adiuvat ipsa tuos.
 Quōd si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt
 Munera (muneribus sæpe coemptus
 amor),
 Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore
 vasto
 Et superinectis montibus abdit opes.
 Ah! quoties, cum tu clivoso fessus Olympo
 In vespertinas præcipitaris aquas, 8o
 "Cur te," inquit, "cursu languentem,
 Phœbe, diurno
 Hesperiis recipit cœrula mater aquis?
 Quid tibi cum Tethy? quid cum Tartes-
 side lymphā?
 Dia quid immundo perluis ora salo?
 Frigora, Phœbe, mēa melius captabis in
 umbrā;
 Huc ades; ardentes imbuē rore comas.
 Mollior egelidā veniet tibi somnus in herbā;
 Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.
 Quāque iaces circum mulcebit lenē susur-
 rans,
 Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas. 9o
 Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelēa fata,
 Nec Phaëton te fumidus axis equo;
 Cum tu, Phœbe, tuo sapientiūs uteris igni,

confesses her fault, and more swiftly urges
 on the horses of morning. Earth, revivified,
 casts off her hated age, and longs for
 thy embraces, O Apollo! longs for them,
 and deserves them. For what more beau-
 tiful than she, when she bares her rich
 breast, breathing of the harvests of Araby,
 and when upon her lovely lips the balsams
 of the Orient mingle with the roses of
 Paphos? Lo! she encircles her high brow
 with sacred trees, as the tower of pines
 that crowns the goddess Ops on Ida; and
 flowers many-hued she weaves in her dew-
 drenched hair, in hope of pleasing her
 lover, as that Sicilian goddess, Proser-
 pine, when she had bound her loose locks
 with flowers, pleased Tænarian Dis. Look
 hither, Apollo; willing love awaits thee;
 the spring winds are full of honeyed sup-
 plication. Odorous Zephyr lightly claps
 his cinnamon-scented wings, and the very
 birds seem to bear thee blandishments.
 Nor does Earth, over-bold, come empty-
 handed to seek thy love, nor is she poor
 who asks the bridals of her longing.
 The kindly goddess brings thee whole-
 some herbs for medicine, whereby she
 may help thy fame as healer. If riches,
 if shining gifts, will win thee (and love
 is still purchased with gifts), she lays be-
 fore thee all the treasures hidden under
 the mighty sea or under the roots of the
 hills. Ah, ever and again, when thou,
 wearied by the steep sky, hast cast thyself
 into the vespertine waters, she cries, "Oh,
 why! Apollo, must it be the cerulean ocean-
 mother who receives thee when thou com-
 est to the west weary from thy day's course?
 What is Tethys to thee? What to thee
 the Hesperian tide? Why wilt thou bathe
 thy divine face in impure brine? A better
 coolness, Apollo, thou mayst find in my
 shade. Come hither, dip thy hot locks in
 my dew. A softer sleep shall come to thee
 in the cool grass. Come hither, and lay
 thy glories in my breast. Where thou liest
 a gently whispering breeze will soothe our
 bodies as we sink relaxed in dewy roses.
 Believe me, I fear not Semele's fate; I fear
 not thy chariot, nor the smoking axle of
 the car that Phaethon would drive. If
 thou wilt use thy fires right wisely, Apollo,

Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo." Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores;
 Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.
 Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
 Languentesque fovet solis ab igne faces.
 Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
 Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo.
 Iamque vel invictam tentat superâsse Diana,
 Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.
 Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua for-
 mam,
 Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
 Marmoreas iuvenes clamant *Hymenæus* per
 urbes;
 Littus *io Hymen* et cava saxa sonant.
 Cultior ille venit, tunicâque decentior aptâ;
 Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.
 Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia
 veris
 Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus. 110
 Votum est cuique suum; votum est tamen
 omnibus unum,
 Ut sibi quem cupiat det Cytherea virum.
 Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arun-
 dine pastor,
 Et sua quæ iungat carmina Phyllis habet.
 Navita nocturno placat sua sidera cantu,
 Delphinusque leves ad vada summa vo-
 cat,
 Iupiter ipse alto cum coniuge ludit Olympo;
 Convocat et famulos ad sua festa Deos.
 Nunc etiam Satyri, cum sera crepuscula
 surgunt,
 Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro, 120
 Sylvanusque suâ cyparissi fronde revinc-
 tus,
 Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper.
 Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere ve-
 tustis
 Per iuga, per solos expatiantur agros.
 Per sata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius
 Pan;
 Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres;
 Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada
 Faunus,
 Consult in trepidos dum sibi nympha
 pedes;
 Iamque latet, latitansque cupit malè tecta
 videri,
 Et fugit, et fugiens pervelit ipsa capi. 130

come hither, and lay thy glories in my
 breast!"

Thus amorously breathes the wanton Earth, and all the rout of her children follow headlong after her example. For now over the whole world Cupid wanders, and at the fire of the sun rekindles his torch. On the lethal horns of his bow sounds a new string; new tips shine baleful on his bright arrows. Now he attempts to conquer even unconquered Diana, even the pure Vestal as she sits by the sacred hearth. Venus herself, in her yearly fashion, purges all signs of age from her form, and seems once more just risen from the warm sea. Through the marble walls of cities the young men cry *Hymenæus!* the shores and hollow rocks give back the cry *Io, Hymen!* Hymen himself comes in gala attire, handsome in his neat tunic, his fragrant vestment breathing the scent of the purple crocus. In crowds the girls go out with gold-cinctured breasts to take the pleasure of the pleasant spring. Each has her special prayer, yet every one the same, — that Cytherea may give her the man on whom her heart is set.

Now, too, the shepherd pipes on his seven reeds, and Phyllis has a song to match. The sailor prays the favor of his stars with nightly song; the sprightly dolphins come to the surface of the waves to listen. Jove himself and his spouse make merry on high Olympus; he invites even the menial deities to his high feast. And now, when the late twilight falls, fleet bands of Satyrs skim over the blossomy fields; and with them Sylvanus, crowned with frond of cypress, god half-goat and goat half-god. The Dryads who hide amid old trees now roam abroad over the ridges, over the lonely fields. Through tilth and covert riots Mænalian Pan; mother Cybele and Ceres are scarce safe from him. Wanton Faunus stalks some Oread, while the nymph flies with startled feet. Now she hides, and, covered not too well, hopes to be seen in her hiding; she flees, but as she flees could wish that she were caught.

Dii quoque non dubitant caelo præponere
sylvas,
Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet.
Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus ha-
beto,
Nec vos arboreâ, dii, precor, ite domo.
Te referant miseric te, Iupiter, aurea ter-
ris
Sæcla! quid ad nimbos, aspera tela, redis?
Tu saltem lente rapidos age, Phœbe, iugales
Quâ potes, et sensim tempora veris eant:
Brumaque productas tardè ferat hispida
noctes,
Ingruat et nostro senior umbra polo! 140

The gods desert the sky for the woods of
earth; each grove has its deity.

Long may each grove have its deity!
Gods, desert not, I pray, your homes amid
the trees. O Jove, may the golden ages
bring thee back, back to this wretched
earth. Why dost thou return to the clouds,
thy savage armories? At least do thou,
Phœbus, curb as much as may be thy
rapid team, and let the days of spring pass
slowly. Let it be long ere rough winter
brings us its tedious nights; let the shades
fall later than their wont about our pole!

ELEGIA SEXTA

AD CAROLUM DIODATUM RURI COMMORANTEM;

*Qui, cum Idibus Decemb. scriptisset, et sua carmina excusari postulasset si solito minus
essent bona, quod inter lauitas quibus erat ab amicis exceptus haud satis felicem operam
Musis dare se posse affirmabat, hoc habuit responsum.*

ELEGY VI

*(To Charles Diodati, who, sending the author some verses from the country at Christmas-
time, asked him to excuse their mediocrity on the ground that they were composed amid
the distractions of the festival season).*

The above note, given in the original edi-
tions, explains the purport of the elegy. The
verse-letter of Diodati's, here referred to, was
written on the thirteenth of December, 1629,
and Milton's reply was probably sent soon
after Christmas. It is of extreme autobio-
graphic interest, for two reasons. It contains
a noble statement of Milton's poetic creed, at
a time when he felt with almost equal inten-

sity the softer and the sterner sides of the
poet's vocation; and it gives an account of
the *Hymn on the Nativity*, just completed, or
perhaps still under way. The picture of
Christmas merry-making in an English
country-house gains a peculiar charm from
the queer medium of seventeenth century
Latin in which it is conveyed.

MITTO tibi sanam non pleno ventre salu-
tem,
Quâ tu distento fortè carere potes.
At tua quid nostram prolectat Musa camce-
nam,
Nec sinit optatas posse sequi tenebras?
Carmine scire velis quâm te redamneque
colamque;
Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas.
Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur
arctis,
Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pe-
des.
Quâm bene solennes epulas, hilaremque
Decembrim,
Festaque coelifugam quæ coluere Deum,

UNSURFEITED with feasting, I send you a
good-health, for which your full stomach
may give you need. Why do you tempt
me to write verses by sending me yours?
Why will you not allow my Muse to stay
in the shadow she loves? You desire me
to tell in verse how much I love and cherish
you? Believe me, that is a thing you can
scarcely hope to learn in verse of mine; my
love cannot be held in the strict bonds of
metre, nor comes it whole and unimpaired
to feet that limp.

How well you tell of your high feastings,
of your December merriment, and all the
gaieties that celebrate the coming of the

Deliciasque refers, hiberni gaudia ruris, ¹¹
 Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta
 focos:
 Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque
 poesin?
 Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina
 Bacchus amat.
 Nec puduit Phcebum virides gestasse co-
 rymbos,
 Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.
 Sæpiùs Aonijs clamavit collibus *Euae*
 Mista Th, oneo turba novena choro.
 Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris;
 Non illic epulæ, non sata vitis erat. ²⁰
 Quid nisi vina, rosasque, racemiferumque
 Lyæum,
 Cantavit brevibus Tëia Musa modis?
 Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius
 Euan,
 Et redolent sumptum pagina quæque me-
 rum;
 Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supi-
 nus,
 Et volat Eleo pulvere fuscus eques.
 Quadrimoque madens lyricen Romanus
 Iaccho
 Dulè canit Glyceran, flavicoramque
 Chloen.
 Iam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa pa-
 ratu
 Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet. ³⁰
 Massica fœcundam despumant pocula ve-
 nam,
 Fundis et ex ipso condita metra cado.
 Addimus his artes, fusumque per intima
 Phœbum
 Corda; favent uni Bacchus, Apollo,
 Ceres.
 Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina
 per te,
 Numine composito, tres peperisse Deos.
 Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cælato barbitos
 auro
 Insonat argutæ molliter icta manu;
 Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,
 Virgineos tremulæ quæ regat arte pe-
 des. ⁴⁰
 Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,
 Et revocent quantum crapula pellit iners.
 Crede mihi, dum psallit ebur, comitataque
 plectrum
 Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,

heavenly One to earth!¹ How well you tell of the joys of winter in the country, and of the French must quaffed by the jolly fireside! But why do you complain that poetry is a run-a-way from wining and dining? Song loves Bacchus, and Bacchus loves song. Apollo was not ashamed to wear the green clusters; nay, even to put the ivy of the wine-god above his own laurel. Many a time the nine Muses have mixed with the Bacchic chorus crying *Euae* on the Heliconian hills. Those verses which Ovid sent from the fields of Thrace were bad, because there were no feasts there and no vineyards. What but roses and the grape-laden vine did Anacreon sing in those tiny staves of his? Teumesian Bacchus inspired Pindar's strain; each page of his breathes ardor from the drained cup, as he sings of the crash of the heavy chariot overturned, and the rider flying by, dark with the dust of the Elean race-course. The Roman lyrist drank first of the four-year-old vintage, ere he sang so sweetly of Glyceria and blond-haired Chloe. The sinews of thy genius, too, draw strength from the nobly laden table. Your Massic cups foam with a rich vein of song; you pour bottled verses straight from the jar. To this, add art, and Apollo penetrant within the inmost chambers of your heart; small wonder that such delightful verses come from you, since three gods in accord, Bacchus, Apollo, and Ceres, brought them to birth.

For you, too, the Thracian lute, gold-embossed, sounds now, gently touched by a master hand. In tapestried rooms is heard the lyre, swaying with its quivering measures the feet of young girls in the dance. Let such gracious sights as this hold your Muse at gaze, and let them call back all the inspiration that dull surfeit drives away. Trust me, when the ivory keys of the virginal leap under the player's fingers, and the crowd of dancers fills the

¹ A double reference is intended, to Christ and to Saturn; the Roman Saturnalia was celebrated in December.

Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere
Phœbūm,
Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor;
Perque puellares oculos digitumque sonan-
tem
Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.
Namque Elegia levis multorum cura deo-
rum est,
Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa
suos; 50
Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque,
Venusque,
Et cum purpureā matre tenellus Amor.
Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis,
Sæpius et veteri commaduisse mero.
At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Iove
cælum,
Heroasque pios; semideosque duces,
Et nunc sancta canit superūm consulta
deorum,
Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
Ille quidem parcè, Samii pro more magis-
tri,
Vivat, et innocuos præbeat herba cibos; 60
Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha ca-
tillo,
Sobriaque e puro pocula fonte bibat.
Additur huic scelerisque vacans et casta
iuentus,
Et rigidi mores, et sine labe manus;
Qualis ueste nitens sacrâ et lustralibus
undis
Surgis ad infensos augur iture Deos.
Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post raptâ saga-
cem
Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,
Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, se-
nemque
Orpheon edomitis sola per antra feris; 70
Sic dapis exiguis, sic rivi potor Homerus
Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
Et per monstrificam Perseiæ Phœbados
aulam,
Et vada foemineis insidiosa sonis,
Perque tuas, rex ime, domos, ubi sanguine
nigro
Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges:
Diis etenim sacer est vates, divūmque sa-
cerdos,
Spirat et occultum pectus et ora Iovem.
At tu si quid agam scitabere (si modò
saltēm

perfumed chambers, you will feel the spirit of song stealing into your heart, penetrating your very bones with a sudden glow. From the eyes and fingers of the girlish player, Thalia will slip into your breast and possess it all.

For light elegy is the care of many gods, and calls to its numbers whom it will; Bacchus comes, and Erato, Ceres and Venus, and tender stripling Love with his rosy mother. Such poets, therefore, have a right to generous feasts and to stew full often in ancient wine. But the poet who will tell of wars, and of Heaven under adult Jove, and of pious heroes, and leaders half-divine, singing now the holy counsels of the gods above, and now the realms profound where Cerberus howls, — such a poet must live sparingly, after the manner of Pythagoras, the Samian teacher. Herbs must furnish him his innocent food; let clear water in a beechen cup stand at his side, and let his drink be sober draughts from the pure spring. His youth must be chaste and void of offence; his manners strict, his hands without stain. He shall be like a priest shining in sacred vestment, washed with lustral waters, who goes up to make augury before the offended gods. In this wise, they say, the sage Tiresias lived, after his eyes were darkened; and Theban Linus, and Calchas, who fled from his doomed hearth, and Orpheus, roaming in old age through lonely caverns, quelling the wild beasts with his music. So, a spare eater and a drinker of water, Homer carried Odysseus through the long courses of the sea, through the hall of monster-making Circe, and past the shoals insidious with women's song; and through thy realms, nethermost king, where they say he held with a spell of black blood the troops of the shades. Yea, for the bard is sacred to the gods; he is their priest; mysteriously from his lips and his breast he breathes Jove.

But if you will know what I am doing, I will tell you, if indeed you think my doings

Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam) 80
 Paciferum canimus cælesti semine regem,
 Faustaque sacratis sæcula pacta libræ;
 Vagitumque Dei, et stabulantem paupere
 tecto

Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit;
 Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque
 æthere turmas,

Et subitè elisos ad sua fana Deos.
 Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus
 illa;

Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
 Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata
 cœutis; 89

Tu mihi, cui recitem, iudicis instar eris.

worth your concern. I am singing the King of Heaven, bringer of peace, and the fortunate days promised by the holy book; the crying of the infant God, and the stabling under a poor roof of Him who rules with his father the realms above; the star-creating heavens, the hymning of angels in the air, and the gods suddenly shattered in their own fanes. This poem I made as a birthday gift for Christ; the first light of Christmas dawn brought me the theme.

And other strains which I have piped musingly on my native reed await you; you, when I recite them to you, will be my judge.

ELEGIA SEPTIMA

Anno etatis undevigesimo

ELEGY VII

This elegy constitutes a personal confession of an unusually intimate kind, a confession of "love at first sight" for a girl whom the poet encountered by chance in some public place in London. Though conceived in a tone of whimsical extravagance and with the conventional sentimental machinery of the pseudo-classic poet, it indubitably records a real experience, and one which is significant in the understanding of Milton's character. The unusual form of the date attached, in which the ordinal is put in place of the numeral, seems to imply that the poem was written before his

nineteenth year was completed, *i.e.*, sometime between May 1 and December 9, 1627.

The postscript which follows the poem probably is to be taken with this elegy alone, though from the manner in which it is printed in the original editions, it may be taken to have a general application to the entire seven. It was written at a later date than the elegies to which it is appended, in some mood of strenuousness when the technical shortcomings of the verse and its occasional rather lax Ovidian tone made an apology seem necessary.

NONDUM blanda tuas leges, Amathusia,
 nôram,

Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.
 Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,
 Atque tuum sprevi maxime numen,
 Amor.

"Tu puer imbellis" dixi "transfige
 columbas;

Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci:
 Aut de passeribus tumidos age, parve, tri-
 umphos;

Hæc sunt militiae digna trophyæ tuæ.
 In genus humanum quid inania dirigis
 arma?

Non valet in fortis ista pharetra viros."
 Non tulit hoc Cyprus (neque enim Deus
 ullus ad iras " Promptior), et dupli iam ferus igne
 calet.

I did not yet know thy laws, bland Aphrodite, and my heart was still free from Paphian fire. Often I spoke scorn of Cupid's arrows, those boyish darts, and chiefly scoffed, Love, at thy divinity. "Thou boy," said I, "go shoot peaceful doves; only languid battles suit so delicate a chieftain. Or make a swelling triumph, child, over a conquest of sparrows. These are trophies worthy of thy warfare. Why take up thy silly arms against mankind? That quiver of thine avails not against strong men." The Cyprian boy could not endure this (there is no god swifter to anger), and at my words the savage burned with a double fire.

Ver erat, et summæ radians per culmina
villæ

Attulerat primam lux tibi, Maie, diem;
At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina
noctem,

Nec matutinum sustinuere iubar.

Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger
alis;

Prodidit astantem mota pharetra Deum;
Prodidit et facies, et dulcè minantis ocelli,
Et quicquid puerō dignum et Amore
fuit. 20

Talis in æterno iuvenis Sigeius Olympo

Miscet amatori pocula plena Iovi;

Aut, qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nym-
phas,

Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas.

Addideratque iras, sed et has decuisse
putares;

Addideratque truces, nec sine felle,
minas.

Et "Miser exemplo sapuisses tutiùs," in-
quit;

"Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis
eris.

Inter et expertos vires numerabere nostras,
Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.

Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythonem super-
bum 31

Edomui Phœbūm, cessit et ille mihi;
Et, quoties meminit Penēidos, ipse fatetur
Certiùs et graviùs tela nocere mea.

Me nequit adductum curvare peritiùs ar-
cum,

Qui post terga solet vincere, Parthus
eques:

Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, et ille
Inscius uxori qui necis author erat.

Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus
Orion,

Herculeæque manus, Herculesusque co-
mes.

Iupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in
me, 40

Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Iovis.
Cætera que dubitas melius mea tela doce-
bunt,

Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.
Nec te, stulte, tuæ poterunt defendere
Musæ;

Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis
opem."

It was spring, and shining over the roofs
of the town, dawn had brought the May-
day; but my eyes were turned toward re-
treating night, and could not endure the
radiance of morning. Suddenly Love stood
by my bed, Love with painted wings for
speed. The swaying quiver betrayed the
god where he stood; his countenance be-
trayed him, and the sweet menace of his
eyes, and whatever else about him was
boyish and lovely. So Ganymede, the
Trojan lad, looks, as he brims the cups of
amorous Jove in ever-during Olympus; or
the boy who lured the beautiful nymphs
to his kisses, Hylas, son of Thiodamas,
the water-maiden's prey. Wrath was on
him, but you would have deemed it an
added grace; and he spoke words of threat-
ening cruelty, full of spite. "Wretch," he
said, "thou hadst been wiser to learn my
power by the spectacle of others' pain;
now thou shalt in thine own person prove
what my arm can do. Thou shalt be
numbered among those who have felt my
might; thy pangs shall strengthen men's
belief in me. Perhaps thou art ignorant
that I, even I, subdued Apollo, made
haughty by his victory over Python; to
me that great god had to yield. Whene'er
he thinks on Daphne, he confesses that my
darts carry surer and deadlier harm than
his own. The Parthian horseman, who con-
quers as he flees, draws not his bow more
skilfully than I. The Cydonian hunter
yields the palm to me, and Cephalus, who
slew his wife unwittingly. Huge Orion
I overcame, and the strong hand of Her-
cules, and Hercules's friend. Jove him-
self may turn his thunderbolts against me,
but before they strike, my arrows have
pierced the side of Jove. If thou still
doubtest, my weapons will teach thee the
rest better than words, — my weapons,
with which not lightly shall I seek thy
heart. Deem not, fool, that thy Muses can
succor thee, nor that the serpent of Apollo
the healer can give thee any aid!" So he

Dixit, et, aurato quatiens mucrone sagit-
tam,

Evolut in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.

At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,

Et mihi de puro non metus ullus erat.

Et modò quâ nostri spatiantur in urbe

Quirites,

Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.

Turba frequens, facieque simillima turba
dearum,

Splendida per medias itque reditque vias;

Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore corus-
cat.

Fallor? an et radios hinc quoque Phœ-
bus habet?

Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,

Impetus et quâ me fert iuvenilis agor;

Lumina luminibus male providus obvia-
misi,

Neve oculos potui continuuisse meos.

Unam fortè aliis supereminuisse notabam;

Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.

Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,

Sic regina Deum conspicienda fuit.

Hanc memor obiecit nobis malus ille
Cupido,

Solus et hos nobis texuit antè dolos.

Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque
sagittæ,

Et facis a tergo grande pependit onus.

Nec mora; nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis
ori,

Insilit hinc labiis, insidet inde genis;

Et quascunque agilis partes iaculator ober-
rat,

Hei mihi! mille locis pectus inerme
ferit.

Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores;

Uror amans intùs, flammaque totus
eram.

Interea misero quæ iam mihi sola placebat

Ablata est, oculis non reditura meis;

Ast ego progredior tacitè querebundus, et
excors,

Et dubius volui sèpe referre pedem.

Findor; et hæc remanet, sequitur pars al-
tera votum;

Raptaque tam subitò gaudia flere iuvat.

Sic dolet amissum proles Iunonia cælum,

Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos;

Talis et abreptum solem respexit ad Orcum

Vectus ab attonitis Amphiarauis equis.

spake, and, shaking his arrow with the golden tip, he flew away into the warm breast of his mother Cyprus. But I smiled derisively at his fierce threats, and had not the slightest fear of the boy.

And now I took my pleasure, sometimes in the city parks, where our citizens promenade, sometimes at neighboring country-places. Crowds of girls, with faces like to the faces of goddesses, came and went radiantly through the walks; the day brightened with a double splendor. Surely, the sun himself stole his beams from their faces. I was not stern with myself; I did not flee from the gracious spectacle, but let myself be led wherever youthful impulse directed. Rashly I sent my gaze to meet theirs; I could not control my eyes. Then by chance I noted one supreme above the others, and the light of her eyes was the beginning of my ills. She looked as Venus might wish to seem to mortals; lovely to behold as the queen of the gods was she. That rascal Cupid, harboring his grudge, had thrown her in my path; all alone, he had woven this plot against me. Not far off the sly god was hiding; his torch and many arrows hung as a great load from his back. Not a moment did he lose. Now he clung to her eyelids, now to her virgin face; thence he hopped upon her lips, and occupied her cheeks; and wherever the nimble archer went, ah, me! from a thousand points of vantage he struck my defenseless breast. Suddenly unwonted furies assailed my heart; I burned inly with love, I was all flame. Meanwhile she who was my only delight in misery disappeared, never to be given to my eyes again.

I started on, full of mute complaining, stupefied. Often I stood in doubt whether to go on or turn back. My being was divided, my body remained behind, but my thoughts went after her. I found relief in weeping for the joy so suddenly snatched from me. Such was the grief of Juno's offspring Vulcan, for the heaven he had lost, when he was shot down the sky to the hearths of Lemnos; thus Amphiarauis borne down to Orcus by his thunderstricken horses, gazed back from the abyss at the vanishing light of the sun.

Quid faciam infelix, et luctu victus?
Amores

Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.
O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amato-

Vultus, et coram tristia verba loqui!

Forsitan et duro non est adamante creata,

Fortè nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces!

Crede mihi, nullus sic infeliciter arsit; or

Ponar in exemplo primus et unus ego.

Parce, precor, teneri cum sis D^eus ales amoris;

Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.

Iam tuus O certè est mihi formidabilis arcus,

Nate deā, iaculis nec minus igne potens:

Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,

Solus et in Superis tu mihi summus eris.

Deme meos tandem, verūm nec deme, furores;

Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans:

Tu modò da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est,

Cuspis amaturos figat ut una duos.

*Hæc ego mente olim lævæ, studioque supino,
Nequitiae posui vana trophyæ meæ.*

Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error,

Indocilisque artas prava magistra fuit;

Donec Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos

Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque iugum.

Protinus, extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,

Cincta rigid multo pectora nostra gelu;

Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse sagittis,

Et Diomedean vim timet ipsa Venus.

What shall I do, wretch that I am, and overcome by grief? I cannot take up my love or lay it by. O, may it be granted me to see her loved countenance again and to speak sadly with her face to face! Perhaps she is not all made of adamant, mayhap she would not be deaf to my prayers. Surely no one ever suffered more in Love's flame. I may stand first, a prime exemplar of love-sorrows. Spare me, I pray, since love is tender, and thou art its winged god! Let not thy deeds refute thy office. Now, ah, now at last thy bow is fearful to me, thou goddess-born, whose arrows are potent as fire! Henceforth thine altars shall smoke with my gifts; among all the gods thou shalt be for me single and supreme. Take away, then, my tortures — nay, take them not away! I know not why it is, loving is such sweet wretchedness. Only grant thou leniently, that if hereafter any maiden is my destiny, the two hearts fated to love may be pinned together by a single shaft.

These vain trophies of my idleness I set up in time past, in unbalanced mood and with lazy endeavor. Vicious error hurried me astray, and my untaught years were an ill mistress to me; until the shady Academe [i.e. Plato's philosophy] offered me its Socratic streams, and loosened from my neck the yoke to which I had submitted. At once all these youthful flames became extinct, and since then my breast is rigid with accumulated ice; whence Cupid himself fears freezing for his arrows, and Venus dreads my Diomedean strength.

[EPIGRAMMATA]

[EPIGRAMS]

The short pieces which follow were originally printed without the general title Epigrams, under which they appear in modern editions, but were included under the title Elegies, as being written in elegiac metre. The four epigrams on the Gunpowder Plot are heavy and tasteless; they are signal illustra-

tions of Milton's congenital lack of humor. The epigrams on Leonora Baroni are interesting autobiographically. It has been plausibly conjectured that Milton heard this famous singer at the concert which he speaks of attending at the palace of Cardinal Francesco Barberini, during his first visit to Rome, Octo-

ber and November, 1638. Efforts have been made, ineffectually, to identify her with the "donna leggiadra" of Milton's Italian poems, the Bolognese lady whose novel beauty — "sotto nova idea pellegrina bellezza" — enthralled him at some period of his Italian residence. The Baroni were originally a Neapolitan family, but they had settled in Rome about a year before Milton's visit. Of Leonora, Bayle's Dictionary, quoted by Masson, says that she was "one of the finest voices in the world," and that "an infinity of *beaux esprits* made verses in her praise." It is interesting in

this connection to note that Milton's susceptibility to music was accompanied by an almost complete insensibility to the appeal of the plastic and graphic arts, if we are to judge by the absence of any mention of the latter among his recorded impressions of Italy.

Three "epigrams" of minor interest, entitled respectively *Apologus de Rustico et Hero, De Moro* (title supplied by the editors), and *Ad Christinam Suecorum Reginam*, will be found, together with three Greek pieces from the *SYLVE*, and two epigrams on Salmasius, in the Appendix.

IN PRODITIONEM BOMBARDICAM

CUM simul in regem nuper satrapasque
Britannos
Aurus es infandum, perfide Fauxe, ne-
fas,
Fallor? an et mitis voluisti ex parte vi-
deri,
Et pensare malâ cum pietate scelus?
Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria cali,
Sulphureo curru flammivolisque rotis;
Qualiter ille, feris caput inviolabile Par-
cis,
Liquit Iordanios turbine raptus agros.

IN EANDEM

SICCINE tentâsti cælo donâsse Iacobum,
Quæ septemgeminò Bellua monte lates?
Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera nu-
men,
Parce, precor, donis insidiosa tuis.
Ille quidem sine te consortia serus adivit
Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.
Sic potius foedos in cælum pelle cucullos,
Et quot habet brutos Roma profana
Deos;
Namque hac aut aliâ nisi quemque ad-
iuvferis arte,
Crede mihi, cæli vix bene scandet iter. 10

IN EANDEM

PURGATOREM animæ derisit Iacobus ignem,
Et sine quo superum non adeunda do-
mus.
Frenduit hoc trinâ monstrum Latiale co-
ronâ,
Movit et horrificum cornua dena minax.
Et "Nec inultus" ait "temnes mea sacra,
Britanne;
Supplicium spretâ religione dabis;

ON THE GUNPOWDER PLOT

WHEN, perfidious Faux, you attempted your late unspeakable crime against the King and the British lords, — do I mistake you, or did you really want to show a partial mildness and compensate your crime with a false piety? Doubtless you intended to send them to the high courts of Heaven in a chariot of sulphurous smoke and wheeling flame, even as Elijah, that head inviolable by the fierce Parcæ, was snatched away in a whirlwind from the fields of Jordan.

ON THE SAME

O BEAST acrouch on the seven hills, did you attempt thus to send King James to Heaven? Unless your divinity has power to bestow better largess, forbear, I pray, your insidious gifts. Without the aid of your infernal powder he has gone, timely late, to the companionable stars. Do you rather blow skyward your base cowls, and all the brute gods profane Rome worships; for unless you aid them thus or somehow else, they will hardly, believe me, clamber up the hard road to Heaven.

ON THE SAME

KING JAMES laughed at those purgatorial fires through which, forsooth, the soul must approach its supernal home. At this the triple-crowned Latin monster gnashed its teeth, and moved its ten horns in horrid threat, saying: "Man of Britain, thou shalt not mock my mysteries unpunished; thou shalt pay for despising my religion; and if

Et, si stelligeras unquam penetraveris
arces,
Non nisi per flamas triste patebit iter.”
O quām funesto cecinisti proxima vero,
Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!
Nam prope Tartareo sublime rotatus ab
igni ii
Ibat ad aethereas, umbra perusta, plagas.

IN EANDEM

QUEM modò Roma suis devoverat impia
diris,
Et Styge, damnårat, Tænarioque sinu,
Hunc, vice mutatå, iam tollere gestit ad
astra,
Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos.

IN INVENTOREM BOMBARDÆ

LAPEITIONIDEM laudavit cæca vetustas,
Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem;
At mihi maior erit qui lurida creditur
arma
Et trifidum fulmen surripuisse Iovi.

AD LEONORAM ROMÆ CANENTEM

ANGELUS unicuique suus (sic credite,
gentes)
Obtigit aethereis ales ab ordinibus.
Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi si gloria maior?
Nam tua praesentem vox sonat ipsa
Deum.
Aut Deus, aut vacui certe mens tertia celi,
Per tua secretu guttura serpit agens;
Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia
corda
Sensim immortali assuescere posse sono.
Quod, si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunc-
taque fusus,
In te una loquitur, cetera mutus habet.

AD EANDEM

ALTERA Torquatum cepit Leonora poetam,
Cuius ab insano cessit amore furens.
Ah miser ille tuo quanto felicius aeo
Perditus, et propter te, Leonora, foret!
Et te Pieriā sensisset voce canentem
Aurea materna fila movere lyra!
Quamvis Dircæo torsisset lumina Pentheo
Sævior, aut totus desupisset iners,
Tu tamen errantes cæcæ vertigine sensus
Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuæ; 10

ever thou enterest the starry dome of Heaven, only through flame shall the sorry way lie open." O how near the awful truth did you speak! A little more, and the words had not lacked their weight. For almost he went, rolled high by Tartarean fire, a burnt shade, to the upper shores.

ON THE SAME

HIM whom impious Rome had vowed to her own Furies, whom she had damned to Styx and the Tænarian gulf, him, contrarywise, she now longs to send to the stars, and seeks to exalt him to the gods on high.

ON THE INVENTOR OF GUNPOWDER

BLIND antiquity praised Prometheus, who brought the heavenly torch from the sun; but for me he shall be greater who stole from Jove his lurid arms and three-forked thunderbolt.

To LEONORA, SINGING
(*At Rome*)

To every man his angel is allotted (believe it, ye people!), his winged angel from the ethereal hierarchies. What wonder, Leonora, if a greater glory be yours? For your very voice sounds the present God. Either God himself, or surely at least the third Mind emptying Heaven of itself, thrills mysteriously through your throat; thrills, suavely accustoming mortal hearts by tender degrees to immortal sounds. Yea, if all things be God, and He be transfused through all, yet in you alone He speaks, the rest He possesses in silence.

To THE SAME

ANOTHER Leonora captivated Torquato, the poet, who went mad for love of her. Ah, poor fellow, how much happier had he been to lose his wits in this your day, and on your dear account, hearing you sing with Pierian voice, and wake the golden strings of your mother's lyre! Though he rolled his eyes more fiercely than Pentheus, and raved to swooning, you could have soothed his blind and reeling senses with

Et poteras, ægro spirans sub corde quietem,
Flexanimo cantu restituisse sibi.

AD EANDEM

CREDULA quid liquidam Sirena, Neapolii,
iactas,
Claraque Parthenopes fana Achelöia-
dos,
Littoreamque tuā defunctam Naiada ripā
Corpore Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?
Illa quidem vivitque, et amoenā Tibridis
undā
Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.
Illic, Romulidum studiis ornata secundis,
Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

your voice; and breathing quiet into his
sick breast, restored him to himself with
your soul-moving song.

TO THE SAME

WHY, O credulous Naples, do you boast
of the renowned fanes of the Siren Parthe-
nope, daughter of Achelous; why do you
boast of having given Chalcidian funeral
to the shore-nymph when she was found
dead on your coasts? Behold, she lives;
she has but changed the murmurs of hoarse
Posilipo for the pleasant wave of Tiber.
There, adorned by the love and favor of
the Romans, she holds both men and gods
with her singing.

SYLVARUM LIBER — POEMS IN VARIOUS METRES

IN OBITUM PROCANCELLARII MEDICI

Anno etatis 17

ON THE DEATH OF THE VICE-CHANCELLOR, A PHYSICIAN

(Misdated Anno etatis 16, in editions of 1645 and 1673)

The personage here celebrated in Horatian
verse was John Gostlin, M.D., twice Vice-
chancellor of the University of Cambridge,
whose death occurred in October, 1626, at the
beginning of Milton's third academic year.
The verses are devoid of the personal accent,

PARERE Fati discite legibus,
Manusque Parcæ iam date supplices,
Qui pendulum telluris orbem
Iäpeti colitis nepotes.
Vos si relieto Mors vaga Tænaro
Semel vocarit flebilis, heu! moræ
Tentantur incassum dolique;
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.
Si destinatam pellere dextera
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules
Nessi venenatus cruo
Æmathiâ iacuisset Etâ;
Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectora, aut
Quem larva Pelidis peremit
Ense Locro, Iove lacrymante.
Si triste Fatum verba Hecatëia
Fugare possint, Telegoni parens
Vixisset infamis, potentique
Ægiali soror usa virgâ. 20

except at the close, where we may perhaps
detect a strain of warmer feeling breaking
through the tone of exaggerated eulogy con-
ventionally accepted as the proper one for
such academic verse-tributes.

CHILDREN of Iapetus, who inhabit the
pendulous orb of earth, learn to obey the
laws of fate, and raise hands of humble
supplication to the Parcæ. If once wan-
dering Death coming from Tartarus calls
you, alas, with woeful voice, in vain shall
you resort to stratagem and delay. Every
one must go through the shades of Styx.
If strength of arm availed to ward off
destined death, fierce Hercules would not
have fallen on Macedonian Oeta, poisoned
by the blood of Nessus; nor would Ilium
have seen Hector slain through the base
guile of envious Pallas; nor Sarpedon,
whom the phantom of Achilles slew with
the Locrian sword, while Jove shed tears.
If words of witchcraft could forestall Fate,
wicked Circe, parent of Telegonus, would
have lived on, and the sister of Absyrtus,
Medea, would still wield her potent wand.

Numenque trinum fallere si queant
 Artes medentūm, ignotaque grama,
 Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
 Eurypyli cecidisset hastā;
 Læsisset et nec te, Philyreie,
 Sagitta Echidnæ perlita sanguine;
 Nec tela te fulmenque avitum,
 Cæse puer geneticis alvo.
 Tuque, O alumno maior Apolline,
 Gentis togata cui regimen datum,
 30 Frondosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
 Et mediis Helicon in undis,
 Iam præfusses Palladio gregi
 Lætus superstes, nec sine gloriā;
 Nec puppe lustrâsses Charontis
 Horribiles barathri recessus.
 At fila rupit Persephone tua,
 Irata cum te viderit artibus
 40 Succoque pollenti tot atris
 Faucibus eripuisse Mortis.
 Colende Præses, membra precor tua
 Molli quiescant cespite, et ex tuo
 Crescent rosæ calthæque busto,
 Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.
 Sit mite de te iudicium Æaci,
 Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina,
 Interque felices perennis
 Elysiō spatiere campo!

If arts of medicine and knowledge of mysterious plants could thwart the triple goddesses, Machaon, the son of Æsculapius, with all his skill in herbs, would not have fallen before the spear of Eurypylius; nor would the arrow of Hercules, smeared with the blood of Hydra, have undone thee, Chiron; nor wouldst thou, Æsculapius, cut at thy birth from thy mother's womb, have perished by the bolts of thy grandfather's thunder.

And if lore in medicine availed, you, Vice-chancellor, to whom was given direction over the gowned throng of the schools, and who were more learned than your nursing Apollo, would not now be mourned by the leafy city of Cirrha at Parnassus' foot, nor by Helicon sitting amid its springs. You would still survive glad and honored to have charge over Pallas's flock. You would not have gone in Charon's boat to visit the awful abyss. But Persephone slit the thread of your life, angry when she saw how many lives you snatched from the black jaws of death by the art of your potent medicines. Loved master, I pray that your limbs may rest quiet beneath the gentle sod, and that from your grave roses may spring, and marigold, and the purple-mouthed hyacinth. May Æacus pronounce judgment mildly on you, and Proserpina, maid of Ætna, give you a smile, and may you walk forever in the Elysian fields among the blessed.

IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS

Anno atatis 17

ON THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER, ANNIVERSARY OF THE GUNPOWDER PLOT

The Gunpowder Plot, with the accessories which popular bigotry and ignorance accumulated around it, was long a favorite subject for academic versifying. The most elaborate effort in this kind is the *Locusta*, or *Apolyonists*, of Phineas Fletcher, a Cambridge university poet whose work had a traceable influence upon Milton's later production. After Fletcher's *Locusta*, the present poem, written in

1626, for the twenty-first anniversary of Guy Fawkes's Day, is perhaps the most notable. It is a very youthful performance, turgid in style and unrestrained in its vituperation of Catholicism, but it has certain Miltonic qualities notwithstanding, oddly distorted by the double convention of matter and of manner to which the young poet is here subjected.

IAM pius extremâ veniens Iacobus ab arcto
Teucrigenas populos, latèque patentia
regna

Albionum tenuit, iamque inviolabile fœdus
Sceptra Caledoniis coniunxerat Anglicâ
Scotis:

Pacificusque novo, felix divesque, sedebat
In solio, occultique doli securus et hostis:
Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte ty-
rannus,

Eumenidum pater, aethereo vagus exul
Olympo,

Fortè per immensum terrarum erraverat
orbem,

Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernalisque
fideles, ¹⁰

Participes regni post funera moesta futuros.
Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras;

Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos:
Armat et invictas in mutua viscera gentes,
Regnaque oliviferâ vertit fiorentia pace;

Et quoscumque videt puræ virtutis aman-
tes,

Hos cupit adiicere imperio, fraudumque
magister

Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pec-
tus;

Insidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes
Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, ceu Caspia
tigris ²⁰

Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia præ-
dam

Nocte sub illuni, et somno nictantibus as-
tris.

Talibus infestat populos Summanus et
urbes,

Cinctus ceruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.

Iamque fluentisonis albentia rupibus arva
Apparent, et terra Deo dilecta marino,
Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia
proles,

Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atro-
cem,

Æquore tranato, furiali poscere bello,
Ante expugnatae crudelia saecula Troiæ. ³⁰

At simul hanc, opibusque et festâ pace
beatam,

Aspicit, et pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina
veri

Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit
Tartareos ignes et luridum olenitia sulphur;

Good King James, coming from the far north, had begun his rule over the descendants of Trojan Brut and the broad realms of Albion, and inviolable treaty had joined the sceptres of England and Scotland. Rich, happy, and at peace, he was sitting on his new throne, recking naught of open enemies or secret guile. But the fierce tyrant who rules over Acheron's fiery flood, the father of the Eumenides, the restless outcast from Heaven, was wandering through the stretches of the world, numbering his associates in evil and his faithful slaves, sharers after death in his sad realms. Here he rouses dire tempests in mid-air; there he puts hatred between loving friends. He incites invincible nations to turn the sword against each other's breast, and lays waste kingdoms that bloom with the olive of peace. Whene'er he sees in love with purity and virtue, he longs to subdue to his rule; and he tries with all his master-arts of fraud to corrupt hearts into which evil has no entrance. He lays silent plots, stretches hidden snares, to seize the incautious; like the Caspian tiger, who follows his timid prey through pathless wilds under a moonless sky where the stars blink drowsily. With no worse destruction does Summanus, the Etruscan thunder-god, come upon the cities and the peoples, wreathed in a whirlwind of smoke and blue flame.

And now, in his flight, Satan sees appear the fields girdled by white wave-beaten cliffs, the land loved by the sea-god, named of old from Neptune's son Albion, who feared not to cross the sea and give furious battle to fierce Hercules, before the cruel cycles of defeated Troy. He gazes on this land, happy in wealth and festal peace, and on the fields rich laden with grain, and — what irks him more — on a people worshiping the holy power of the true God. At the sight he breaks forth in sighs that flame with hellish fire and reek with lurid sulphur,

Qualia Trinacriâ trux ab Iove clausus in
 Ætnâ
 Efflat tabifico monströsus ab ore Typhœus.
 Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus
 ordo
 Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuspide
 cuspis;
 Atque “Pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile
 mundo”
 Inveni” dixit; “gens hæc mihi sola re-
 bellis,
 Contemtrixque iugi, nostrâque potentior
 arte.
 Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina
 possunt,
 Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta.”
 Hactenus; et piceis liquido natat aëre
 pennis:
 Quà volat, adversi præcursant agmine
 venti,
 Densantur nubes, et crebra tonitrua ful-
 gent.
 Iamque pruinosa velox superaverat
 Alpes,
 Et tenet Ausoniæ fines. A parte sinistrâ
 Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priscique Sa-
 bini;
 Dextra beneficiis infamis Hetruria; nec non
 Te furtiva, Tibris, Thetidi videt oscula
 dantem:
 Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.
 Reddiderant dubiam iam sera crepuscula
 lucem,
 Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer
 urbem,
 Panificosque Deos portat, scapulisque viro-
 rum
 Evehitur; præeunt submisso poplite reges,
 Et mendicantum series longissima fratum;
 Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,
 Cimmeris nati in tenebris vitamque tra-
 hentes.
 Templa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis
 (Vesper erat sacer iste Petro), fremitusque
 camentum
 Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, et inane loco-
 rum:
 Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromique ca-
 terva,
 Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
 Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Asopus in
 undis,

such sighs as the fell monster Typhœus,
 shut up in Trinacrian Ætna by Jupiter,
 breathes from his pestilential mouth. His
 eyes blaze and the adamant row of his
 grinding teeth sounds like the clashing of
 arms and the shock of spear against spear.
 “This,” he says, “is the one lamentable
 sight I have seen in my wanderings through
 the world. This people alone is rebellious
 against me, scorning my yoke and stronger
 than my arts. They shall not long do so
 with impunity, if my efforts are of any
 avail; this land shall not go unpunished for
 long, or long escape my vengeance.” And
 as he ceases to speak, his pitchy wings swim
 through the liquid air. Wherever he flies,
 rush contrary winds in hosts, clouds gather,
 and lightning flashes thick.

Now his swift flight had carried him be-
 yond the rimy Alps to the borders of Italy.
 On his left hand were the ancient land of
 the Sabines and the cloud-wrapped Apen-
 nine; on his right Etruria, ill-famed for its
 poisoners. Thee too, Tiber, he saw, giving
 furtive kisses to Thetis. Soon he stood on
 the citadel of Mars’s son Quirinus, in the
 dubious twilight. Through the great city
 the Triple-crowned Sovereign was going in
 procession, borne on the shoulders of men,
 and carrying the gods of bread. Kings
 bowed the knee before him; long lines of
 begging brothers bore in their hands wax
 tapers, — blind souls all, born and bred in
 Cimmerian darkness! Soon they entered
 the temples which shone with their many
 torches (it was the Holy Eve of Peter), and
 the voices of the singers filled the hollow
 domes and empty spaces with noise like the
 howling of Bacchus and his crew, when they
 hymn their orgies on Theban Aracynthus,
 while Asopus trembles astonished in his

Et procul ipse cavâ responsat rupe Cithæron.

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,
Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reli-
quit,
Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante
flagello,⁷⁰
Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætem-
que ferocem,
Atque Acheronteo prognatam patre Siopen
Torpidam, et hirsutis horrentem Phrica
capillis.

Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius
hæres,
Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus
adulter

Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes);
At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocel-
los

Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque
silentûm,
Prædatorque hominum, falsâ sub imagine
tectus

Astitit. Assumptis micuerunt tempora
canis;⁸⁰

Barba sinus promissa tegit; cineracea longo
Syrmate verrit humum vestis; pendetque
cucullus

Vertice de raso; et, ne quicquam desit ad
artes,

Cannabæco lumbos constrinxit fune salaces,
Tarda fenestratis figens vestigia calcæis.

Talis, uti fama est, vastâ Franciscus eremo
Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,
Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis
Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycosque
leones.⁸⁹

Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu
Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces:
"Dormis, nate? Etiamne tuos sopor op-
primit artus?

Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuo-
rum!

Dum cathedram, venerande, tuam dia-
demaque triplex

Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub
axe,

Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua iura Bri-
tanni:

Surge, age! surge piger, Latius quem
Cæsar adorat,

Cui reserata patet convexi ianua cæli;

glassy waves, and even Cithæron afar off
answers from his hollow cliff.

When at last these rites of customary
pomp were done, Night left silently the
arms of old Erebus, and with flaying whip,
drove her four horses headlong across the
sky, — Blind-eyes, and fierce Black-hair,
and sullen Silence born of hell, and Shudder
wrapped in her streaming mane.

Meanwhile the subduer of kings and
heir of Phlegethon entered his bridal
chamber (for the secret adulterer prolongs
no sterile nights *sans* a gentle mistress at
his side); but scarcely had sleep sealed his
eyes when the black lord of the shades,
ruler of the silences and preyer upon men,
stood in a false shape at his bed-side. His
temples shone with show of snowy hair; a
long beard covered his breast; his ashen
vestment swept the ground in a long train.
From his shaven head hung a cowl; and as
a last touch of art, he had bound his salt
loins with a rope of hemp, and moved his
latticed sandals in slow steps. Such a
figure was Francis the eremite, when he
wandered, as they tell, alone, through the
dark haunts of wild beasts, subduing
wolves and Libyan lions, and bearing to
the forest people, impiously, the pious
words of salvation.

Thus deceitfully clad, the false Serpent
opened his execrable lips and spake: "Dost
thou sleep, my son? Does slumber oppress
even thy limbs? O unmindful of the Faith,
and forgetful of thy flock! Canst thou
sleep while a barbarous people by the North
Pole laugh at thy throne and thy triple
diadem, thou whom all should venerate?
Canst thou sleep while the quiver-bearing
Britons spurn thy laws? Come, arise!
arise! thou slothful one, whom the Holy
Roman Kaiser adores, and to whom the
gate of the vaulted sky lies all unbarred.

Turgentes animos et fastus frange procaces,
 Sacrilegique sciant tua quid maledictio
 possit, 100
 Et quid Apostolice possit custodia clavis;
 Et memor Hesperiaz disiectam ulciscere
 classem,
 Mersaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
 Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa pro-
 brosse,
 Thermodoonteā nuper regnante puellā.
 At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,
 Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,
 Tyrrhenum implebit numeroso milite pon-
 tum,
 Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle;
 Belliquias veterum franget, flammisque
 cremabit, 110
 Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla pro-
 fanis,
 Cuius gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.
 Nec tamen hunc bellis et aperto Marte
 lacescess;
 Irritus ille labor; tu callidus utere fraude:
 Quālibet hæreticis disponere retia fas est.
 Iamque ad consilium extremis rex magnus
 ab oris
 Patricios vocat, et procerum de stirpe cre-
 atos,
 Grandævosque patres trabeā canisque ver-
 endos:
 Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in
 auras, 120
 Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne
 Ædibus injecto, quā convenere, sub imis.
 Protinus ipse igitur quoscunque habet An-
 glia fidos
 Propositi factique mone: quisquamne tuo-
 rum
 Audebit summi non iussa facessere Papæ?
 Perculsoisque metu subito, casuque stu-
 pentes,
 Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel sævus Ibérus.
 Sæcula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
 Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis
 Anglos.
 Et, nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas
 Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina
 fastis." 130
 Dixit, et adscitos ponens malefidus amic-
 tus
 Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile,
 Lethen.

Break their pride and shameless insolence!
 Let their sacrilegious eyes see what thy
 malediction can do, and what the custody
 of the apostolic key. Take thought to
 avenge the scattered armada of Spain,
 the Iberian standards overwhelmed in the
 broad deep, and all the bodies of thy saints
 who died on the ignominious cross during
 the late reign of the Amazonian queen.¹
 If thou preferrest to drowse in thy soft bed
 and refuse to crush the growing strength of
 the enemy, he will soon fill the Tyrrhenian
 sea with his ships, and plant his shining
 standards on the Aventine hill. He will
 break the relics of old saints and burn them
 with fire. He will plant his profane heel
 on thy sacred neck, thou whose sandals
 kings once rejoiced to kiss. But do not
 assault him with open war; that would be
 labor lost. Rather use cunning and fraud;
 it is righteous to set any kind of trap for
 heretics. Just now their king calls from far
 and wide his great men to council, his lords
 and commons, and aged bishops venerable
 with robe and snowy hair. These thou
 canst blow limb from limb, their ashes
 thou canst scatter to the wind, by placing
 nitrous-powder beneath the building
 where they convene. Straightway there-
 fore do thou admonish of the proposed
 deed all those in England who are still
 faithful. Who of thy servants will dare to
 refuse obedience to his sovran Pope?
 Then, when the nation is seized with panic
 terror and stupefied by the catastrophe,
 let either the fierce Gaul or the savage
 Spaniard invade them, and the days of
 Queen Mary will at last return. Once
 more thou shalt rule over the martial Eng-
 lish. And, that thou mayest put away
 all fear, I tell thee that all the gods and
 goddesses, as many deities as thy church-
 calendar celebrates, favor the "plan." So
 speaking, the traitor laid aside the dress he
 had assumed, and fled to the joyless realms
 of Lethe.

¹ The reference is to the persecution of the Catholics under Elizabeth.

Iam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas
 Vestit inauratas redeunt lumine terras;
 Mæstaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera
 nati
 Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis;
 Cum somnos pepulit stellatæ ianitor aulæ,
 Nocturnos visus et somnia grata revolvens.
 Est locus æternâ septus caligine noctis,
 Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamina tecti,
 Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotaque
 bilinguis,¹⁴⁴
 Efferâ quos uno peperit Discordia partu.
 Hic inter camenta iacent præruptaque saxa
 Ossa inhumata virûm, et traiecta cadavera
 ferro;
 Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocel-
 lis,
 Iurgiaque, et stimulis armata Calumnia
 fauces;
 Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille, viden-
 tur,
 Et Timor; exanguisque locum circumvolat
 Horror;
 Perpetuâque leves per muta silentia Manes
 Exululant; tellus et sanguine conscientia stag-
 nat.¹⁵⁰
 Ipsi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus
 antri
 Et Phonos et Prodotes; nulloque sequente
 per antrum,
 Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum ferali-
 bus umbris,
 Diffugunt sontes, et retrò lumina vortunt.
 Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longa fideles
 Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fa-
 tur:
 "Finibus occiduis circumfusum incolit
 æquor
 Gens exosa mihi; prudens Natura nega-
 vit
 Indignam penitùs nostro coniungere
 mundo.
 Illuc, sic iubeo, celeri contendite gressu,
 Tartareoque leves difflentur pulvere in
 auras
 Et rex et pariter satrapæ, scelerata pro-
 pago;¹⁶¹
 Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ
 Consilii socios adhibete, operisque minis-
 tros."
 Finierat: rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli.
 Interea longo flectens curvamine cælos

Now rosy dawn, opening the eastern
 gates, gilded the earth with returning light.
 Sorrowing for the death of her black son,
 Memnon, she sprinkled the mountain tops
 with ambrosial tears. The porter of the
 starry halls drove away sleep, and rolled
 back the pleasant dreams and visions of the
 night.

There is a place girt eternally with the
 darkness of night, the vast foundations of a
 building long since given to ruin, now the
 cave of fierce Murder and double-tongued
 Treachery, whom the hag Discord brought
 forth at one birth. Here amid heaps of
 rubble and broken stones lie the unburied
 bones of men, corpses impaled on steel.
 Here forever sits Craft, black, with dis-
 torted eyes; and Contention; and Calumny
 with viper jaws; and Fury; and Fear; and
 a thousand types of death. Pale Horror
 flies about the place. Perpetually through
 the silences howl the insubstantial ghosts.
 The conscious earth is soaked with blood.
 In the inmost recesses of the cavern Mur-
 der and Treachery lurk and tremble, and
 though no one pursues them, on they go
 through the cavern, the grawsome, rocky
 cavern, black with lethal shades; guiltily
 they flee, ever casting looks behind.

These champions of Rome, faithful
 through long ages, the Babylonish priest
 calls together, and addresses thus:
 "On the western confines of the world
 dwells a people hateful to me; their
 land is sea-girt, for scrupulous Nature has
 not held it worthy to be joined closely to
 our world. Thither, I command you, hasten
 quickly. As many men as you find burn-
 ing with desire of the true faith, take them
 to you as helpers and associates; then,
 with hell-powder blow the king and his
 chiefs, vile race that they are, into thin
 air." He ended, and the harsh twins
 [Murder and Treachery] obeyed him ea-
 gerly.

Meantime the Lord, who moveth the

Despicit æthereâ Dominus qui fulgurat
arce,
Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ,
Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.
Esse ferunt spatium, quâ distat ab Aside
terrâ ¹⁷⁰
Fertilis Europe, et spectat Mareotidas un-
das;
Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ,
Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris
Quâm superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion
Ossæ.
Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque
fenestræ,
Amplaque per tenues translucent atra
muros.
Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata susur-
ros;
Qualiter instrepitant circum mulcralia
bombis
Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia
iunco,
Dum Canis æstivum cæli petit ardua cul-
men. ¹⁸⁰
Ipsa quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in
arce:
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet
oli,
Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissi-
ma captat
Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus
orbis;
Nec tot, Aristoride, servator inique iuven-
cæ
Isidos, immitti volvebas lumina vultu,
Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia
sonno,
Lumina subiectas latè spectantia terras.
Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe
Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli;
Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque lin-
guis ¹⁹⁰
Cuilibet effundit temeraria; veraque men-
dax
Nunc minuit, modò confictis sermonibus
auget.
Sed tamen a nostro meruisti carmine
laudes,
Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius
ullum,
Nobis digna cani, nec te memorâsse pige-
bit

heavens in a wide circle and lightenereth from the ethereal citadel, looks down, and smiles at the vain plottings of the erring crowd, and will himself safeguard his people's cause.

Men tell of a place, midway between fertile Europe and the Asian land, looking toward the waters of Lake Maeotis. Here is placed the tower of Rumor, daughter of the Titan Earth. Of brass is the great tower, broad and resonant, nearer the ruddy stars than Ossa piled high with Pelion or Athos. A thousand doors and entrances stand open, and a thousand windows. Through the thin beaten walls gleam the ample courts within. Here crowds of people make a various whispering, like the buzzing of swarms of flies about the milk-pails or through the wattles of the sheep-cotes, when the Dog-star climbs to the summit of the summer sky. Throned at the top of her citadel sits Rumor herself, avenger of her mother, Earth; about her head grow innumerable ears, by whose aid she gathers in the slightest sound, the lightest murmur, from the ends of the broad earth. More eyes she has than thou, Argus, Arestor's son, unjust keeper of the cow Io, eyes that never close in sleep, but continually look abroad over the lands beneath; with them she is wont to search through places void of light, impervious even to the sun's rays. With a thousand tongues she pours out in unconsidering speech to any chance comer all that she sees or hears, now deceitfully making less the truth, now swelling it with imagined fabrications.

But, for all that, O Rumor, thou hast merited well at our hands, by reason of one good deed, than which there was never a truer. Thou art worthy to be praised in my song; I shall not be reproached for the length of my celebration of thee. For

Carmine tam longo; servati scilicet Angli
 Officiis, vaga diva, tuis tibi reddimus æqua.
 Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
Fulmine præmisso, alloquitur, terraque
tremente: 200
 "Fama, siles? an te latet impia Papistarum
Coniurata cohors in meque meosque Bri-
tannos,
 Et nova sceptrigero cædes meditata
 Iacob?"
 Nec plura: illa statim sensit mandata
 Tonantis,
 Et, satis antè fugax, stridentes induit alas,
 Induit et variis exilia corpora plumis;
 Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex ære sono-
 ram.
 Nec mora; iam pennis cedentes remigat
 auras,
 Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertere
 nubes;
 Iam ventos, iam solis equos, post terga reli-
 quit: 210
 Et primò Angliacas, solito de more, per
 urbes
 Ambiguis voces incertaque murmura spar-
 git;
 Mox arguta dolos et detestabile vulgat
 Propditionis opus, nec non facta horrida
 dictu,
 Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula
 cæcis
 Insidiis loca structa silet. Stupuere relatis,
 Et pariter iuvenes, pariter tremuere pu-
 ellæ
 Effætique senes pariter, tantæque ruinæ
 Sensus ad æstatem subitò penetraverat om-
 nem.
 Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto
Æthereus Pater, et crudelibus obstitit
ausis 220
 Papicolum. Capti poenas raptantur ad
 acres;
 At pia thura Deo et grati solvuntur hon-
 ores:
 Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fu-
 mant;
 Turba choros iuvenilis agit; Quintoque
 Novembbris
 Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

through thy offices, uncertain goddess, the English were saved, and we should render thee fit recompense. God, who tempers with motion the eternal fires, sent forth His thunderbolt, and while the earth shook therewith, thus spake to thee: "Rumor, art thou silent? Markest thou not the impious brood of Papists conspired against me and my Britains, or the novel murder meditated against king James?" No more He spake, but straightway she heeds the mandates of the Thunderer; and, swift before, now she puts on strident wings, puts on a light body feathered with motley plumage, and in her right hand takes a horn of sounding brass. She tarries not. Her wings oar the yielding atmosphere. 'T is not enough for her to pass in flight the driving clouds; she leaves the winds behind now, and now the horses of the Sun. First, as is her wont, she scatters vague whispers, uncertain rumors, through the English cities; then with clear voice publishes the designs of the enemy and his detestable work of guile; she reveals the facts in all their horror and adds in her garrulity the very authors of the crime and the place prepared for hidden treachery. At her tale young men stand stupefied, maidens tremble, and weak old men; the sense of the awful ruin to come overwhelms all ages equally. But meanwhile the Heavenly Father pities this people from on high, and frustrates the daring cruelty of the Pope-worshippers. The plotters are captured and dragged to torture. Incense and honors are offered to God in gratitude; the merry cross-roads smoke with genial bonfires. The throngs of young men dance. No day in all the year is more celebrated than the Fifth of November.

IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS ELIENSIS

Anno etatis 17

ON THE DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF ELY

This poem is parallel, in every respect except that of verse-form, with Elegy III on the death of Dr. Lancelot Andrewes, Bishop of Winchester. Dr. Nicholas Felton, Bishop of Ely, was likewise a Cambridge man, and had likewise been Master of Pembroke. His death occurred in October, 1626, only a few days after that of his brother-bishop. No

connection of a personal sort is known to have existed between Dr. Felton and Milton, though the tone of the poem might seem to imply such a connection. The concluding verses, in spite of their somewhat conventional phrasing, are premonitory of Milton's power to suggest the vastness of cosmic space.

ADHUC madentes rore squalebant genæ,
Et sicca nondum lumina
Aadhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis
Quem nuper effudi pius
Dum mæsta charo iusta persolvi rogo
Wintoniensis Præsulis,
Cum centilinguis Fama (proh! semper mali
Cladisque vera nuntia)
Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniae,
Populosque Neptuno satos, 10
Cessisse Morti et ferreis Sororibus,
Te, generis humani decus,
Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ
Qua nomen Anguilla tenet.
Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus
Ebulliebat fervidâ,
Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam:
Nec vota Naso in Ibida
Concepit alto diriora pectore; 20
Graiusque vates parciūs
Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,
Sponsamque Neobulen suam.
At ecce! diras ipse dum fundo graves,
Et imprecor Neci necem, 30
Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos
Leni, sub aurâ, flamine:
"Cæcos furores pone; pone vitream
Bilemque et irritas minas.
Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,
Subitõque ad iras pertica?
Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,
Mors atra Noctis filia, 40
Erebove patre creta, sive Erinnye,
Vastove nata sub Chao:
Ast illa, cælo missa stellato, Dei
Messes ubique colligit;
Animasque mole carneâ reconditas
In lucem et auras evocat,
(Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem,
Themidos Iovisque filiæ,) 40

My cheeks were still damp and stained, and my swollen eyes not yet dry from the salt tears I had shed in doing my sad duty over the precious bier of Winchester's bishop, when hundred tongued Rumor (O, always true messenger of evil and disaster!) spread through the cities of rich Britain and among the people sprung from Neptune, the news that you, who were chief pontiff of religion in the isle that bears the name of Ely, had yielded to Death and the dire Sisters. Then straightway ire boiled in my unquiet breast, and often I cursed the potent goddess of the grave, with curses more savage than Ovid conjured up against Ibis. More sparingly did the Grecian bard Archilochus curse the treachery of Ly- cambes, and Neobule, his own betrothed. But lo, while I was pouring forth heavy curses and was calling down destruction upon the Destroyer, methought I heard astonished these words, borne by a gentle breath beneath the breeze: "Quench thy blind wrath; quench thy gleaming bile and thy unavailing threats. Why dost thou rashly violate the powers which cannot be harmed, but which may be moved to sudden wrath? Death is not, — as thou deemest, poor deluded soul, — the dark daughter of Night, born of Erebus or Erinyes in the vasts of Chaos. No, she is sent from starry heaven to reap everywhere the fields of God. Souls hidden under the weight of flesh she calls into the air and the light, even as the fleet Hours, daughters of Themis and Jove, bring forth day from

Et sempiterni dicit ad vultus Patris,
 At iusta raptat impios
 Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari
 Sedesque subterraneas.
 Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, citò
 Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
 Volatilesque faustus inter milites
 Ad astra sublimis feror,
 Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum senex,
 Auriga currus ignei.
 Non me Bootis terruere lucidi
 Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
 Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia;
 Non ensis, Orion, tuus.
 Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum;
 Longèque sub pedibus deam
 Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat suos
 Frænus dracones aurei.
 Erraticorum siderum per ordines,
 Per lacteas vehor plagas,
 Velocitatem sepe miratus novam,
 Donec nitentes ad fores
 Ventum est Olympi, et regiam crystalli-
 nam, et
 Stratum smaragdis atrium.
 Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat
 Oriundus humano patre
 Amcenitates illius loci? Mihi
 Sat est in æternum frui."

50

60

night. And these souls she leads before the face of the Sempiternal Father; but the souls of the impious she justly hurries away to the mournful realms of savage Hell, and the subterranean abodes. When I heard her voice calling me I rejoiced; straightway I left my foul prison of flesh, and in the midst of winged soldiery was borne in blessedness to the stars, as of old the aged prophet was rapt to heaven charioted in fire. The wain of bright Boötes, slow with cold, did not appall me, nor the arms of the fearful Scorpion, nor thy sword, Orion. I sped past the globe of the fulgid sun; far beneath my feet I saw the tri-form goddess of the moon tugging at the golden reins of her dragons. Through the ranks of the erratic stars, and the milky stretches of space, I was borne, wondering at the novel speed of my flight, until I came to the glittering portals of Olympus, and the palace of crystal, and the courts paved with jasper and malachite. But here I will be silent, for who born of mortal father can tell the pleasures of that place? It is enough for me to enjoy it forever."

NATURAM NON PATI SENIUM

THAT NATURE IS NOT SUBJECT TO OLD AGE

It is probable, from a letter written by Milton to Alexander Gill, his former master at St. Paul's School, that this piece was composed to oblige a Fellow of Christ's College, who was called upon to furnish some verse of the kind for the commencement exercises of 1628. Milton says: "A certain Fellow of our college, who had to act as Respondent in the philosophical disputation at this Commencement, chanced to entrust to my puerility the composition of the verses required by the annual custom to be written on the questions in dispute, being himself already long past the age for trifles of that sort, and more intent on serious things." The "Respondent in the philosophical disputation" was a person chosen from among the candidates for the Master's degree, to

uphold a given thesis, and defend it against the attacks of two Opponents, similarly chosen. He was required to furnish a kind of poetical illustration of his thesis, to be distributed among the audience before the disputation began. The question here dealt with, that of the ultimate decay or eternal youthfulness of Nature, was a popular one in the seventeenth century, philosophic thought being about equally divided upon it. Milton's verses are a vigorous poetic protest against the theory of degeneracy, conceived with a fervor of conviction and a strength of imagery which gives the trifle a permanent significance. Milton was at the end of his fourth academic year at the time of writing, and hence in the twentieth year of his age.

HEU! quam perpetuis erroribus acta fatis-
 cit
 Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa
 profundis

AH, how man's roving mind is driven and wearied by perpetual error, involved in profound shade and night such as blind

Edipodionam volvit sub pectore noctem!
 Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum
 Audet, et incisas leges adamenta perenni
 Assimilare suis, nulloea soluble seculo
 Consilium Fati perituri alligat horis.
 Ergone marcescet sulcantibus obsita
 rugis
 Naturæ facies, et rerum publica Mater,
 Omniparum contracta uterum, sterilescet
 ab ævo?
 Et, se fassa senem, malè certis passibus
 ibit
 Sidereum tremebunda caput? Num tetra
 vetustas
 Annorumque æterna famæ, squalorque
 situsque,
 Sidera vexabunt? An et insatiabile Tem-
 pus
 Esuriet Cælum, rapietque in viscera pa-
 trem?
 Heu! potuitne suas imprudens Iupiter
 arces
 Hoc contra munisæ nefas, et Temporis isto
 Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes?
 Ergo erit ut quandoque, sono dilapsa tre-
 mendo,
 Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu
 Stridat uterque polus, superaque ut Olym-
 pius aulæ
 Decidat, horribilisque reiecta Gorgone
 Pallas;
 Qualis in Ægeam proles Iunonia Lemnon
 Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cæli.
 Tu quoque, Phœbe, tui casus imitabere nati
 Præcipiti curru, subitaque ferere ruinæ
 Pronus, et extincta fumabit lampade Ne-
 reus,
 Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.
 Tunc etiam aërei divulsi sedibus Hæmi
 Dissultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro
 Terrebunt Stygium deiecta Ceraunia Di-
 tem,
 In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaque
 bella.
 At Pater Omnipotens, fundatis fortius
 astris,
 Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque peregit
 Pondere Fatorum lances, atque ordine
 summo
 Singula perpetuum iussit servare tenorem.
 Volvitur hinc lapsu Mundi rota prima
 diurno,

Edipus knew! Foolishly he dares to
 measure the deeds of the gods by his own,
 to his own laws he likens those laws
 graven on eternal adamant; and the will of
 Fate, never to be changed or undone, he
 links with his own perishable days. Shall
 the face of Nature wither, and be furrowed
 with wrinkles? Shall the universal Mother
 grow sterile with age, and her all-creating
 womb shrivel to nothingness? Shall she
 go stricken with old age, her steps uncertain,
 her starry head palsied? Shall the hideous-
 ness of age, and filth, and wasting, and the
 eternal famine of the years, vex the stars?
 Shall insatiable Time eat up the sky and
 devour his own father? Alas, could not
 improvident Jove have warded off this evil
 from the orbs of Heaven, made them ex-
 empt from this sickness of Time, and given
 them perpetual revolutions? 'T is true,
 then, that a day will come when with
 fearful sound the floor of Heaven shall be
 broken up, when either pole shall shriek
 against the stroke, as Olympian Jove falls
 from his supernal dwelling, and dread
 Pallas, with the Gorgon uncovered on her
 shield; even as Vulcan, thrown from
 Heaven's brink, fell down to Ægean Lem-
 nos. Thou too, O Sun-god, shalt imitate
 the calamity of thy son Phaethon and fall
 headlong from thy chariot, borne down in
 sudden ruin, and with thy quenched lamp
 the Ocean shall smoke and give forth
 deathly hisses from his waves. Then,
 torn from its foundation, the aëry summit
 of Mt. Hæmus shall topple down; the
 Ceraunian mountains once used as missiles
 in the fratricidal wars of the gods shall
 crash into the lowest gulf, and terrify Sty-
 gian Dis.
 Nay, not so. The omnipotent Father,
 planning for his universe, has more strongly
 established the stars. The scales of Fate
 He has balanced with surer weights. He
 has commanded all things in the great
 order to preserve unendingly their even
 way. Wherefore, the first wheel of the
 Universe [the Primum Mobile] rolls diur-
 nal, and communicates its dizzy motion to

Raptat et ambitos sociâ vertigine cælos.
Tardior haud solito Saturnus, et acer ut
olim
Fulmineum rutilat cristata casside Mavors.
Floridus æternum Phœbus iuvenile corus-
cat, 41
Nec fovet effætas loca per declivia terras
Devexo temone Deus; sed semper, amicâ
Luce potens, eadem currit per signa rota-
rum.
Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis
Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo,
Manè vocans, et serus agens in pascua cali;
Temporis et gemino dispertit regna colore.
Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur
ulnis. 50
Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque
fragore
Lurida percussas iaculantur fulmina rupes.
Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Cau-
rus;
Stringit et armiferos æquali horrore Gelo-
nos
Trux Aquilo, spiratque hiemem, nimbosque
volutat.
Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
Rex maris, et raucâ circumstrepit æquora
conchâ
Oceani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem
Ægæona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.
Sed neque, Terra, tibi sæculi vigor ille
vetusti 60
Priscus abest; servatque suum Narcissus
odorem;
Et puer ille suum tenet, et puer ille, de-
corem,
Phœbe, tuusque, et, Cypri, tuus; nec ditior
olim
Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum
Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique
in ævum
Ibit cunctarum series iustissima rerum;
Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima,
latè
Circumplexa polos et vasti culmina cæli,
Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina Mundi.

the spheres within. Saturn goes no slower than his wont, and eager as of old fulminates red-crested Mars. Florid Phœbus shines ever young, nor does he deflect his team down declivities of sky to warm abandoned places of the earth; but always through the same zodiacal signs he goes charioting, strong with friendly light. The morning and the evening star rise lovely as of yore from the odorous East, shepherd-ing their ethereal flocks on the blanching plains of heaven; in the morning they call home the stars, in the evening lead them out to pasture; disparting the realms of time with twin variety of light. As of old the moon shines through the changing phases of her horns, clasping with the same arms her cerulean fire. The elements, too, keep faith. With the same old crash the lurid lightning smites the cliffs. With undiminished roar Caurus rages through the void, and savage Aquilo flings its same horror of snow and storm against the martial Scythians. The Sea-king still lashes the bases of Sicilian Pelorus; the trumpeter of ocean still sounds his hoarse conch over the waters. With the same vast weight giant *Ægæon*, they tell, be-strides the back of the Balearic whale. Nor from thee, Earth, does thy ancient vigor fade. The narcissus keeps its odor; the flower of thy boy, O Apollo, is still beautiful, and of thine, Aphrodite. Rich as of old, Earth still guiltily hides the sin-
ful gold in her mountains, and the gems beneath her waves.

So, in fine, the just round of things shall go forever, until the last conflagration lays all waste, envelopes the poles, and wraps the summits of the mighty sky, and as on a huge pyre blazes the frame of the world.

DE IDEÂ PLATONICÂ QUEMADMODUM ARISTOTELES INTELLEXIT
ON THE PLATONIC IDEA AS IT WAS UNDERSTOOD BY ARISTOTLE

This is probably also an academic exercise, written on some occasion similar to the foregoing. It is an attempt to burlesque Aristotle's interpretation, too rigid and physical, of the Platonic doctrine of Ideas or Archetypes. Milton speaks not in his own person, but in

DICITE, sacrorum præsides nemorum deæ,
Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
Memoria mater, queque in immenso procul
Antro recumbis otiosa Aternitas,
Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Iovis,
Cælique fastos atque ephemeridas Deūm,
Quis ille primus cuius ex imagine
Natura solers fixxit humanum genus,
Aternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
Unusque et universus, exemplar Dei? 10
Haud ille, Palladis gemellus innubæ,
Interna proles insidet menti Iovis;
Sed, quamlibet natura sit communior,
Tamen seorsus extat ad morem unius,
Et, mira! certo stringitur spatio loci:
Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes
Cæli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
Citimumve terris incolit Lunæ globum;
Sive, inter animas corpus adituras sedens,
Obliviosas torpet ad Lethæ aquas; 20
Sive in remotâ fortè terrarum plagâ
Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
Et diis tremendus erigit celum caput,
Atlante maior portatore siderum.
Non, cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit,
Diræcæus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;
Non hunc silenti nocte Pléiônes nepos
Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro;
Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet
Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,
Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem;
Non ille trino gloriosus nomine 32
Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani sciens)
Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.
At tu, perenne ruris Academi decus,
(Hæc monstra si tu primus induxi scholis)

the person of a literal-minded Aristotelian, who demands loudly to know where the Archetype of man can be found, in the heavens above or the earth beneath. The manner of refutation here adopted is unexpectedly genial and humorous.

Ye goddesses who guard the sacred grove, and thou, O Memory, happy mother of the nine-fold deity; and Eternity, lazily recumbent far-off in thy great cavern, guarding the laws and ordinance of Jove and keeping the chronicles and feast-calendars of Heaven, — tell me, who was that first Being, eternal, incorruptible, coeval with the sky, that one and universal Being, exemplar of God, after whose image cunning nature patterned human kind? It surely does not lurk unborn in the brain of Jove, a twin to virgin Pallas. Though its nature is common to many, yet, wonderful to tell, it exists apart after the manner of an individual, and has a local habitation. Perchance as comrade to the semipiternal stars it wanders through the ten spheres of heaven, and inhabits the globe of the Moon, nearest to earth. Perchance it sits drowsing by the oblivious waters of Lethe, among the spirits that wait to enter some living body and be born. Or in some remote region of the world does this Archetype of man walk about as a huge giant, lifting its high head to frighten the gods, taller than Atlas the star-bearer? No, the seer Tiresias, to whom blindness gave but added depth of vision, never saw it in his dreams. Winged Mercury never showed it to the wise band of seers, as he taught them in the silent night. The Assyrian priest, though he knew the long ancestry of ancient Ninus, knew old Belus and renowned Osiris, never heard of such a creature. Not even Hermes Trismegistus, trine and glorious name, though he knew many secret things, told aught of this to the worshippers of Isis.

Ah, Plato, unfading glory of the Academy, if you were the first to bring such

Iam iam poetas, urbis exules tuæ,
Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus;
Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

monsters as this into the schools, you really ought to call back the poets whom you exiled from your republic, for you are the greatest fabler of them all. Bring them in, or else you, the founder, must go out!

AD PATREM
TO MY FATHER

This poem was written, as appears from internal evidence, at Horton, probably soon after Milton went there from Cambridge, at the close of his seven years of academic life. His position at that time was peculiar. His father had given him every advantage of education procurable, not only in the way of regular schooling, but also in the way of elegant accomplishments. To this had been added the stimulus of personal advice and encouragement in the prosecution of those large plans of self-improvement which Milton early laid out for himself. It was natural for the father to expect, therefore, that his son would now put this elaborate education to some practical use in adopting one of the professions. When Milton rejected the ministry, and settled down

at Horton with no more definite programme than to make a poet of himself, the good scrivener, in spite of his own liberal tastes, may well have been puzzled, or even moved to remonstrate. This poem is at once an earnest avowal of indebtedness and an eloquent plea for the right to continue in the service of song. A very persuasive turn is given to the plea by the poet's declaration that the whole course of his father's conduct towards him has tended to develop in him the longing for high ideal aims; and that, moreover, his father's love of musical composition is only another form of the Muse's service. Milton's intellectual pride and exultant sense of power comes out strikingly as the poem draws toward its close.

NUNC mea Pierios cupiam per pectora
fontes

Irrigas torquere vias, totumque per ora
Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;
Ut, tenues oblitera sonos, audacibus alis
Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis.
Hoc utcunque tibi gratum, pater optime,
carmen

Exiguum meditatur opus; nec novimus
ipsi

Aptius a nobis quæ possint munera donis
Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima pos-
sint

Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis
Esse queat vacuis quæ redditur arida
verbis.

Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina
census,

Et quod habemus opum chartæ numeravi-
mus ista,

Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea
Clio,

Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub an-
tro,

Et nemoris laureta sacri. Parnassides um-
brae.

Now may the Pierian fountains pour
their waters through my heart, and the
stream that falls from the twin peaks of
Parnassus roll all its flood upon my lips.
My Muse will put by her trivial strain, and
rise on audacious wings to praise the par-
ent whom I venerate. I know not how
welcome, best of fathers, this song will be,
this slender work that I meditate for you;
but I know no better gift with which to
repay your gifts. Gifts the greatest would
be too little to repay you, much less can
the mere arid return of words hope to equal
your kindness. But still this page can set
forth my account; on this sheet I have
summed up my wealth, which is nothing
except what golden Clio gave me, and what
dreams have brought me in sequestered
caverns, and the laurels of the sacred
wood, the shady places of Parnassus.

Nec tu, vatis opus, divinum despice carmen,
 Quo nihil æthereos ortus et semina cœli,
 Nil magis humanam commendat origine
 mentem,
 Sancta Prometheæ retinens vestigia flammæ.
 Carmen amant Superi, tremebundaque
 Tartara carmen
 Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
 Et triplici duros Manes adamante coeret.
 Carmine sepositi retegunt arcana futuri
 Phœbades, et tremule pallentes ora Sibylæ;
 Carmina sacrificus sollemnes pangit ad aras,
 Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum,
 Seu cum fata sagax fumantibus abdita
 fibris
 Consulti, et tepidis Parcam scrutatur in
 extis.
 Nos etiam, patrium tunc cum repetemus
 Olympum,
 Aeternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi,
 Ibimus auratis per cœli templa coronis,
 Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,
 Astra quibus geminique poli convexa sonabunt.
 Spiritus et rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes
 Nunc quoque sidereis intercinit ipse choreis
 Immortale melos et inenarrabile carmen,
 Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila Serpens,
 Demissimo ferox gladio mansuescit Orion,
 Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius
 Atlas.
 Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
 Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa
 vorago
 Nota gulæ, et modico spumabat cœna
 Lyæo.
 Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia va-
 tes,
 Æsculea intonsos redimitus ab arbore cri-
 nes,
 Heroumque actus imitandaque gesta canebat,
 Et Chaos, et positi latè fundamina Mundi,
 Reptantesque deos, et alentes numina glan-
 des,
 Et nondum Ætnæo quæsitus fulmen ab
 antro.

Do not, my father, hold in disesteem the work of the bard, divine Song, than which nothing more clearly shows man's ethereal beginning, and heavenly seed, and the high origin of his mind. For in song linger holy traces of that fire which Prometheus stole. The gods love song. It has strength to compel the trembling deeps of Tartarus, to bind the lower gods, and chain the cruel shades with triple adamant. Song reveals the secrets of the distant future, spoken by Apollo's priestesses and by the pallid lips of quivering Sibyls. The sacrificer makes verse before the solemn altars, whether he strikes the tossing head of the bull between its gilded horns, or knowingly consults the destinies hidden in the fuming flesh, and reads fate from the entrails still warm with life. We too, when we return to our native Heaven, and when the changeless eras of eternity are ours, shall go through the skyey temples crowned with gold, matching sweet hymns to the soft beat of the plectrum; the stars and the deeps of the twin poles shall ring with them. And even now that fiery Spirit who flies round the swift orbs, himself sings amid the starry chorus an immortal melody a song ineffable, while the ruddy serpent-constellation Ophiucus stills his hot hissing, and fierce Orion, lowering his sword, grows gentle, and Mauritanian Atlas feels no longer the weight of the stars.

Poetry was wont to adorn the feasts of kings, in the old days when luxury and the vast abyss of the greedy maw were not yet known, but when the table sparkled with seemly and moderate wine. Then, according to the good custom, the bard, seated at the convivial board, his unshorn locks bound with oak-leaves, used to chant the exploits of heroes and their emulable deeds; and Chaos, and the broad-laid foundations of the world; and the infant gods crawling to find their acorn food; and the thunderbolt not yet brought from the cavern of

Denique quid vocis modularmen inane luva-
 bit,
 Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique 50
 loquacis?
 Silvestres decet iste choros, non Orphea,
 cantus,
 Qui tenuit fluvios, et quercubus addidit
 aures,
 Carmine, non cithara, simulacraque functa
 canendo
 Compulit in lacrymas: habet has a carmine
 laudes.
 Nec tu perge, precor, sacras contemnere
 Musas,
 Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse
 peritus
 Munere mille sonos numeros componis ad
 aptos,
 Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram
 Doctus Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres.
 Nunc tibi quid mirum si me genuisse poë-
 tam 61
 Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine
 iuncti
 Cognatas artes studiumque affine sequamur?
 Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,
 Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti;
 Dividuumque Deum, genitorque puerque,
 tenemus.
 Tu tamen ut similes teneras odisse Ca-
 mœnas,
 Non odisse reor. Neque enim, pater, ire
 iubebas
 Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri,
 Certaque condendi fuglet spes aurea
 nummi;
 Nec rapis ad leges, malè custoditaque 70
 gentis
 Iura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures.
 Sed, magis excultam cupiens ditescere
 mentem,
 Me, procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis
 Abductum, Aoniæ iucunda per otia ripæ,
 Phœbæo lateri comitem sinis ire beatum.
 Officium chari taceo commune parentis;
 Me poscent maiora. Tuo, pater optime,
 sumptu
 Cum mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia lin-
 guæ,
 Et Latii veneres, et quæ Iovis ora dece-
 bant 80

Ætna. And what does mere music avail without words, tune vacant of sense and eloquent numbers? That will do for the sylvan chorus of the birds, but not for Orpheus; 't was with his singing voice, not with the sound of his cithara, that he held back rivers, gave ears to the oaks, and drove the ghosts of the dead to tears. From song he has the praise for these marvels.

Do not, father, I pray, go on contemning the sacred Muses. Do not think them vain and poor, by whose grace you yourself are skilled to fit a thousand sounds to tune and rhythm, and varying your clear voice through a thousand modulations, may be by right of knowledge heir to Arion's name. If it has been your lot to beget me a poet, why should you think it strange that, close-joined as we are by the dear tie of blood, we pursue kindred arts and studies? Phœbus wished to divide himself, and gave one half himself to me and the other half to you. Father and son, we share between us the god.

But for all your pretence of hatred against poetry I do not believe that you hate it. For you did not command me, father, to go where the way lies open broad, and there is freer field for earning lucre; where the hope of gain shines golden and sure. Nor did you drag me to the bar, to grope among the nation's ill-guarded laws, nor damn my ears to the insipid clamor of pleaders. Nay, rather you wished to enrich still more my mind, already well-nurtured, and led me far from the city uproar into high retirement, and permitted me to enjoy happy leisure by the Aonian stream, and to walk a glad companion at Apollo's side.

I will say nothing of the common love and duty due to a dear parent; your claims on me are higher. When, at your cost, dear father, I had mastered the tongue of Romulus and seen all the graces of it, and

Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graii,
Addere suasisti quos iactat Gallia flores,
Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loque-
lam

Fundit, barbaricos testatus voce tumultus,
Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates.
Denique quicquid habet cælum, subiecta-
que cælo

Terra parens, terræque et cælo interfluvus
aér,

Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitabile
marmor,

Per te nôsse licet, per te, si nôsse libebit;
Dimotâque venit spectanda Scientia nube,
Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula
vultus,

Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libâsse molestum.

I nunc, confer opes, quisquis malesanus
avitas

Austriaci gazas Perùanaque regna präop-
tas.

Quæ potuit maiora pater tribuisse, vel ipse
Iupiter, excepto, donâasset ut omnia, cælo?
Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuis-
sent,

Publica qui iuveni commisit lumina nato,
Atque Hyperionios currus, et frena diei,
Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tiaram.
Ergo ego, iam doctæ pars quamlibet ima-
catervae,

Victrices hederas inter laurosque sedebo;
Iamque nec obscurus populo miscebor in-
erti,
Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profa-
nos.

Este procul vigiles Curae, procul este Que-
relæ,
Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirquo;
Sæva nec anguiferos extende, Calumnia,
rictus;

In me triste nihil, fœdissima turba, potes-
tis,

Nec vestri sum iuris ego; securaque tutus
Pectora vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu.

At tibi, chare pater, postquam non æqua
merenti

Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere
factis,

Sit memorâsse satis, repetitaque munera
grato

Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.
Et vos, O nostri, iuvenilia carmina, lusus,

had learned the noble idiom of the magnilo-
quent Greeks, fit for the great mouth of
Jove himself, you persuaded me to add to
these the flowers which France boasts; and
the speech which the modern Italian pours
from his degenerate lips, bearing witness
in every accent of the barbarian tumults;
and the language in which the singers of
Palestine speak their mysteries. After-
wards, whatever the sky holds, or mother
earth under the sky, or the air of heaven
between; whatever the wave hides, or the
restless marble of the sea, — of all this
through you I am enabled to learn, through
you, if I care to learn. From the parted
cloud comes Science, naked and lovely, and
bends her entrancing face to my kisses;—
unless I wish to flee, unless I find it irksome
to taste her lips.

Go, gather wealth, ye dull minds that
care for the old treasures of Austria, and
of the Peruvian realm. What greater gift
than learning could my father have given
me, or Jove himself, unless he had given me
all but his very sky? Not more potent,
though more dangerous, was the gift of him
who entrusted to his son the general light,
and the chariot of Hyperion, and the reins
of day, and the tiara of undulating radi-
ance. Therefore, since I am a part, though
the humblest, of the gifted throng, I shall
sit among the victor's ivy and laurel. I
shall not mix obscurely with the dull rabble;
my footsteps shall be far from profane
eyes. Let wakeful Care avaunt, and Com-
plaint, and Envy with her crooked leer.
Fierce Calumny, open not thy poisonous
jaws! Varlets, ye have no power of evil
over me; I am not under your law. With
secure breast I shall walk, lifted high above
your viper stroke.

But as for you, dear father, since it is
not granted me to render justice to your
desert, or equal your gifts with my deeds,
let it suffice that I remember, that in all
gratitude I count over my blessings, and
hold them faithfully in mind.

And ye, my boyish verses, pastime of

Si modò perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,
Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,
Nec spiso rapient oblivia nigra sub Orco,
Forstitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis
ævo. 120

my youth, perchance if ye dare to hope for immortality, dare to look upon the light after your master is dead, and are not snatched away to crowded Orcus and its dark oblivion, perchance these praises which I sing in the name of my father will last as an example for the age to come.

AD SALSILLUM POETAM ROMANUM ÆGROTANTEM SCAZONTES
CHOLIAMBICS TO SALSILLO, A ROMAN POET, IN HIS ILLNESS.

The person addressed in these verses, Giovanni Salzilli, Milton probably met in Rome. His poetry has long been forgotten. He was a member of the literary society called L'Accademia dei Fantastici, or Academy of the Fantastics; and his poems were mostly written as contributions to this club. That he was one of Milton's Roman acquaintances we should know, without the testimony of the present

composition, by his commendatory verses prefixed to the Latin poems. These verses are in the usual fulsome strain, exalting Milton above Homer, Virgil, and Tasso. In the opening lines, Milton alludes jestingly to the kind of metre he has chosen to use, — scazons, or "limping measure," in which a spondee or trochee is inserted instead of the expected iambus in the last foot of each line.

O MUSA gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,
Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,
Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum
Quam cum decentes flava Dëiope suras
Alternat aureum ante Iunonis lectum,
Ades dum, et hæc s'is verba pauca Salsillo
Refer, Camcena nostra cui tantum est
cordi,
Quamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò
divis.
Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milton,
Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum 10
Polique tractum (pessimus ubi ventorum,
Insanientis impotensque pulmonis,
Pernix anhela sub Iove exercet flabra)
Venis feraces Itali soli ad glebas,
Visum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ,
Virosque, doctæque indolem iuuentutis,
Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa, Salsille,
Habitumque fesso corpori penitus sanum;
Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,
Præcordiisque fixa damnosum spirat; 20
Nec id pepercit impia quod tu Romano
Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.
O dulce divum munus, O Salus, Hebes
Germana! Tuque, Phœbe! morborum
terror,
Pythone cæso, sive tu magis Pœan
Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.
Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso

O MUSE, who hast elected to drag a club-foot after thee, who rejoicest to go slowly limping like Vulcan, and esteemest thyself no less engaging so than is blonde-haired Deiope when she moves her trim ankles in the dance before the golden couch of Juno, — come, prithee, and bear these few words to Salsillo, who is so partial to my poetry that he puts me, all unworthy as I am, before the divine singers of old. Say that the man whom he praises sends him these verses; London-bred Milton, who a while ago left his nest and his accustomed tract of sky, where the worst of wild winds fills the sky from its ungovernable lungs with fleet and panting blasts, and came to the fruitful glebe of Italy, to see its proud cities, its noble men, and its gifted youth. Now he sends thee greeting, Salsillo, and much health to thy afflicted body. Surfeit of bile infests thy reins, and spreads sickness through thy organs; it is too impious to spare thee, for all the polished Lesbian song that thou pourest from thy Roman mouth.

O Health, sweetest gift of the gods, sister of Hebe! and thou Apollo (or Pœan, if thou lovest that name better), thou who didst slay Python and art the terror of disease, behold, this is a priest of thine! O ye oaken groves of Faunus, and ye Roman

Colles benigni, mitis Euandri sedes,
 Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,
 Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati. 30
 Sic ille charis redditus rursùm Musis
 Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
 Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos
 Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,
 Suam reclivis semper Ægeriam spectans;
 Tumidusque et ipse Tiberis, hinc delimitus,
 Spei favebit annuæ colonorum;
 Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges, 40
 Nimiùm sinistro laxus irruens loro;
 Sed fræna meliùs temperabit undarum,
 Adusque curvi salsa regna Portumnii.

hills gracious with the dew of the grape,
 ye seats of mild Evander, if any healing
 simple grows in your valleys, hasten, strive
 each to be first in bringing alleviation to
 your sick poet. Then, restored once more
 to the dear Muses, he will charm the near
 fields with sweet song. Numa himself,
 where he reclines under the dark trees in
 a blissful eternity of ease, and gazes for-
 ever at his Egeria, will wonder. Swollen
 Tiber, soothed by the music, will spare the
 crop on which the farmer has set his hope
 of the year. He will cease to rush on with
 his left rein too loose, to overwhelm the
 very kings in their sepulchres; but he will
 temper his waves, till they reach the salt
 realms of Portumnus, god of the curving
 harbor.

MANSUS

Ioannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, vir ingenii laude, tum literarum studio, nec non et bellicâ
 virtute, apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem Torquati Tassi Dialogus extat de Amicitia scriptus;
 erat enim Tassi amicissimus: ab quo etiam inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui
 titulus GERUSALEMME CONQUISTATA, lib. 20.

*Fra cavalier magnanimi e cortesi
 Risplende il Manso...*

Is authorem, Neapoli commorantem, summa benevolentia prosecutus est, multaque ei detulit humani-
 tatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille, antequam ab eâ urbe discederet, ut ne ingratum se ostenderet,
 hoc carmen misit.

TO MANSO

Giovanni Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa, is a man of the highest repute in Italy, for genius, scholarship,
 and military accomplishments. Torquato Tasso addressed to him his Dialogue on Friendship; he was a dear friend of that poet, and is mentioned among the princes of Campania in the poem en-
 titled Gerusalemme Conquistata, book xx: —

*Fra cavalier magnanimi, e cortesi,
 Risplende il Manso.*

During the present author's stay at Naples, he was indebted to this nobleman for many offices of kindness and courtesy. After leaving the city, therefore, he sent the following verses to his host, in token of gratitude.

The above headnote, prefixed to the poem for the edition of 1645, leaves only a few additional words of explanation to be given. Milton owed his introduction to Manso, as he tells us in the *Defensio Secunda*, to an eremite friar with whom he fell in on the way from Rome to Naples, in November, 1638. Born in 1561, the marquis was now verging upon his eightieth year, and was one of the very few munificent private patrons of art and letters still alive in Italy. He had sheltered Tasso, in 1588, when the poet was wandering friendless and distracted over Italy, and published affectionate personal memoirs of that poet after his death. He had stood in the same relation of friendship and helpfulness to Marini, upon

whose shoulders Tasso's mantle fell. At Marini's death, in 1625, he had taken charge of his burial and erected a monument in his honor. A man so intimately connected with the glories of Italian poetry could not but be interesting to Milton. We have abundant evidence that the interest was returned. Milton himself says: "As long as I staid in Naples, I found him truly most friendly to me, he himself acting as my guide through the different parts of the city and the palace of the viceroy, and coming himself more than once to my inn to visit me; and at my going away he seriously excused himself to me in that, though he wished to have shown me greater attention, he had not been able to do so in that city,

because I would not be more close in the matter of religion." The complimentary epigram which Manso gave to his young English guest and which the latter prefixed to his Latin poems, rather bluntly excludes his religious convictions from eulogy: "If, as thy mind, form, bearing, face, and morals, so also thy creed were, thou would'st be not an Angle but an angel."

In the *Epitaphium Damonis* there is a description of the wrought or painted cups which Manso gave his guest as a keepsake: —

"I dreamed of showing thee the two cups which Manso gave me, — Manso, not the least glory of the Neapolitan shore. They are wonders of art, even as the giver is wonderful. About them is wrought a double brede; in the midst rolls the red sea, and spring scatters its odors; along the far coasts of Araby the trees drop balsam. . . . In another

place is the mighty stretch of sky, where Olympus lies open to view."

The poem to Manso is one of singular elegance, and occasionally of high beauty. Autobiographically the most interesting passage is that in which the poet states his intention of writing an epic upon King Arthur; by which announcement he makes a tacit claim to be included in the list of those poets whom Manso has befriended. The concluding passage, in which Milton longs for such a patron and friend as Manso had been to Tasso and Marini, is conceived in a strain of surprising humility and dependence, rising, however, at the end, into confident exultation.

The exact date of the poem cannot be fixed. It was composed either in Italy, after Milton left Naples, or in England, soon after his return.

Hæc quoque, Manse, tuae meditantur carmina laudi
Pierides; tibi, Manse, choro notissime
Phœbæ,
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est
dignatus honore,
Post Galli cineres, et Mæcænatis Hetrusci.
Tu quoque, si nostræ tantum valet aura
Camænæ,
Victrices hederas inter laurosque sedebis.
Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso
Iunxit, et æternis inscripsit nomina chartis.
Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscia Musa
Marinum
Tradidit; ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum,
Dum canit Assyrios divum prolixus amores,
Mollis et Ausionias stupefecit carmine
nymphas.
Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates
Ossa, tibi soli, supremaque vota reliquit:
Nec Manes pietas tua chara feffellit amici;
Vidimus arridentem operoso ex ære poe-
tam.
Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque, et nec
pia cessant
Officia in tumulo; cupis integros rapere
Orco,
Quæ potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere
leges:
Amborum genus, et variâ sub sorte perac-
tam
Describis vitam, moresque, et dona Mi-
nervæ;
Æmulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam

THESE verses too, Manso, the Muses intend in praise of you, who are already so well-known to Apollo's choir, and honored by the god above any man since Gallus died and Tuscan Mæcenas. If the breath of my song avails, you too shall sit among the victor's laurels and ivy.

First, a happy friendship joined you with great Tasso, and wrote both your names on eternal scrolls. Next, the Muse, knowing your worth, gave to you sweet-tongued Marini; he rejoiced to be called your fosterling while he sang in copious strains the Assyrian loves of the gods, and enthralled the Italian nymphs with his soft accents. When the poet died, he who had owed you his life gave into your care, to yours alone, his bones and death-bed wishes. Your dear piety was true even to the ghost of your friend, as that monument tells in which he still smiles at us from the wrought bronze. Even this did not satisfy you; your kindly offices did not cease at the tomb. You longed to save both your poet friends from Orcus, and, so much as lay in you, to cheat the avid laws of the Parcæ. And so you told the ancestry of both, their character, their gifts of mind, the various fortune of their lives, — emulous of him who was born on high Mycale, fluent

Rettulit *Æolii* vitam facundus Homeri.
Ergo ego te, *Cliūs* et magni nomine *Phœbi*,
Manse pater, iubeo longum salvere per
ævum,
Missus Hyperboreo iuvenis peregrinus ab
axe.
Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabere
Musam,
Quæ nuper, gelidâ vix enutrita sub Arcto,
Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per
urbes.
Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine
cygnos
Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per um-
bras,³⁰
Quà *Thamesis* latè puris argenteus urnis
Oceani glauco perfundit gurgite crines;
Quin et in has quondam pervenit *Tityrus*
oras.
Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec in-
utile *Phœbo*,
Quà plaga septeno mundi sulcata *Trione*
Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte *Boöten*.
Nos etiam colimus *Phœbūm*, nos munera
Phœbo,
Flaventes spicas, et lutea mala canistris,
Halantemque crocum (perhibet nisi vana
vetustas)⁴⁰
Misimus, et lectas *Druidum* de gente cho-
reas.
(Gens *Druides* antiqua, sacris operata de-
orum,
Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta cane-
bant.)
Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu
Delo in herbosâ *Graize* de more puellæ,
Carminibus lætis memorant *Corinëida*
Loxo,
Fatidicamque *Upin*, cum flavicomâ *Heca-*
ërga,
Nuda *Caledonio* variatas pectora fuco.
Fortunate senex! ergo quacunque per
orbem
Torquati decus et nomen celebrabitur in-
gens,
Claraque perpetui succrescit fama *Marini*,⁵⁰
Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausum-
que virorum,
Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.
Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates
Cynthius, et famulas venisse ad *limina*
Musas.

Herodotus, chronicler of Æolian Homer. Therefore, sire, in the name of Clio and of mighty Phœbus, I, who come a wandering youth from the Hyperborean realms, send you greeting and long life. You, who are so kind, will not scorn a stranger's Muse, who, nourished sparingly in the frozen north, lately dared a venturesome flight through the cities of Italy.¹ I too, methinks, have heard, through the obscure shades of night, the swans singing in my river at home, where argent Thames, bending above her clear urns, lets her glaucous locks stream wide into the ocean. What do I say? did not Chaucer himself, our Tityrus, come once to these shores?

In truth, we who endure the long nights under wintry Boötes and that region of the firmament over which wheels the seven-fold Wain, are no untaught race, useless to Apollo. We, too, worship him; of old we sent him gifts to his own island, sent him yellowing ears of grain, and baskets of golden apples, and odorous crocus-flowers, (unless the ancient record lies). These we sent, borne by a chosen band of Druids, an ancient race, skilled in the sacred rites of the gods, and singers of the noble deeds of heroes. Often, in memory of this pilgrimage, the Greek girls circle the altars in grassy Delos, as is their gracious wont, and in glad songs commemorate Loxo, daughter of Corineus, and prophetic Upis, and Hecaërgé of the yellow hair, — Druid maids, whose nude breasts were stained with Caledonian woad.

Fortunate old man! wherever through the world the mighty name of Tasso is celebrated with honor, wherever the imperishable fame of Marini spreads, you too shall be on the lips of men for praise; you shall fly side by side with these poets on their immortal way. It shall be said that of his own accord Cynthian Apollo dwelt in your house, and that the Muses came as

¹ The reference is to the Latin verses contributed by Milton to the Italian academies.

At non sponte domum tamen idem et regis
adivit
Rura Pheretiadæ calo fugitivus Apollo,
Ille licet magnum Alciden suscepérat hos-
pes;
Tantum, ubi clamosos placuit vitare bu-
bulcos,
Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum,
Irriguoſ inter saltus frondosaque tecta, 61
Peneum prope rivum: ibi sæpe sub ilice
nigrâ,
Ad citharae strepitum, blandâ prece victus
amicî,
Exiliuſ duros lenibat voce labores.
Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub
imo
Saxa stetere loco; nutat Trachinia rupes,
Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas;
Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,
Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynes.
Diis dilecte senex! te Iupiter æquus
oportet 70
Nascentem et miti lustrârit lumine Phœ-
bus,
Atlantisque nepos; neque enim nisi charus
ab ortu
Diis superis poterit magno favisse poetæ.
Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus
Vernat, et Æſonios lucratur vivida fusos,
Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis
honores,
Ingeniumque vigens, et adulturn mentis
acumen.
O mihi si mea sors talem concedat amicum,
Phœbæos decorâſſe viros qui tam bene
nôrit,
Siquando indigenas revocabo in carmina
reges, 80
Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moven-
tem,
Aut dicam invictæ sociali feedere mensæ
Magnanimos Heroas, et (O modò spiritus
adsit)
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte
phalanges!
Tandem, ubi, non tacitæ permensus tem-
pora vitæ,
Annorumque satur, cineri sua iura relin-
quam,
Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis;
Astanti sat erit si dicam, 'Sim tibi curæ';

familiaris to your threshold. When Apollo came a heavenly fugitive to the fields of King Admetus, it was not of his own free accord, though Admetus had been host to great Alcides. And when he wished to be rid for a while of the shouting ploughmen, he went to that far-famed cave of the gentle centaur Chiron, amid irriguous slopes and roofs of shade, near to the river Peneius. Often there under the dark ilex, at his friend's request, he took his cithera and sang to lighten the harsh labors of his exile. Then neither the banks of the stream nor the rocks in the chasm stood quiet. The Trachinian cliff swayed, no longer feeling the mighty weight of its forests. The ash-trees from the mountains drew near, and the spotted lynxes, softened at the new song.

Old man loved of the gods! Surely Jupiter and Phœbus and the grandson of Atlas must have poured upon you mildest radiance at your birth; for no man, unless he were dear from his cradle to the gods above, could have had the fortune to befriend a great poet. This is why your age keeps green with clinging blossoms and covers the stretch that the Fates span for Æson; late blossoms fade not from it; this is why your head preserves so long its locks unfallen, your nature its vigor, and your mind the keenness of its prime. Oh, may Fate give me such a friend, a man who knows so well how to honor the sons of Phœbus, if ever I shall recall in song the kings of my native land, and Arthur, who carried war even into fairyland. Or I shall tell of those great-hearted champions bound in the invincible society of the Round Table, and (O may the spirit be in me!) I shall break the Saxon phalanxes with British war. Then, when I have lived the measure of my life, not in inglorious silence, and, sated with years, shall give the urn its rights, my patron will stand with wet eyes at my bedside. As he stands there, I shall only say, "Have me in thy care." He will place my

Ille meos artus, liventi morte solutos,
Curaret parvâ componi molliter urnâ: 90
Forsitan et nostros ducat de marmore vul-
tus,
Nectens aut Paphiâ myrti aut Parnasside
lauri
Fronde comas; et ego securâ pace quies-
cam.
Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa
bonorum,
Ipse ego, calicolum semotus in æthera
divum,
Quò labor et mens pura vehunt atque ignea
virtus,
Secreti hæc aliquâ mundi de parte videbo
(Quantum fata sinunt), et totâ mente sere-
nūm
Ridens purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,
Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus
Olympos. 100

limbs, loosened in death, softly in their
humble grave; and perhaps he will carve
my face in marble, and bind my sculptured
brows with Paphian myrtle or with the
laurel of Parnassus, and I shall rest in
peace. Then, if faith means aught, if
there is any reward for the righteous, I shall
stand among the ethereal deities in Para-
dise, whither labor, and a pure mind, and
righteousness that burneth as a flame, carry
the souls of men: from some corner of the
secret world, the fates permitting, I shall
look down and behold all this; my soul
shall smile, my serene face shall be suffused
with purpureal light, and glad at heart I
shall clap my hands in the air of Heaven.

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS

ON THE DEATH OF DAMON

Milton's intimacy with Charles Diodati con-
tinued after they had both left college, and
ripened into a friendship of a very pure and
exalted kind, as is proved by the letters which
passed between them, while one was at Hor-
ton and the other in the north of England en-
gaged in the study of medicine. The Italian
canzone beginning "Diodati, e l' te diro con
maraviglia," and the fact of Milton's pilgrim-
age to Lucca, the ancestral home of the Dio-
dati family, show that his friend was still in
his mind during his sojourn abroad. He prob-
ably did not hear of his bereavement until he
reached Geneva, in June, 1639, when Diodati
had been dead almost a year, carried off,
within a fortnight of his sister, apparently
by some epidemic which swept over that
region of Blackfriars where the two had
taken lodgings. The elegy which follows was
written, if we are to take literally the passage
beginning "Twice the ear had grown green on
the stalk," about two years after Diodati's
death, i.e., in the autumn of 1640.

Aside from the rare beauty and passion of

ARGUMENTUM

Thyrsis et Damon, eiusdem vicinæ pastores, eadem
studia sequuti, a pueris amici erant, ut qui plurimum.
Thyrsis, animi causâ projectus, peregrè de
obitu Damonis nuncius accepit. Domum postea
reversus, et rem ita esse comperto, se suamque soli-
tudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem
sub persona hic intelligitur Carolus Deodatus, ex
urbe Hetruria Luce paterno genere oriundus,
cetera Angius; ingenio, doctrina, clarissimisque
ceteris virtutibus, dum viveret, iuvenis egregius.

ARGUMENT

Thyrsis and Damon, shepherds dwelling in the
same region and pursuing the same studies, were close
friends from boyhood. Thyrsis, while travelling
abroad for the improvement of his mind, receives
news of Damon's death. Returning after a time and
finding it true, he deplores himself and his solitude in
the following poem. By Damon is to be understood
Charles Diodati, connected through his father's
family with the Tuscan city of Lucca; in other re-
spects an Englishman: a youth distinguished, during
his short life, for unusual talents, learning, and virtue.

HIMERIDES Nymphæ (nam vos et Daphnis
et Hylan,
Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis),
Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida
carmen:
Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura
Thyrsis,
Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis.
Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorum
que recessus,
Dum sibi præceptum queritur Damona,
neque altam
Luctibus exemit noctem, loca sola perer-
rans.
Et iam bis viridi surgebat culmus aristâ,
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea
messes,
Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub
umbras,¹⁰
Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicet
illum
Dulcis amor Musæ Thuscâ retinebat in
urbe.
Ast ubi mens expleta domum pecorisque
relicti
Cura vocat, simul assuetâ seditque sub
ulmo,
Tum verò amissum, tum denique, sentit
amicum,
Cœpit et immensum sic exonerare dolor-
rem: —
“Ite domum impasti; domino iam non
vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina
celo,
Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere,
Damon?”²⁰
Siccine nos linquis? tua sic sine nomine
virtus
Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?
At non ille animas virgæ qui dividit aurea
Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne
silentum.
“Ite domum impasti; domino iam non
vacat, agni.
Quicquid erit, certè, nisi me lupus antè
videbit,
Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,
Constatbitque tuus tibi honos, longumque
vigebit
Inter pastores. Illi tibi vota secundo

NYMPHS of Sicily's pastoral song, who
forget not Daphnis or Hylas or the long
lamented fate of Bion, repeat these Sicilian
verses through the cities of Thames; these
words which forlorn Thyrsis poured out in
grief for Damon's taking-off before his
time. He filled the caves with his mur-
mured complaint, the rivers, the purling
springs, and the depths of the woods; deep
into the night he prolonged his sobs, as he
wandered in lonely ways. Twice now the
ear had grown green on the stalk, and twice
had the yellow harvests been gathered into
barns, since the fatal day which bore Da-
mon to the shades, and Thyrsis absent.
For love of the sweet Muse kept that shep-
herd in the far-off city of Tuscany. But
when a mind replete, and anxiety for the
flock he had left behind, called him home,
he sat down beneath the accustomed elm;
and then, ah, then at last he felt the loss of
his friend, and thus he sought to lighten his
overwhelming grief in speech: —

“Go to your folds unfed, my lambs;
your master has no time for you. Ah me!
what powers shall I name on earth or in
heaven, now that they have seized thee,
Damon, in a cruel death? Dost thou leave
us so? Shall thy virtue thus go hence with-
out a name, and be merged with shades
obscure? Ah, no; he who marshals dead
souls with his golden wand, wills it not so;
he will lead thee apart into a company
worthy thy fellowship, and banish far off
the base herd of the voiceless.

“Go to your folds unfed, my lambs;
your master has no time for you. Be sure,
whatever comes, unless the wolf's eye see
me first, thou shalt not crumble in the tomb
unwept. Thy honors shall be established,
and long be kept green among shepherds.

Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere
laudes,
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus
amabit;
Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse,
piumque,
Palladiasque artes, sociumque habuisse ca-
norum.

“Ite domum impasti; domino iam non
vacat, agni.

Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc
præmia, Damon.

At mihi quid tandem fiet modò? quis mihi
fidus

Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas,
Frigoribus duris, et per loca fœta pruinis,
Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus
herbis,

Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones,
Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis?
Quis fando sopire diem cantuque solebit?

“Ite domum impasti; domino iam non
vacat, agni.

Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire doce-
bit

Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noc-
tem

Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cum sibilat igni
Molle pirum, et nucibus strepitat focus, at
malus Auster

Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat
ulmo?

“Ite domum impasti; domino iam non
vacat, agni.

Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
Cum Pan æsculea somnum capit abditus
umbræ,

Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia
Nymphæ,

Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,
Quis mihi blanditiasque tuas, quis tum
mihi risus,

Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque le-
pores?

“Ite domum impasti; domino iam non
vacat, agni.

At iam solus agros, iam pascua solus oberro;
Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ,
Hic serum expecto; supra caput imber et

Eurus

Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepus-
cula silvæ.

To thee, next after Daphnis, they shall
rejoice to discharge their vows and of
thee, next after Daphnis, to speak praises,
so long as Palas and Faunus love the fields,
if it means aught for a man to have been
faithful like them of old, and pious, and
learned in the arts of Pallas, and to have
had a poet for his friend.

“Go to your folds unfed, my lambs;
your master has no time for you. These
rewards, Damon, are thine for certain.
But me, what will become of me? What
faithful comrade will cling to my side, as
thou didst, when through the bitter cold of
the frost-filled country-sides we went to
frighten the hungry wolves from the folds,
or when we must needs go afar under the
steep sun, where the herbs were dying of
thirst, to hunt the great lions? Who will
solace my day with talk and with singing?

“Go to your folds unfed, my lambs;
your master has no time for you. To whom
shall I entrust my heart? Who will teach
me to assuage my eating cares? Who will
cheat the long night with sweet converse,
when the mellow pears hiss before the
cheery fire, and nuts pop on the hearth,
and outside the wild wind makes chaos,
storming through the elm-tops?

“Go to your folds unfed, my lambs;
your master has no time for you. Or in
summer, when the sun is in the zenith at
noon, when Pan slumbers deep-hidden in
the oak-shade and the nymphs seek their
accustomed nooks under the waters, when
the shepherds are all quiet and the boor
snores under the hedge, — who will bring
me thy blandishments, thy laughter, thy
wit, thy graceful learning?

“Go to your folds unfed, my lambs;
your master has no time for you. Now I
wander alone through the fields and pas-
tures, all alone now; where the shadows of
the branches thicken in the valley, I wait
the evening; over my head the wind and
the rain-cloud make a mourning sound,
and the forest twilight is all astir with
gleams and shadows.

“Ite domum impasti; domino iam non
vacat, agni.

Heu! quam culta mihi prius arva procaci-
bus herbis

Involvuntur, et ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!

Innuba neglecto marcescit et uva racemo,
Nec myrteta iuvant; ovium quoque tædet,
at illæ

Mcarent, inque suum convertunt ora magis-
trum.

“Ite domum impasti; domino iam non
vacat, agni.

Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphesibœus ad
ornos,

Ad salices Ægon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas:

“Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita grama musco,
Hic Zephyri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus
tus undas.”⁷⁰

Ista canunt surdo; frutices ego nactus abi-
bam.

“Ite domum impasti; domino iam non
vacat, agni.

Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem fortè
notaræt

(Et callebat avium linguas et sidera Mop-
sus),

“Thyrsi, quid hoc?” dixit; ‘quæ te coquit
improba bilis?

Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat
astrum;

Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,
Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.’⁷⁸

“Ite domum impasti; domino iam non
vacat, agni.

Mirantur nymphæ, et ‘Quid te, Thyrsi,
futurum est?

Quid tibi vis?’ aiunt: ‘non hæc solet esse
iuventæ

Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque
severi:

Illa choros, lususque leves, et semper amo-
rem

Iure petit; bis ille miser qui serus amavit.’

“Ite domum impasti; domino iam non
vacat, agni.

Venit Hyas, Dryopeque, et filia Baucidis
Ægle,

Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed per-
dita fastu;

Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti:⁹⁰

Nil me blanditiae, nil me solantia verba,

“Go to your folds unfed, my lambs;
your master has no time for you. Alas,
how my fields, once well-tended, are over-
grown with weeds! The high corn cracks
open with blight; the grape-clusters han-
withered, unmarried to the elm. My
myrtles please me not: I am weary of my
sheep as well, but they turn their mournful
eyes upon their master.

“Go to your folds unfed, my lambs;
your master has no time for you. Tityrus
calls to the hazels, Alphesibœus to the ash-
trees, Ægon to the willows; to the rivers
beautiful Amyntas calls: ‘Here,’ they cry,
‘are cool fountains, here the sward is soft
with moss, here are gentle winds, here the
arbutus murmurs to the placid stream.
They sing to a deaf ear; I plunge into the
bushes and leave them.

“Go to your folds unfed, my lambs;
your master has no time for you. Mopsus
chances to see me returning (skilled in the
stars and in the speech of birds is Mopsus),
and adds his voice to theirs. ‘What ails
thee, Thyrsis,’ he says, ‘what shameful
fit of spleen torments thee? Either love
wastes thee, or some star has cast on thee a
baleful charm: Saturn’s star has oft been
bitter to shepherds, and with his slant
dart of lead has pierced their inmost hearts.’

“Go to your folds unfed, my lambs;
your master has no time for you. The
nymphs gaze at me astonished, and ‘Thyrsis,’
they say, ‘what is in store for thee?
what wilt thou? This cloudy brow, these
threatening eyes, this gloomy face,—
these belong not to youth. Youth cares
for dancing and gaiety, and follows after
love as its right; twice wretched is he who
loves late.’

“Go to your folds unfed, my lambs;
your master has no time for you. Hyas
comes, and Dryope; Ægle comes, daughter
of Baucis, skilled in numbers and the lyre,
and deadly proud withal; Chloris comes,
from the stream of Chelmer hard by: their
blandishments, their soothing words, are

Nil me si quid adest movet, aut spes ulla
futuri.

“Ite domum impasti; domino iam non
vacat, agni.

Hei mihi! quam similes ludunt per prata
iuvenci,

Omnis unanimi secum sibi lege sodales!
Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit
amicum

De grege; sic densi veniunt ad pabula
thoes,

Inque vicem hirsuti paribus iunguntur ona-
gri:

Lex eadem pelagi; deserto in littore Proteus

Agmina phocarum numerat: vilisque volu-
crum

Passer habet semper quicum sit, et omnia
circum

Farra libens volitet, serò sua tecta revi-
sens;

Quem si sors letho obiecit, seu milvus
adunco

Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fos-
sor,

Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu.

Nos durum genus, et diris exercita fatis
Gens, homines, aliena animis, et pectore
discors;

Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit
unum;

Aut, si sors dederit tandem non aspera
votis,

Illum inopina dies, quā non speraveris horā
Surripit, æternum linquens in sœcula dam-
num.

“Ite domum impasti; domino iam non
vacat, agni.

Heu: quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in
oras

Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivosam?
Eequid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam
(Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret
olim

Tityrus ipse suas et oves et rura reliquit),
Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale,
Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere
montes,

Tot silvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque so-
nantes?

Ah! certè extreñum licuisset tangere dex-
tram,

nothing to me. Nothing in the present
pleasures me, nor have I any hope for the
future.

“Go to your folds unfed, my lambs;
your master has no time for you. Ah me!
how like one another are the herds at sport
in the fields, all companions of like feeling
under a single law! No one of them seeks
out a separate friend from the herd. Even
so the jackals come in crowds to feed, and
in varying turn the shaggy zebras pair.
The same law rules on the seas, where on
the desert shore Proteus numbers his drove
of sea-calves. Even the sparrow, humblest
of birds, has always a mate, with whom he
flies in happy freedom to every heap of
corn, returning late to his own nest; yet,
if this mate dies, or a curve-beaked falcon
slays it, or the ditcher pierces it with his
arrow, straight he flutters off to find
another. But we men are a hard race,
driven by a ruthless fate, alien mind
from mind, heart from heart discordant.
Hardly out of a thousand does a man find
one congenial spirit; or, if fortune sends one,
at last relenting at our prayers, yet, in an
hour when we least expect it, he is snatched
from us, leaving eternal loss behind.

“Go to your folds unfed, my lambs;
your master has no time for you. Alas,
what restless fancy drew me to foreign
shores, across the skyey precipices of the
snow-clad Alps? What was there so pre-
cious in the sight of buried Rome (even
if she had been as she was when Tityrus
of old left his sheep and his fields to see
her) that I could part from my sweet
companion, could put between him and me
so many deep seas, so many mountains
and forests, so many rocks and sounding
rivers? Ah, if I had stayed, I could at
least have touched his hand at the last,

Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,
Et dixisse 'Vale! nostri memor ibis ad astra.'
 'Ite domum impasti; domino iam non vacat, agni.
Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit,
Pastores Thusci, Musis operata iuventus,
Hic Charis, atque Lepos; et Thuscus tu quoque Damon,
Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
Murmura populeumque nemus, quâ mollior herba,
 130 Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,
Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam!
Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum; nec puto multum
Displicui; nam sunt et apud me munera vestra,
Fiscellæ, calathique, et cerea vincla cicutæ:
Quin et nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos
Et Datis et Francinus; erant et vocibus ambo
Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.
 " Ite domum impasti; domino iam non vacat, agni.
Hæc mihi tum lœto dictebat roscida luna,
Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hoedos.
 141 Ah! quoties dixi, cum te cinis ater habebat,
'Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon;
Vimina nunc textit varios sibi quod sit in usus';
Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura
Arripui voto levis, et præsentia finxi.
'Heus bone! numquid agis? nisi te quid forte retardat,
Imus, et argutâ paulum recubamus in umbrâ,
Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi iugera Cassi-belauni?
Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina,
succos,

closed his dying eyes, and said, 'Farewell, do not forget me as thou goest to the stars.'

"Go to your folds unfed, my lambs; your master has no time for you. Yet, for all, I shall never be loth to keep you in my mind, Tuscan shepherds, youths devoted to the Muses; with you dwell Grace and Pleasantness. Thou, too, Damon, wert a Tuscan; thou tracest thy lineage from Lucca, ancient city of Lucumo. Oh, how mighty was I, when I lay stretched by cool murmuring Arno, on softest grass in the poplar grove, and could now pluck violets, and now sprigs of myrtle, while I listened to Menalcas contending with Lycidas in song. I myself dared to enter the strife, and I think I did not much displease; for I have the gifts you gave me in reward, — rush-baskets, and osier-plaits, and waxen reed-stops. Nay, Datis and Francinus, both of them famous scholars and singers, and both of Tuscan blood, taught my name in song to their native beeches.

"Go to your folds unfed, my lambs; your master has no time for you. Such strains as these the moist moon used to whisper to my glad ear while all alone I was shutting my kids in the wattled close. Ah, how many times I said, — aye even when the urn was holding thy ashes, 'Now Damon is singing, or setting traps for the hare. Now he is plaiting osiers for his various uses.' With easy mind I hoped, and lightly I fitted the future to my wish, picturing it all present before my eyes. 'Heigh, friend,' I would say, 'art thou busy? If nothing is to hinder, shall we go lie and chat a bit in the shade, by the waters of Colne¹ or on the heights of Cassebelau-nus?² Thou shalt tell over to me thy herbs

¹ A river flowing past Horton.

² Near St. Albans, in Herts.

Helleborumque, humilesque crocos, foli-
umque hyacinthi,
Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque
medentum.
Ah! pereant herbæ, pereant artesque me-
dentum,
Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profecere ma-
gistro!
Ipse etiam — nam nescio quid mihi grande
sonabat
Fistula — ab undecimâ iam lux est altera
nocte —
Et tum fortè novis admôram labra cicutis:
Dissiluere tamen, ruptâ compage, nec
ultra
Ferre graves potuere sonos: dubito quoque
ne sim
Turgidulus; tamen et referam; vos cedite,
sylvæ.
“Ite domum impasti; domino iam non
vacat, agni.
Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora
puppes
Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Ino-
geniæ,
Brennumque Arviragumque duces, pris-
cumque Belinum,
Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege
colonos;
Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude lög-
nen;
Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorlois
arma,
Merlini dolus. O, mihi tum si vita super-
sit,
Tu procul annosâ pendebis, fistula, pinu
Multum oblitera mihi, aut patriis mutata
Camenis
Brittonicum strides! Quid enim? omnia
non licet uni,
Non sperasse uni licet omnia; mihi satis
ampla
Merce, et mihi grande decus (sim ignotus
in ævum
Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius
orbi),
Si me flava comas legat Usa, et potor
Alauni,
Vorticibusque frequens Abra, et nemus
omne Treantæ,
Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, et fusca
metallis

and medicines, hellebore, and the lowly crocus, and hyacinth-leaf; thou shalt tell me what simples are to be found in such and such a pond, and reveal to me all the arts of healing.’ Ah, perish the simples! Perish the arts of healing! They could not profit their master! And as for me, — ‘t is eleven nights and a day now since I — ah, I know not what large strain my pipe was trying to sound — I was accustoming my lips to new reeds perhaps: suddenly the fastening burst; the reeds flew asunder, unable to endure longer the grave sounds to which I racked them. I know not — perhaps I am over-bold; still, I will tell about it. Give way, my woodland song, to a sterner theme.

“Go to your folds unfed, my lambs; your master has no time for you. I am about to sing of the Trojan ships that passed along our Kentish coast, and the old realm of Imogene, daughter of Pandrasus and the chiefs Brennus and Arviragus and old Belinus, and the colonists who settled at last in Armorica under British laws. Then I shall tell of Igraine, pregnant with Arthur through the fatal wizardry of Merlin, who gave to Uther Pendragon the face and the armor of her husband Gorlois. Oh then, if life is granted me, thou, my shepherd-pipe, shalt hang neglected on the gnarled pine, or be changed to shrill forth the strains of my native land, and the cry of Britons in battle. Native strains, do I say? Yea, one man cannot hope to accomplish all things. It will be sufficient reward and honor for me, even though I remain forever unknown and inglorious among the other nations of the world, if only blond-haired Ouse shall read me, and he who drinks of Alan-water, and the whirling Humber, and the woods of Trent; above all, if my Thames shall sing

Tamara, et extremis me discant Orcades
undis.

“Ite domum impasti; domino iam non
vacat, agni.

Hæc tibi servabam lenta sub cortice lauri,
Hæc, et plura simul; tum quæ mihi pocula
Mansus,

Mansus, Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria
ripæ,

Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et
ipse,

Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento.

In medio Rubri Maris unda, et odoriferum
ver,

Littora longa Arabum, et sudantes balsama
sylvæ;

Has inter Phœnix, divina avis, unica terris,
Cæruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis,
Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis;
Parte alia polus omnipatens, et magnus
Olympus:

Quis putet? hic quoque Amor, pictæque in
nube pharetræ,

Arma corusca, faces, et spicula tincta py-
ropo;

Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile
vulgi,

Hinc ferit; at circum flammantia lumina
torquens,

Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per
orbes

Impiger, et pronus nunquam collimat ad
ictus:

Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deo-
rum.

“Tu quoque in his — nec ne fallit spes
lubrica, Damon —

Tu quoque in his certè es; nam quò tua dul-
cis abiret

Sanctaque simplicitas? nam quò tua can-
dida virtus?

Nec te Lethæo fas quæsivisse sub Orco;
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus
ultra.

Ite procul, lacrymæ; purum colit æthera
Damon,

Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppu-
lit arcum;

Heroumque animas inter, divosque per-
ennes,

Æthereos haurit latices et gaudia potat
Ore sacro. Quin tu, cæli post iura recepta,

my songs, and Tamur mineral-stained, and
the far-off wave-beaten Orkneys.

“Go to your folds unfed, my lambs;
your master has no time for you. All these
plans and dreams I was keeping for thee,
under the clinging laurel-bark, these and
more besides. I dreamed of showing thee
the two cups which Manso gave me, Manso,
not the least glory of the Neapolitan shore.
They are wonders of art, even as the giver
is wonderful. About them is wrought a
double brede; in the midst the Red Sea
rolls, and spring scatters its odors; along
the far coasts of Araby the trees drop bal-
sam. Among the trees Phoenix, divine
bird, unique on earth, blazes cerulean with
multi-colored wings, while he watches the
morning rise over the vitreous waters. In
another place is the mighty stretch of sky
where Olympus lies open to view. Yes,
and Love is there, too; in clouds his quiver
is pictured, his shining arms, his torch, his
arrows tipped with fiery bronze. But he
does not aim upon our earth at light minds,
at the herd of vulgar souls. No; he rolls
his flaming eyes and steadfastly sends his
arrows upward through the orbs of heaven,
never aiming a downward stroke. Under
his fire the souls of the blessed burn, and
the bodies of the gods.

“The gods! Thou art among them, Da-
mon, unless elusive hope deceives me;
among them thou surely art. For whither
should thy sweet and holy simplicity go?
Whither thy righteousness and candor?
“T would be sin to seek thee in Lethæan
Orcus. Tears are not for thee; I shall
weep no more. Go hence, lamentation!
Damon the pure dwells in skies of purity.
Beneath his feet he has spurned the rain-
bow. Among hero-souls and deathless
divinities he drinks the draft of Paradise;
he sips joy with his sacred lips. Now that

Dexter ades, placidusque fave, quicunque
vocaris;
Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive æquior
audis
DIONOTUS, quo te divino nomine cuncti ²¹⁰
Cælicolæ nōrint, sylvisque vocabere Da-
mon.
Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, et sine labe
iuventus
Grata fuit, quòd nulla tori libata voluptas,
En! etiam tibi virginei servantur honores!
Ipse, caput nitidum cinctus rutilante co-
ronâ,
Lætaque frondentis gestans umbracula
palmae
Æternū perages immortales hymenæos,
Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista
beatis,
Festa Sionæ bacchantur et Orgia thyrso."

thou possessest the rights of Heaven, O my friend, stand at my right hand, show me thy gentle favor, however I call upon thee, — whether by the old name of Damon that our woods heard, or whether DIONOTUS please thee better, the divine name Gift-of-God, by which the heavenly people know thee. Because thy cheek kept its rosy blush and thy youth its stainlessness, because thou knewest not the joy of marriage, lo, for thy virginal spirit virginal honors are reserved. Thy bright head crowned with light, and glad palms in thy hand, thou dost ever act and act again the immortal nuptials, there where singing is, and the lyre mixes madly with the chorals beatific, and the wild orgies rage under the thyrus of Sion."

AD IOANNEM ROUSIUM

OXONIENSIS ACADEMIÆ BIBLIOTHECARIUM

January 23, 1646

*De libro Poematum amissio, quem ille sibi denuo mitti postulabat, ut cum aliis nostris in
Bibliothecâ Publicâ reponeret, Ode.*

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidemque Antistrophis, una demum Epodo clausis; quas, tametsi omnes nec versuum numero nec certis ubique colis exactè respondeant, ita tamen sequimus, commodè legendi potius quam ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectius fortasse dicit monostrophicum depuraret. Metra partim sunt κατὰ σχέσιν, partim ἀπολελυμένα. Phaleucia quæ sunt spondæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in secundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

TO JOHN ROUSE

LIBRARIAN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

On a book of poems, which he (the Librarian of Oxford) la'ely asked to be sent to him, in order that he might place it with the author's other works in the public library, and which was lost on the journey.
An Ode.

In 1646, John Rouse, Librarian of the Bodleian, applied to Milton for copies of all the works which he had published, in order that a complete set might be deposited in the library. Milton accordingly sent his 1645 volume of English and Latin poems ("double book in a single binding") together with the eleven prose pamphlets written between 1641 and 1644. The pamphlets arrived safely, but the volume of poems was lost or stolen on the journey. Rouse then applied for another copy, which Milton sent, accompanying it with the following half-serious ode, addressed to the lost book. The references in it to the troubled state of England were rendered particularly pertinent by the fact

that at the time of writing Oxford was the headquarters of the Cavalier army, and all academic routine had been broken up. Milton looks forward, rather wistfully and wearily, to the time when the Muses of learning shall be recalled to their old abodes, and the "harpy pest" of royal soldiery be driven away. He sees in the placing of his own books in the care of a sedulous scholar, and in the shadow of a great library, an earnest of the time when "a distant generation, an age of sounder hearts, will render fairer judgment on all things." To get the full force of the passage, we must remember that Milton had just come to the end of the divorce controversy, which had exhausted him with its passion and bitterness.

STROPHE I

GEMELLE cultu simplici gaudens liber,
 Fronde licet geminâ,
 Munditieque nitens non operosâ,
 Quam manus attulit
 Juvenilis olim
 Sedula, tamen haud nimii poetæ;
 Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,
 Nunc Britannica per vireta lusit,
 Insonis populi, barbitoque devius
 Indulxit patrio, mox itidem pectine Dau-
 nio 10
 Longinquum intonuit melos
 Vicinis, et humum vix tetigit pede:

ANTISTROPHE

Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus
 Subduxit reliquis dolo,
 Cum tu missus ab urbe,
 Docto iugiter obsecrante amico,
 Illustrè tendebas iter
 Thamesis ad incunabula
 Cærulei patris,
 Fontes ubi limpidi
 Aonidum, thyasusque sacer,
 Orbi notus per immensos
 Temporum lapsus redeunte cælo,
 Celeberque futurus in ævum?

STROPHE 2

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo,
 Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem,
 (Si satis noxas luimus priores,
 Mollique luxu degener otium)
 Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
 Almaque revocet studia sanctus,
 Et relegatas sine sede Musas
 Iam penè totis finibus Angliènum,
 Immundasque volucres
 Unguibus imminentes
 Figat Apollinâ pharetrâ,
 Phineamque abigat pestem procul amne
 Pegaseo?

ANTISTROPHE

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet malâ
 Fide, vel oscitantiâ,
 Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
 Seu quis te teneat specus,
 Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde vili
 Callo tereris institoris insulsi,

STROPHE I

DOUBLE book in a single binding,
 crowned mayhap with double laurel, bright
 with unstudied adornment lavished in time
 past by my boyish hand, — a sedulous
 hand, but not yet overmuch a poet's, —
 while I played through Italy's forest-shade
 or over the green fields of England, in those
 days when, still innocent of my nation's
 troubles, I touched my native lute, or
 played with Italian quill a far-brought
 melody to those about me, my feet scarce
 touching the earth for elation, —

ANTISTROPHE

Who filched thee, little book, from thy
 mates, when at my learned friend's re-
 peated instance thou tookest thy way from
 the great city to the cradle of blue Thames,
 where the limpid fountains of the Muses
 are, and where ring the sacred shouts of
 the Bacchic dance which shall be heard
 and held famous forever, as long as the sky
 rolls through the immense cycles of Time?

STROPHE II

Ah, what god or demi-god will take
 pity on the pristine worth of our English
 race (if we have enough atoned for our
 past faults, and our soft degenerate ease)
 and take from us this curse of civil strife,
 30 call back with holy voice the kindly studies
 of the Muses who have been thrust from
 their old abodes and driven almost quite
 from English ground, transfix with Apollo's
 dart the unclean birds whose claws threaten
 us, and drive away the whole harpy pest far
 from the waters of Hippocrene?

ANTISTROPHE

Thou, little book, though by the perfidy
 or carelessness of my messenger thou wert
 stolen from the number of thy mates, to be
 thrown into some cave or den, where per-
 haps thou art rubbed by a stupid huck-

Lætare felix; en! iterum tibi
Spes nova fulget posse profundam
Fugere Lethen, vehique superam
In Iovis aulam remige pennâ:

STROPHE 3

Nam te Roüsius sui
Optat peculi, numeroque iusto
Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse,
Rogatque venias ille, cuius inclyta
Sunt data virûm monumenta curæ;
Teque adytis etiam sacris
Voluit reponi, quibus et ipse præsedit
Aëternorum operum custos fidelis,
Quæstorque gaza nobilioris
Quam cui præfuit Ion,
Clarus Erechtheides,
Opulenta dei per tempa parentis,
Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica,
Ion Actæâ genitus Creusa.

50

60

ANTISTROPHE

Ergo tu visere lucos
Musarum ibis amcenos;
Diamque Phœbi rursus ibis in domum
Oxoniam quam valle colit,
Delo posthabitâ,
Bifidoque Parnassi iugo;
Ibis honestus,
Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem
Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.
Illic legeris inter alta nomina
Authorum, Graæ simul et Latinæ
Antiqua gentis lumina et verum decus.

70

EPODOS

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,
Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,
Iam serô placidam sperare iubeo
Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, sedesque bea-
tas

Quas bonus Hermes
Et tutela dabit solers Roüs,
Quod neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit,
atque longè
Turba legentum prava facesset;
At ultimi nepotes
Et cordatior ætas
Iudicia rebus æquiora forsitan
Adhibebit integro sinu.
Tum, livore sepulto,
Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet,
Roüsio favente.

80

ster's sordid palm, yet be glad: lo! the
bright hope may again be thine to escape
oblivion, and be lifted on oaring wings to
the courts of Jove:

STROPHE III

For Rouse — he into whose care are
given the mighty monuments of departed
minds — desires thee to be of his flock; he
complains that thou art lacking from the
full number promised him, and asks that
thou be sent. Thee too he will place in the
sacred inner places over which he presides;
faithful guardian he of works eternal, and
custodian of nobler treasures than those
shining tripods and Delphic offerings of
which Ion, famous son of Apollo and the
Attic maid Creusa, had custody in the rich
temple of his father.

ANTISTROPHE

Therefore thou shalt go to look upon the
pleasant groves of the Muses; thou shalt
enter the divine house of Apollo where he
dwells in the vale of Oxford, preferring
that habitation to Delos and to cloven-
peaked Parnassus. Thou shalt go with
honor, at the solicitation of a propitious
friend, who reserves for thee no common
destiny. Thou shalt be read among the
lofty names of Greek and Latin authors,
ancient lights of the people and their true
glory.

EPODOS

You then, my labors, were not vain, what-
ever this poor genius of mine has put forth.
I bid you look forward to a time when envy
shall have worn itself out, and you shall
enjoy quiet rest in those blessed abiding-
places which good Hermes and the watch-
ful tutelage of Rouse shall give you, where
the prattling tongue of the vulgar shall not
penetrate, and the crowd of silly readers
keep far off. A distant generation, an
age of sounder hearts, perhaps will render
fairer judgment on all things; and then,
when all spite and rancor is buried, Poster-
ity will be able to see with clear eyes
whether any merit is mine — by Rouse's
favor.

SUPPLEMENTARY LATIN AND GREEK POEMS

FROM THE ELEGIARUM LIBER

APOLOGUS DE RUSTICO ET HERO

RUSTICUS ex malo sapidissima poma quotannis

Legit, et urbano lecta dedit Domino:
Hic, incredibili fructū dulcedine captus,
Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.

Hactenū illa ferax, sed longo debilis aēvo,
Mota solo assueto, protinus aret iners.
Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,

Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus;
Atque ait, "Heu quanto satius fuit illa Coloni

(Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo;
Possem ego avaritiam frēnare, gulamque voracem:

Nunc periere mihi et fētus et ipse parens."

[DE MORO]

GALLI ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia,
Mori

Quis bene moratam morigeramque neget?

AD CHRISTINAM SUECORUM REGINAM
NOMINE CROMWELLI

BELLIPOTENS Virgo, Septem regina Triorum,

Christina, Arctoi lucida stella poli!
Cernis quas merui durā sub casside rugas,
Utque senex armis impiger ora tero,
Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,
Exequor et populi fortia iussa manu,
Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra;

Nec sunt hi vultus Regib⁹ usque truces.

FROM THE SYLVARUM LIBER

IN SALMASII HUNDREDAM

Quis expeditivit Salmasio suam *Hundredam*,
Picamque docuit verba nostra conari?
Magister artis venter, et Iacobæi
Centum, exultantis viscera marsupii regis.
Quod, si dolos spes refulserit nummi,
Ipse, Antichristi qui mod⁹ primatum Papæ
Minatus uno est dissipare sufflatu,
Cantabit ultrō Cardinalitium melos.

IN SALMASIUM

GAUDETE, scombri, et quicquid est piscium salo,
Qui frigidā hieme incolitis algentes freta!
Vestrum misertus ille Salmasius Eques
Bonus amicire nuditatem cogitat;
Chartæque largus apparat papyrinos
Vobis cucullos, præferentes Claudi⁹
Insignia, nomenque et decus, Salmasii;
Gestetis ut per omne cetarium forum
Equitis clientes, scriniis mungentium
Cubito virorum, et capsulis, gratissimos.

PSALM CXIV

'Ιστραὴλ ὅτε παῖδες ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φῦλ' Ἱακώβου
Ἀλύπτιον λίπε δῆμον, ἀπεχθέα, βαρβαρόφωνον,
Δῆτε τότε μοῦνοι ἔην δισιον γένος μὲν Ἰούδα·
Ἐν δὲ Θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρέων βασιλεύεν,
Εἶδε καὶ ἐντροπάδην φύγαδ' ἐρρώησε θάλασσα,
Κύματι εἰλυμένην ροθίψ, ὁ δὲ ἐστυφελίχθη
Ἰρός Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγήν·
Ἐκ δὲ δρεαὶ σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέοντο,
Ὄς κριοὶ σφρύγωντες ἐντραφέρει ἐλλαγή·
Βαιωτέραι δὲ πάσαι ἀνασκιρτησαν ἐρίπναι,
Οἴα παρὰ σύριγγι φλῆγ ὑπὸ μητέρει ἄρνες,
Τίττη σύν, αἰνὰ θάλασσα, πελωρ φύγαδ' ἐρίωνται
Κύματι εἰλυμένην ροθίψ, ὁ δὲ ἐστυφελίχθη
Ἰρός Ἰορδάνης, ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγήν·
Τίττη, δρέα, σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέοσθε,
Ὄς κριοὶ σφρύγωντες ἐντραφέρει ἐλλαγή;
Βαιωτέραι τι δὲ δρέας ὅμμες ἀνασκιρτησατ' ἐρίπναι,
Οἴα παρὰ σύριγγι φλῆγ ὑπὸ μητέρει ἄρνες;
Σείο γαῖα τρέουσα, Θεὸν μεγάλην ἐκτινέοντα,
Γαῖα, Θεὸν τρέουσα, θεόν μεγάλην ἐκτινέοντα,
Γαῖα, θεόν τρέουσα, θεόν μεγάλην ἐκτινέοντα,
Γαῖα, θεόν τρέουσα, θεόν μεγάλην ἐκτινέοντα,
Κρήτην τ' ἀέναον πέτρης ἀπὸ δακρυούσσης.

PHILOSOPHUS AD REGEM QUENDAM, QUI
EUM IGNOTUM ET INSONTEM INTER REOS
FORTE CAPTUM INSCIUS DAMNAVERAT
τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ πορευόμενος, ΗΔΕΙC SUBITO
MISIT

'Ω οὖν, εἰ δέσης με τὸν ἔννομον, οὐδέ τιν' ἀνδρῶν
Δεινὸν δῆλος δράσαντα, σοφῶταν οὐθὲ κάρηνον
Πηγῆς ἀφένοι, τὸ δὲ διάτερον αὖθις νοήτες,
Μαγιδίως δὲ δρέπειται τεὸν πρὸς θυμὸν δύνη,
Τούνδει δὲ πήλιος περιώνυμον ἀλκαρ ὀλέσσας.

IN EFFIGIEI EIUS SCULPTOREM

'Αμαθεῖ γεγράφθαι χειρὶ τήνδε μὲν εἰκόνα
Φαῖτης τάχ' ἄν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοφυὲς βλέπων.
Τὸν δὲ ἐκτιντωτὸν οὐκ ἐπιγράντε, φίλαι,
Γελάτε φαίνουν δυσμημημα ἡγράφου.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

Page 7. ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

15. *Heavenly Muse*; the Muse of sacred song addressed at the beginning of *Par. Lost*.

19. *Now while the Heaven*, etc. Cf. *Elegy VI*, near the end, where Milton speaks of beginning the *Hymn* at the first light of dawn on Christmas day.

23. *Wizards*; wise men: the present sense of "enchanter" existed in Milton's day, but he follows Spenser in using the word as a term of compliment.

28. *From out his secret altar*, etc.; cf. the *Reason of Church Government*: "that eternal Spirit, that . . . sends out his seraphim, with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases." The reference is to *Isaiah vi. 6-7*.

41. *Blume*; wrong, not reproof.

48. *Turning sphere*; the whole universe of concentric spheres, according to the Ptolemaic astronomy.

50. *Turtle-wing*; the turtle-dove, like the olive and myrtle, is a traditional emblem of peace.

56. *Hooked chariot*; *currus falcatus*, chariot with scythes projecting outward from the axles.

64. *Whist*; hushed. The word is another form of "hist," both originally onomatopæcic exclamations to enforce silence.

68. *Birds of calm*; while the halcyon was breeding, according to the classical tradition, the sea was calm. *Charmed*; laid under a spell.

71. *Bending one way their precious influence*; bending toward the new-born babe all the good influence which the stars were supposed to exert upon the lives of mortals. Cf. *Job xxxviii. 31*. "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades."

74. *Lucifer*; the morning star.

85. *Lawn*; field, or any open space of ground.

86. *Point of dawn*; break of dawn. Cf. modern French *point du jour*, and the old verb *poindre*, to dawn.

89. *Mighty Pan*; Christ, as the "good shepherd," is frequently introduced into the pastoral poetry of the Renaissance as Pan.

92. *Silly*; simple, innocent.

95. *Strook*; the favorite form with Milton, though he has also *struck* and *stricken*.

101-103. *Construe*: Nature, that heard such sounds thrilling the airy region (i. e. the upper air) beneath the hollow round of Cynthia's seat (i. e. the sphere of the moon).

106. *Its* occurs only three times in Milton. The form was not commonly adopted until the close of the century.

111. *Shamefaced*; shamefast, modest. "Faced" is the Anglo-Saxon suffix *faest*.

114. *Displayed*; spread out. Latin *displacitus*.

116. *Unexpressive*; inexpressible. Cf. *Lycidas*, "the unexpressive nuptial song," and *Ad Patrem*, "inenarrabile carmen."

125-132. *Ring out, ye crystal spheres*, etc.; for once, let the music of the nine spheres moving upon each other become audible to mortal ears.

146. *Tissued clouds* probably refers to the cloth called tissue, woven of silk and silver threads.

186. *Wakeful trump*; awakening trump.

187-159. "And Mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire. . . . And when the voice of the trumpet sounded long, and waxed louder and louder, Moses spake, and God answered him by a voice." *Exod. xix. 18-19*.

168. *The Old Dragon*; Satan is so spoken of in *Revelations*.

186. *Genius*, i. e. the *genius loci*, or guardian spirit of a place.

189-191. The *Lares*, beneficent spirits of the dead, were worshiped by the Romans, and a particular room in private houses (here referred to as "holy hearth") was set apart for them. The *Lemures* were inimical spirits of the dead, of a lower grade than the *Lares*, and approximating to our ghosts or goblins.

194. *Flamens*, priests of ancient Rome. "Quaint" is probably to be taken in the sense, not of "odd," but of "elaborate," "ceremonious."

197. *Peor and Baälim*; different names of the same sun-god, called also *Baal-Peor*, worshiped by the Phœnicians.

199. *Twice-battered god of Palestine*; *Dagon*, a sea-god of the Philistines. See *1 Samuel v. 3-4*.

200. *Ashtaroth*, the moon-goddess of the Phœnicians, identical with the Syrian *Astarte* and the Greek *Aphrodite*.

203. *Libyc Hammon*; an Egyptian deity whose chief seat of worship was at Thebes. He was represented in the form of a ram, with curled horns.

204. *Thammuz*; see note to *Par. Lost. I. 446*.

205-210. Milton had in mind, Warton thought, the description of Moloch in *Sandys's Travels*, where the god is described as an "Idoll of brass, having the head of a Calfe, the rest of a kingly figure, with arms extended to receive the miserable sacrifice, seared to death with his burning embracements. For the Idol was hollowe within, filled with fire. And least their lamentable shreeks should sad the hearts of their parents,

the Priests of Molech did deafen their ears with the continual clang of trumpets and timbrels."

212. *Isis*; goddess of the Earth; *Orus*, or *Horus*, god of the sun; *Anubis*, son of Osiris, represented with the head of a dog or jackal.

213-220. *Osiris* was worshiped by the Egyptians under the form of *Apis*, the sacred bull. He was said to have been put into a chest by conspirators and floated down the Nile. This chest or ark was preserved at Memphis as an object of worship.

226. *Typhon*, or *Typhoeus*, was represented by the Greeks as a hundred-headed monster, destroyed by Zeus. His Egyptian name was *Suti*; he was worshiped in Egypt sometimes under the form of a crocodile, which fact Milton seems here to have in mind.

240. *Youngest-teened*; youngest-born.

Page 10. A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV.

1. *Terah's faithful son*; Abraham, whose "blest seed" were the children of Israel.

3. *Pharion*; Egyptian, from *Pharaoh*.

Page 11. A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXXXVII.

46. *Erythrean main*; the Red Sea, from a Greek word meaning red.

65-66. *Seon . . . that ruled the Amorrean coast*; a borrowing from Buchanan's Latin version of Psalm cxxxv.: *Quique Amorreis Seon regnavit in oris*.

Page 12. ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT.

8-9. *Grim Aquilo*; Aquilo, or Boreas, the north wind, carried off *Oreithyia*, the daughter of King Erechtheus.

23-27. *Hyacinthus*, son of the king of Laconia, was slain by a quoit which Apollo threw and which the wind blew from its course. The flower hyacinth sprang from the ground where the boy's blood had flowed. *Eurotas* is a river of Laconia.

39. *That high first-moving sphere*; the Primum Mobile, or First-moved, the outer containing sphere of the Ptolemaic system. See Introduction to *Paradise Lost*, on Milton's cosmology.

47. *Earth's sons*; the Titans, who strove to conquer Olympus and overthrew Zeus.

50. *That just Maid*; *Astrea*, or Justice, who left the earth after the Golden Age.

68. *The slaughtering pestilence*; referring to the plague which raged in England during the summer of 1625.

76. *He will an offspring give*; Edward and John Phillips scarcely fulfilled the prophecy.

Page 13. AT A VACATION EXERCISE.

7-8. Milton asks pardon for deferring the English portion of the exercise till the last.

14. *The daintiest dishes*; i. e. the dramatic speeches of Quantity, Quality, and the other Predicaments.

19-20. *Those new-fangled toys*, etc.; an interesting reference to the Marinist school of conceitful writing, by which Milton himself was much affected in his youth.

74. *Subject . . . to many an Accident*; the lines preceding and following constitute a riddle on the Aristotelian doctrine of Substance;

so long as Substance remained absolute or undetermined by the Accidents of quality, quantity, time, place, posture, habit, action, and passion, he "walked invisible;" he was dependent upon them "for clothing," because undetermined substance is not perceptible.

90. *Your learned hands*; addressed directly to the student audience.

95-100. *Sullen Mole, that runneth underneath*, etc.; the Mole, in Surrey, flows through a subterranean channel for a part of its course. The Severn derived its name from the maid *Sabrina*, who was drowned in it (see *Comus*, l. 824). The *Dee*, near Chester, was hallowed by Druidical associations. *Humber* was believed to have derived its name from an early Hunnish invader. *Thames* is "royal-towered" because it flows past *Hampton Court*, *Windsor*, and *London*.

Page 15. THE PASSION.

1-4. This reference to the Hymn on the Nativity shows that the present poem was written later, probably on the following Easter.

6. *Wintry solstice*; when the days are shortest.

24-26. The reference is to the *Christiad*, a Latin poem by Marco Girolamo Vida of Cremona, who flourished during the first half of the sixteenth century.

37. *The prophet*; *Ezekiel*.

43. *That sad sepulchral rock*; the tomb of Christ.

56. *Had got a race of mourners*, etc.; refers to the fable of Ixion, who mistook a cloud for Juno and begot the Centaurs.

Page 16. ON SHAKESPEARE.

10. *Thy easy numbers*; "His mind and hand went together: And what he thought he uttered with that easiness that we have scarcely received from him a blot in his papers," say the editors of the first Folio Shakespeare. Milton's habit of composition was very different.

12. *Delphic lines*, i. e. oracular, inspired.

14. *Dost make us marble*; an extravagant and rather tasteless conceit; the meaning is that Shakespeare excites our imagination so intensely that we are carried out of ourselves, become dead to our surroundings.

Page 17. ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER.

1. *Girt*; girth.

8. *Dodged*; Masson quotes the following definition of the word "dodge" from *Wedgwood's Dictionary of English Etymologies*; "to jog, to move quickly to and fro; hence to follow in the track of any one, to follow his ins and outs, also to deceive one by change of motion."

Page 17. ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

5. *Sphere-metal*, i. e. of material as enduring as that of the heavenly spheres.

14. *Too long vacation hastened on his term*, a pun on the *Long Vacation* and *Terms* of the English universities.

32. *His wain was his increase*; a pun on the word *wain*, a wagon, and *wane*, a diminishing.

Page 18. ON THE MARCHEIONESS OF WINCHESTER.

24. *To greet her of a lovely son*; Charles Paulet.

Lord St. John of Basing, afterwards Duke of Bolton.

26. *Lucina*; goddess of child-birth.

28. *Atropos*; the Fate who clips the thread of life; her sisters were Clotho and Lachesis.

50. *Sweet rest seize thee*: the verb is used in the legal sense, to put in possession of.

63. *Syrian shepherdess*, Rachel, wife of Jacob.

Page 19. *ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.*

5. *Perhaps my semblance*; an allusion to the extreme youthfulness of Milton's appearance after he reached the age of manhood.

Page 26. *L'ALLEGRO.*

1-3. Having personified Melancholy, Milton invents a parentage for her, and assigns as her place of birth a cave like that of her father Cerberus, on the banks of Styx, the "river of deadly hate." Erebus, not Cerberus, was properly the spouse of Night.

9. *Ragged*; rugged.

10. *Cimmerian desert*; the Cimmerians are placed by Homer in a waste land far to the west, perpetually involved in mist and darkness.

12-16. The first parentage assigned to Euphrosyne (on the strength of a scholiast's commentary to a passage of the *Aeneid*) makes her the half-sister of Comus, who was the son of Circe by Bacchus. Euphrosyne represents innocent pleasure; Comus represents evil, sensual pleasure. In the double parentage Milton has in mind two ideals of innocent pleasure—that which springs from Wine and Love, and that which springs from Dawn and the light breezes of summer.

24. *Buxom*; spritely, lively. It originally meant pliant, yielding (German *biegsam*), and is so used by Milton elsewhere, in the phrase "buxom air."

29. *Hebe*, cup-bearer to the gods, and personification of eternal youth.

36. Liberty is probably called a "mountain-nymph" because of the traditional association of the love of freedom with mountain-dwellers.

40. *Unreproved*; unreprovable, innocent.

43. *Watch-tower*; a metaphor which partakes of the nature of a pun; the word is suggested by "tour," which means soaring flight.

45-48. *Then to come*, etc.; a much-disputed passage. What is the construction of the infinitive? Grammatically it seems to be parallel with "to hear" just above, in which case it is L'Allegro who comes to the window of his room. But in that case, to what or whom does he bid good morrow, unless, indeed, it be to the waking world in general? If we suppose "lark" to be the understood subject of the infinitive, the construction is very irregular, and Milton ought to have known that larks do nothing of the kind. Mr. Masson cuts the knot by supposing L'Allegro to have emerged from the house, and to look in at the window to greet some one inside. The reader is at liberty to choose.

45. *In spite of sorrow*; in order to spite sorrow; the idea seems rather awkwardly introduced.

48. *Twisted eglantine*; eglantine is identical with sweet-briar; in calling it "twisted" Milton appears to have confused it with some vine, perhaps the honeysuckle.

55. *Hoar hill*; covered with hoar-frost, since the hunting season is in the autumn.

60. *State*; triumphal progress, like that of a monarch, with the clouds "in thousand liveries dight" as the sun's attendants.

67. *Tells his tale*; the common interpretation of this phrase is "tells his story." But tale may be used in the sense of "number," and tells in the sense of "counts;" in that case the phrase would mean, "counts the number of his flock," to see that none had been lost during the night,—certainly a more realistic morning occupation than story-telling.

71. *Lawns*; open fields: *fallows*; ploughed land left untilled.

77. *Towers and battlements*; probably a reminiscence of Windsor Castle, which is not far from Horton.

80. *Cynosure*; the constellation of the lesser Bear, which contains the Pole-star. The Tyrian (not the Greek) sailors steered by this constellation. Cynosure means literally "dog's tail," the name referring to the fancied shape of the constellation. The secondary meaning of the word, is of course, "something much looked at."

83-88. The names are common ones in both classic and modern pastoral poetry. The introduction of them here gives a touch of unreality which is of questionable appropriateness.

91. *Secure*; from Latin *securus*, care-free.

94. *Rebeck*; a kind of rude fiddle or crowd, the precursor of the violin.

102-114. A maid of the company tells of the mischievous doings of Mab, who was traditionally the patron and tormentor of servant maids. A man then tells of two characters famous in folk-lore, Friar Rush, or Jack-a-lantern, as he was variously called, and Robin Goodfellow. The latter performed for farm-laborers much the same offices of capricious good-will, sprinkled with mischief, as did Mab for the maids.

110. *Lubbar-fend*, i. e. lubbar-fiend. Cf. "Lob-lie-by-the-fire."

114. *Matin*; matin or morning song.

120. *Weeds*; garments. The word was originally of universal application, though now confined to the mourning garments of widows.

131. *Well-trod*; this allusion to the actors is an incidental proof that L'Allegro is supposed to view the plays on the stage of a theatre, not merely to read them.

132. *Jonson's learned sock*; "sock" implies comedy, from the *soccus*, or low slipper, worn by actors in comedy, in contrast with the *cothurnus*, or high boot (huskin), worn by actors in tragedy. The learning displayed by Jonson in his great comedies much impressed his contemporaries.

133-134. *Sweetest Shakespeare*, etc.; this characterization applies better to some of Shakespeare's scattered songs than to his romantic plays or his comedies as a whole. In spite of the epitaph, it is extremely doubtful

whether Milton understood or rightly valued Shakespeare's genius.

136. *Lydian airs*; the Lydian music was melting and voluptuous, in contrast with the "Dorian mode," which was solemn and martial.

139. *Bout*; originally spelled "bought," means bend, turn, or involution. Spenser uses it of the folds of a dragon's tail. It is connected with the verb "bow."

150. *His half-regained Eurydice*; an allusion to the well-known story of the poet Orpheus, who obtained from Pluto the release of his wife from the lower regions, on condition that he should not look back at her until they reached the upper air. When near the entrance he forgot the condition, and looked behind to see if she was following, whereupon she vanished from his sight.

151-152. These lines are a reminiscence from Marlowe's *Passionate Shepherd* :—

"If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love."

Page 28. *Il PENSERO SO.*

3. *Bested*; help, profit.

4. *Toys*; trifles, vanities.

6. *Fond*; in the old sense of "foolish."

10. *Pensioners of Morpheus' train*; Queen Elizabeth kept a body of picked noblemen, of great wealth and personal beauty, about her as "gentlemen pensioners," whose duties were similar to those of the present Queen's body-guard. Cf. Shakespeare's "The cowslips tall her pensioners be."

18. Prince Memnon's sister; Memnon was famous for his beauty, Odysseus saying of Euryalus that he was the most beautiful man he had ever seen, except divine Memnon. Milton transfers this repute for beauty to Memnon's sister, though no such sister is mentioned by name in the legends.

19. *Starred Ethiop queen*; Cassiopeia, who boasted that not her own, but her daughter Andromeda's beauty was greater than that of the Nereids. In revenge they persuaded Poseidon to send a sea-monster to ravage the country. Both Cassiopeia and Andromeda were set in the heavens as constellations after their death; hence the epithet "starred."

23, 24. By assigning to Melancholy this partage, Milton implies that melancholy is the outgrowth of solitude and youthful purity or sanctity of life; or possibly of solitude and genius.

29. *Ida's inmost grove*; Mount Ida in Crete, where the infant Jove was nurtured.

33. *Grain*; see note to *Par. Lost*, V. 285. Here the word probably means dark blue or purple.

35. *Stole*; usually a long, flowing garment, here evidently a kind of shawl or wimple.

Cypress lawn; cypress and lawn were usually distinct, the former being black, the latter white, as in Autolycus's song in Winter's Tale:—

"Lawn as white as driven snow,
Cypress black as e'er was crow."

Here the two words taken together mean "black crepe."

36. *Decent*; comely, from Latin, *decens*.

42. *Forget thyself to marble*; cf. Ep. on Shak., "make us marble with too much conceiving."

43. *Sad*; sober, serious, with no suggestion of grief.

52-54. Milton has here in mind the description in Ezekiel of the sapphire-coloured throne-chariot of which the four wheels were four Cherubim, and in the midst of which burned a great fire. He singles out one of these Cherubim as the guide of the chariot. It is to be remembered that in mediæval speculation the Cherubim had as their especial gift insight into divine mysteries.

55. *Hist*; an imperative, meaning "usher along or bring along with finger on lip, saying 'Hist!'"

59. *Cynthia checks her dragon-yoke*; the dragon-team does not properly belong to the moon, but to Ceres or Demeter. Milton breaks with the classic tradition in this respect, not only here but in his Latin poems. See his verses on the death of the Bishop of Ely, *In Obitum Presulii Eliensis*, ll. 56-58.

65. *Unseen*; unlike *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso* prefers to have no witness of his walks abroad.

66. *And, missing thee, I walk unseen*

On the dry smooth-shaven green;

The English nightingale is said to cease its singing about the time that the grass is mown. If this is true, these lines show a delicacy of observation unusual in Milton.

74. *Curfew*; from French *courre-feu*, a bell formerly rung at eight or nine o'clock as a signal that lights should be extinguished.

87. *Outwatch the Bear*; as the constellation of the Bear never sets, this implies watching until the stars faded away at dawn.

88. *Thrice great Hermes*; Hermes Trismegistus, a mythical philosopher and magician, connected perhaps with the Egyptian king and philosopher Thot. Various books of mysticism and magic, written by the Alexandrian Neoplatonists and others, went under his name in the Middle Ages.

88, 89. *Unsphere the spirit of Plato*, i. e. call down his spirit from the heavenly sphere which it inhabits.

93-96. Mediæval speculation established various relations between astrology and demonology, here vaguely hinted at.

99, 100. Milton has in mind such plays as the *Seven Against Thebes* of Aeschylus, the *Edupus Tyrannus* and *Antigone* of Sophocles, the *Electra* and *Iphigenia* of Euripides, the *Hecuba*, and the *Troades*.

102. *Buskined stage*, i. e. tragic stage; see note to *L'Allegro*, l. 132. The fact that Milton speaks of examples of noble modern tragedy as "rare," shows that he was out of sympathy with the Elizabethan dramatic movement.

104. *Museus*; a Greek poet of the mythical age to which Orpheus also belonged.

110-115. *The story of Cambuscan bold*; Chancier's Squire's Tale. The names which follow are persons of the story. The "Tartar king" is Cambuscan or Cambynskan, a corruption of Gengis Khan, the Grand Khan of Tartary.

113. *Virtuous ring*; ring endowed with magic powers.

120. *Where more is meant than meets the ear*; such poems as those of Spenser, where an allegorical meaning underlies the story.

122. *Civil-suited*; soberly dressed.

124. *The Attic Boy*; Cephalus, the lover of Aurora.

134. *Sylvan*; Sylvanus, god of fields and forests.

147-150. The meaning is, "Let some mysterious dream move to and fro at the wings of Sleep, unrolling its pictures, until they fall upon my eyelids." The expression is so hurried that the idea is slightly obscured.

156. *Cloister's pale*; pale = enclosure. For a long time cloister's was written without the apostrophe, and pale taken as an adjective.

Page 30. *To THE NIGHTINGALE*.

4. *Jolly*, from French *joli*, had not its present connotation of rollicking fun. The meaning was rather "gay" or "blithe" in appearance.

6. *First heard*, i. e. if heard before the cuckoo.

Page 30. *ON TIME*.

3. *The heavy-plummet's pace*; i. e. the slow descent of the weights in an old-fashioned clock.

12. *Individual*; not to be divided or broken, so eternal.

Page 30. *AT A SOLEMN MUSIC*.

2. *Sphere-born sisters*: this is Milton's own mythology. Cf. Comus, l. 241, where Echo is called "Daughter of the sphere."

6. *Consent*; harmony.

23. *Diapason*; octave covering all the notes of the scale.

27. *Consort*; probably "society," from Latin *consortum*.

Page 31. *UPON THE CIRCUMCISION*.

1. *Ye flaming Powers*, i. e. the Seraphim, whose name in Hebrew signifies "burning."

6-9. Masson explains these obscure lines by paraphrasing thus: "if it is impossible for your Angelic constitutions, formed as they are of fire, to yield tears, yet, by burning as you sigh, you may borrow the water of our tears, turned into vapor." The process still remains a trifle vague.

Page 38. *ARCADES*.

14-15. Older members of the family or friends may have been grouped about the chair of state.

20-22. The comparison of the Dowager to Latona, or Leto, mother of Apollo and Artemis, conveyed a double compliment to her and to her offspring. Likewise the comparison to the "great mother" Cybele, or Rhea, mother of Jove, Juno, Neptune, etc., is appropriate because of the Dowager's large family. The tur- reted crown of Cybele would have its counter- part in the duchess's coronet.

23. *Juno dares not give her odds*; Juno could compete with her only on equal terms.

26, 27. *Lawes*, in the character of the Genius of the Wood, addresses the male members of the duchess's family, who form part of the pageant. "For" must be taken not with "swains" but with "gentle," which is used in the sense of "nobly-born."

33. *Fair silver-buskined Nymphs*; the ladies of the pageant.

44. *Lot*; allotment, appointment.

51. *Thwarting thunder blue*; thwarting may be used in its early sense, "going athwart," i. e. zigzag; or perhaps in its derived sense of hindering, harming. Thunder is of course put here for lightning, as often in Elizabethan literature.

52. *Cross dire-looking planet*; cross means here rather "adverse," "bringing trouble," than "ill-natured."

62-69. These difficult lines can best be made clear by quoting from Plato's account of the Myth of Er, in the tenth book of the Republic, as translated by Davies and Vaughan: —

"They looked down upon a straight pillar of light, stretching across the whole heaven and earth, more like the rainbow than anything else, only brighter and clearer. . . . Arriving at the centre of the light, they saw that its extremities were fastened by chains to the sky. For this light binds the sky together, like the hawser that strengthens a trireme, and thus holds together the whole revolving universe. To the extremities is fastened all the distaff of Necessity, by means of which all the revolutions of the universe are kept up. . . . The nature of the whorl may be thus described: In shape it is like an ordinary whorl; but from Er's account we must picture it to ourselves under the form of a large hollow whorl, scooped out right through, into which a similar, but smaller, whorl is nicely inserted, like those boxes which fit into one another. In the same way a third whorl is inserted within the second, a fourth within the third, and so on to four more. For in all there are eight whorls, inserted into one another, . . . and all together forming one solid whorl embracing the shaft, which is passed right through the centre of the eighth. . . . The distaff spins round upon the knees of Necessity. Upon each of its circles stands a siren, who travels round with the circle, uttering one note in one tone; and from all the eight notes there results a single harmony. At equal distances around sit three other personages, each on a throne. These are the daughters of Necessity, the Fates, Lachesis, Clotho, Atropos; who, clothed in white robes, with garlands on their heads, chant to the music of the sirens, Lachesis the events of the past, Clotho those of the present, Atropos those of the future."

The Myth of Er was very popular with seventeenth-century writers, especially with the masque-writers, and in adapting the above passage Milton did not run much risk of mystifying his audience. The "nine infolded spheres" are the concentric sphere of the Ptolemaic

Mundus, or Terrestrial Universe. The "daughters of Necessity" may be thought of as gigantic figures sitting outside the Universe, which rests like the whorl of a spindle on the knees of their mother.

70. *Keep unsteady Nature to her law*; meaning that the music of the spheres tempers the chaotic turbulence of Nature, and makes her functions harmonious and steady.

81. *State*; here used in the sense of *dais*, or platform, upon which sat the throne-chair.

97-102. *Ladon's lilded banks*, etc. Ladon was a river of Arcadia; Lyceus, Cyllene, Erymanthus, and Meonalus were mountains of Arcadia.

106. Syrinx, a nymph, fleeing from her lover Pan, prayed to be transformed into a reed. The Glosse to Spenser's Shepheard's Calender continues, "So that Pan, catching at the Reedes, in stede of the Damosell, and puffing hard (for he was almost out of wind), with hys breath made the Reedes to pype; which he seeing, tooke of them, and, in remembrance of his lost love, made him a pype thereof."

Page 40. COMUS.

Dedication. Henry Lawes, whose name must often be mentioned in connection with Comus, stood at the head of the English composers of his time. He was born in 1595. His father was a vicar-choral of Salisbury Cathedral, and probably the boy received his first training as a chorister in the Cathedral choir. Later on he studied under the well-known musician Giovanni Coperario, an Englishman who had Italianized his patronymic—John Cooper. In 1626 Lawes was made one of the Gentlemen of the Chapel Royal. Coperario had won distinction as a writer of music for Masques; that for the Masque of Flowers, 1614, was from his pen; and Lawes soon turned his attention the same way. In 1633, in conjunction with his brother William Lawes and Simon Ives of St. Paul's choir, he produced the incidental music to Shirley's Triumph of Peace; and wrote single handed the music of Carew's *Calum Britannicum*. Comus followed in 1634. Probably Lawes was responsible for the production of Arcades. He excelled as a song-writer. He did not belong to the line of our learned church-composers. He wrote little sacred music, little at any rate that has survived, though we possess the coronation anthem—"Zadock the Priest"—composed at the accession of Charles II. The older historians of English music—Burney and Hawkins—treat Lawes rather contemptuously. The former dismissed his music as "languid and insipid;" the latter complained that much of it was a compromise between recitative and air. Really Lawes's merit lay herein. A poet himself, he was content in setting the poetry of others to subordinate the music to the verse. Accent and rhythm were preserved, and the melody (very often a species of *aria parlante*) did not divert attention from the words. This is perhaps rare with musicians, and it accounted for Lawes's great popularity with contemporary poets—Cartwright, Waller, Carew, Herrick, and others. Herrick and Milton were not alone

in praising the favorite Court-composer. During the civil war he lost his post in the Chapel Royal, but was reinstated at the Restoration. He died in 1662. He was buried in the Cloisters of Westminster Abbey. A portrait of him hangs in the Music-school at Oxford. The elder brother was killed at the siege of Chester in 1645. The following sonnet by Milton was first printed in 1648 among several laudatory pieces of verse prefixed to a volume of *Choice Psalms, put into Musick for three Voices: composed by Henry and William Lawes, Brothers, and Servants to his Majestie* :—

"HARRY, whose tuneful and well-measured song
First taught our English music how to span
Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With Midas' ears, committing short and long," etc.

The first quatrain exactly expresses the quality for which Lawes's music was conspicuous: cf. *Comus* 86-88, and 494-96. The Cambridge draft of these lines is dated Feb. 9, 1646, new style. Evidently political differences had not interrupted the friendship of poet and composer. The best account of Lawes is given in the article on him in *Grove's Dictionary of Music*. —VERITY.

7. *Pestered in this pinfold*; pestered is from a low-Latin word *pastorum* = clog or hobble for a horse at pasture. It means, therefore, "shackled," "confined." Pin-fold = pound, an enclosure for strayed cattle.

10. *Mortal change*; death, change from mortality.

13. *Golden key*; cf. *Lycidas*, 110-111.

17. *Mould* = earth.

18-21. In the division of territory, Neptune took the sea; Jove, the sky; and Dis (nether Jove), Hades.

29. *Quarters to his blue-haired deities*; quarters = assigns. Sea-gods were usually represented on the stage with blue hair, as we learn from the elaborate stage-direction printed with the old masques.

37. *Perplexed*; involved, tortuous.

38. *Honor*; in the Latin sense of "roughness" or "shagginess."

48. *After the Tuscan mariners transformed*; a Latin construction, *post nautas mutatos*. The allusion is to the story of Bacchus, who was kidnapped by Tyrrhenian pirates, on his way from Icaria to Naxos. "The god changed the masts and oars into serpents, and himself into a lion; ivy grew round the vessel, and the sound of flutes was heard on every side; the sailors were seized with madness, leaped into the sea, and were metamorphosed into dolphins." — SMITH'S *Class. Dict.*

60. *Celtic and Iberian fields*; France and Spain.

65. *Orient*; this epithet was first applied to gems, as coming from the East, and later came to have a general application to anything rich and clear in color.

67. *Fond*; foolish.

71. *Ounce*; a kind of small tiger or catamount.

88-91. *Nor of less faith* = as faithful in service as he is skilful in song. "In this office, etc., means, "by reason of his office as guardian of the mountain he is the most likely person to be at hand in the present emergency.

93-99. The time indicated seems to be midnight, but the details are not easy to explain. If the "folding-star" is Vesper, the evening-star, it would not "hold the top of heaven," but be below the horizon. The "car of day" would not be just quenching its axle in the Atlantic, but would be at the antipodes. Perhaps the folding-star is merely the first star seen in the east, which would be in the zenith at midnight. "The slope sun," etc., refers to the cone of shadow which the earth throws outward from the sun; at midnight the point of this cone would be in the zenith.

116. *Wavering morrice*; the morrice or morris was a very popular old dance brought from Spain; the word is a corruption of "Moorish."

129. *Dark-veiled Cotyto*; a Thracian goddess, whose worship was introduced into several Greek states. Her rites were celebrated with great licentiousness.

134, 135. The connection of Cotyto with Hecate Milton makes on his own responsibility. The masque-writers allowed themselves great liberties in dealing with the classical mythology.

139. *Nice*; over-fastidious, squeamish.

140. *Cabinet loop-hole*; the first rift in the clouds, through which the dawn-light streams.

151. *Trains*; tricks, allurements.

154. *Spongy air*; spongy, as soaking up the spells.

157. *Quaint habits*; fantastic garments. This is one of the few cases in Milton where "quaint" has almost its modern meaning.

167. *Gear* = business; originally, tackle.

189. *Sad votarist in palmer's weed*. Votarist = one who has taken a vow to go on pilgrimage; palmer's weed = the long dark robe of the pilgrim to the Holy Land, who, after accomplishing his pilgrimage, might bear a palm-branch as a token. "Sad" = serious, solemn.

231. *Airy shell*; the surrounding air, conceived of as a hollow containing vessel.

232. *Meander's margent green*; Keightley suggests that this river of Asia Minor was selected as a haunt for Echo because of its windings, which would correspond to the replications of echoing sound.

237. *Narcissus*; Echo, in love with Narcissus, pined away until her voice was left; in punishment of his hard-heartedness, he was made to fall in love with his own reflection in a brook.

241. *Daughter of the Sphere*; cf. At a Solemn Music, "sphere-born harmonious Sisters, Voice and Verse."

251, 252. A forced and rather tasteless figure, which has been nevertheless much admired.

253-59. Milton mixes mythological personages here with a reckless hand. The island of the Sirens Odysseus passed after leaving Circe. Being previously warned by her, he bade his sailors

put wax in their ears so that they might not hear the singing: he himself listened, bound to the mast. *Scylla* and *Charybdis* were much too far away from the Sirens' Isle to hear their singing. Although Circe has in Homer nothing to do with the Sirens, Verity notes that they are associated in the Inner Temple Masque of William Browne, which Milton had read. In the *Odyssey*, Circe is waited upon by four nymphs of wood and water.

277-290. This kind of dialogue, called in Greek *στιχομοία*, is employed by all the Greek dramatists, especially Sophocles.

287. *Imports their loss*, etc.; i. e., Is their loss of importance to you, aside from your present need of them?

293. *Swinked*; wearied, from Anglo-Saxon *swincan*, to labor.

297-304. A compliment to the two boys, Lord Brackley and Mr. Thomas Egerton, who were about to enter. One of the chief duties of the masque-writer was to bestow compliments upon the distinguished personages who took part in the presentation.

313. *Bosky bourn* = burn, or brook, with banks covered with bushes and trees. *Bourn*, meaning limits or boundary, is another word.

315. *Stray attendance*; strayed attendants.

329, 330. *Square my trial*, etc.; i. e. make my trial proportionate to my strength.

332. *Benison* = benediction, blessing; hence, welfare.

341-342.

star of Arcady,
Or Tyrian Cynosure.

Callisto, daughter of Lycaon, king of Arcadia, after being transformed to a she-bear by the jealousy of Juno, was placed by Jupiter in the sky as the constellation of the Great Bear (star of Arcady); Arcas, her son, became the Lesser Bear. The Greek sailors steered by the first constellation, the Phoenicians by the second, whence it is called "Tyrian Cynosure." For Cynosure, see note to L'Allegro, 80. It there means "something gazed at by many people;" here it has its original meaning.

349. *InnumEROUS*; innumerable.

359. *Over-exquisite*; super-subtile.

360. A metaphor from casting the horoscope in astrology.

369. *Single want*; mere want.

375-380. Pattison calls attention to these lines as a description of Milton's life at Horton.

376. *Seeks to*; resorts to.

378. *Plumes* = prunes.

380. The prefix in "to-ruffled" is intensive.

393-395. One of the labors of Hercules was to fetch the golden apples from the tree in the garden of the Hesperides, guarded by the dragon Ladon. *Unenchanted* = not to be enchanted, proof against enchantment.

401. *Danger will wink on Opportunity*; "wink on" = shut the eye to, fail to see. We would look for some such word as "desire" in the place of "danger."

423. *Unharbored*; offering no shelter or harbor.

424. *Infamous*; of evil fame.

426. *Mountaineer*; mountaineer is in Shakespeare and his contemporaries almost always used in a bad sense.

429. *Horrid*; Latin *horridus*, rough, bristling.

430. *Unblenched*; unfaltering. Cf. Sir Henry Wotton's letter to Milton, "You will not blanch Paris in your way;" blanch and blemish are the same.

451. *Dashed*; put out of countenance, shamed.

454. *Sincerely*—entirely; Latin *sincerus*, pure, unalloyed.

455. For "liveried angels" compare the line in *Nativity Ode*, "bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable." *Lackey*—attend.

471-475. This passage is adapted from the *Phædo* of Plato; see Jowett's translation, vol. i. p. 429.

474. *Sensuality*; i. e. sensuality, and often unwarrantably so emended by editors.

480. *Crude*—undigested, a derived meaning from the original one of "unripe."

483. *Night-founder*; plunged in night, night-bound.

494-496. A pretty compliment to Lawes.

495. *Huddling*; hurrying, one wave crowding upon another.

509. *Sadly*; seriously.

517. *Chimeras*; the Chimera, slain by Bellerophon, was a beast with a lion's head, dragon's tail, and woman's body.

520. *Navel*; centre.

531, 532. *Crofts that braw*, etc.; small enclosed pieces of land near to the houses on the hill, sloping up from the valley.

548. *Ere a close*; "close" is probably used in the technical musical sense of "cadence;" if so, the meaning is, "Ere I had reached the first cadence."

552-554. This is a much-discussed passage. All three early editions, that of Lawes, 1637, and those of Milton, 1645 and 1673, read "drowsie frighted;" the Cambridge manuscript alone gives "drowsy fighted" (the hyphen has been put in by the editors). "Drowsy-fighted" is certainly the more picturesque; but what is to be done with "gave respite to"? The "stop of sudden silence" could give to the steeds of Sleep respite from fright, and allow them to proceed in their course undisturbed; but could it give them respite in any other sense? It is possibly this difficulty which caused Milton to leave the picturesque phrase in the one place, and the logical one in the other.

567. "Near" modifies "thou," not "snare."

568. *Lawns*; cleared spaces in the wood.

607. *Purchase*; booty.

610. *I love thy courage yet*; the force of "yet" is either "still as of old," or "although it is of no avail."

620. *Of small regard to see to*; colloquially, "not much to look at." One wonders if Milton has his friend Diodati in mind.

634. *Unknown, and like esteemed*, i. e. unesteemed.

635. *Clouted*; patched. The derivation from French *clou*, nail, has been disproved.

636, 637. Cf. *Odyssey*, x. 281-306: "Therewith the slayer of Argos gave me the plant that he had plucked from the ground, and he showed me the growth thereof. It was black at the root, but the flower was like to milk. Moly the gods call it, but it is hard for mortal men to dig; howbeit with the gods all things are possible" (Butcher and Lang).

638. *Hæmonia*; a word of Milton's creation, from Hæmonia, or Thessaly, the land of magic.

646. *Limetwigs of his spells*; a reference to the practice of catching birds by smearing birdlime on the twigs of trees.

655. Virgil (*Aeneid*, viii. 251, 252) attributes this action to Cacus, Vulcan's son.

661. Daphne, fleeing from the embraces of Apollo, prayed to be changed into a laurel-tree. The tree was ever afterward sacred to Apollo.

675-676. *Odyssey*, iv. 219-229: "Helen, daughter of Zeus, presently cast a drug into the wine whereof they (Menelaus and Telemachus) drank, a drug to lull all pain and anger, and bring forgetfulness of every sorrow. Whoso should drink a draught thereof, when it is mingled in the bowl, on that day he would let no tear fall down his cheeks, nor though his father and mother died. . . . Medicines of such virtue had the daughter of Zeus, which Polydamma, the wife of Thon, had given her, a woman of Egypt" (Butcher and Lang).

685. *Unexempt condition*; condition from which no exemption is given.

694. *Aspects*; apparitions, objects.

698. *Vizored*; concealed or disguised, as with a vizor.

700. *Lickerish*; tempting to the palate, but used in a bad sense. The word is connected with "lecherous."

707, 708. The "Cynic tub" is the tub in which Diogenes, the cynic philosopher, used to sit, in scorn of the comforts and luxuries of life. "Budge doctors of the Stoic fur" means of course, in general, "Stoic philosophers," but the phrase is not easy to explain. Budge has two meanings, "fur" (cf. Budge-row, the London street where furriers had their shops) and an adjectival meaning = "solemn," "formal." The second meaning would fit here exactly, but seems not to have been in use before the end of the 17th century. "Budge" was especially used of the fur employed in the trimming of academic gowns, and in writing the line Milton doubtless had in mind some of the solemn bigwigs of Cambridge whose pedantry and lifelessness he had had occasion to know.

714. *Curious*; critical, discriminating.

719. *Hatched*; stored. Hatch = bin or shed; cf. rabbit-hutch.

722. *Frieze*; a coarse woolen cloth, imported originally from Friesland.

732-736. Can it be that Milton believed that diamonds were found, like pearls, in the sea, or does he refer to diamonds which have been cast there from shipwrecks? Or is diamond

used in a general sense for precious stones? "They below," i. e. the creatures of the deep, has been unaccountably misunderstood as "men on earth" (*či κάτω*).

750. *Sorry grain*; dull color.

760. *Bolt her arguments*; the metaphor is from the bolting of flour, i. e. the sifting out of the bran so as to leave the flour fine and white.

768-775. A rather striking statement of socialistic doctrine, considering the time and place.

803-805. In allusion to the war between Jove and the Titans.

808. *Canon laws of our foundation*; Comus sarcastically represents his palace as a religious institution, ruled by the Canon law, i. e. the series of laws and statutes promulgated by the Pope and the Councils for the government of the church.

817. *Backward mutters of dissevering power*; incantations muttered backward dissolved the enchantments which they had produced.

823. *Soothest*; truest; cf. *forsooth*, in good sooth.

826-842. The story of Sabrina was a favorite one with poets, having been told by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, by Warner in *Albion's England*, and by Spenser in the *Faerie Queene*; all of these poets drew upon the account in Geoffrey of Monmouth's *History of the Britons*. Milton tells the story in his *History of England*, a book which he completed during the last years of his life. Locrine, son of Brut, defeated in battle Humber, king of the Huns, who had invaded Britain. Locrine was engaged to marry the daughter of Corineus, a follower of Brut who had been made king over Cornwall; but among the spoils of war taken from Humber were certain beautiful maidens, "Estrildis, above the rest, passing fair, the daughter of a king in Germany; whom Locrine, though before contracted to the daughter of Corineus, resolves to marry. But being forced and threatened by Corineus, whose authority and power he feared, Guendolen the daughter he yields to marry, but in secret loves the other: and . . . had by her a daughter equally fair, whose name was Sabra. But when once his fear was off by the death of Corineus, divorcing Guendolen, he makes Estrildis now his queen. Guendolen, all in rage, departs into Cornwall, where Madan, the son she had by Locrine, was hitherto brought up by Corineus his grandfather. And gathering an army of her father's friends and subjects, gives battle to her husband by the river Sture; wherein Locrine, shot with an arrow, ends his life. But not so ends the fury of Guendolen: for Estrildis, and her daughter Sabra, she throws into a river: and, to leave a monument of revenge, proclaims that the stream be thenceforth called after the damsel's name; which, by length of time, is changed now to Sabrina, or Severn." It will be noticed that Milton uses "step-dame" loosely.

838. *Nectared lavers*; baths sweetened with nectar.

845. *Urchin blasts*; urchin meant originally "hedge-hog," being connected with French *herisson*. Evil spirits were supposed sometimes to take this form, and the word "urchin" came gradually to have the more extended meaning of "evil sprite" (cf. *Merry Wives*, iv. 4, 49), from which its present meaning of "small boy" is a natural development. *Urchin blasts* means therefore "mildew or other blight sent by evil sprites upon grain or cattle."

846. *Shrewd*; the meaning "bad" or "malicious" is usual in Elizabethan literature, and survives in some modern uses of the word.

868-882. *Oceanus*; god of the great Ocean-stream which Homer represents as encircling the earth. *Tethys*, wife of Oceanus. The "Carpathian wizard" is Proteus, whose home was the island of Carpathus, between Crete and Rhodes. *Glauclus*, a Boeotian fisherman, eating of a magic herb, was transformed into a sea-god and gifted with the power of prophecy. *Leucothea*, a daughter of Cadmus, who, to escape her husband's fury, plunged with her son into the sea, and was changed to a sea-goddess; "lovely hands" is the Miltonic variant on the "fair ankles" traditionally ascribed to her. Her son, Melicertes, was identified by the Romans with Portumnus, god of harbors. *Thetis* is called by Homer "the silver-footed," hence "tinsel-slipped." *Parthenope*, a sea-nymph, whose body was washed ashore at Naples, and to whom a shrine was erected there; see Milton's third Epigram on Leonora Baroni. *Ligea* was one of the Sirens.

897. *Printless feet*; feet that leave no print.

934, 935. Interpreted literally this would mean the head, i. e. source, of the river. Some confusion arises because Milton is thinking of the head of the nymph also. The purely ideal nature of the image is shown by the mention of "groves of myrrh and cinnamon" which follows.

964. *Mincing*; delicately tripping. The word had none of its modern derogatory connotation. Cf. French *mince*, from which "mincing" comes.

999-1008. The passage is saturated with Milton's peculiar conception of Paradisaic love. *Assyrian queen* = Aphrodite, connected with the Phoenician Ashtaroth.

1015. *Welkin*; sky. Cf. German *Wolke*.

1021. *Sphere chime*; music of the spheres.

Page 60. LYCIDAS.

1-7. These verses are autobiographical; see Introduction to *Lycidas*.

10, 11. *He knew himself to sing*; a few pieces of indifferent Latin verse have been traced to Edward King.

13. *Welter to the parching wind*; the verb "welter" renders very descriptively the helpless heaving and rolling motion of an object tossed by the swell of the sea.

15, 16. The "Sisters of the sacred well" are the nine Muses of classical mythology, to whom the fountain of Aganippe, on Mt. Helicon, was sacred. On this mountain was an altar dedicated to Jove; Milton alone is responsible for

placing the source of the spring beneath that altar.

18. *Coy excuse*; "coy" had a stronger meaning than now, approaching that of "disdainful." Verity quotes from Ascham, "courters . . . somelme, coye, big, and dangerous of looke."

19. *Muse*; poet; so used frequently.

20. *Lucky words*; words of good omen, auspicious.

23. *What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn*; it is not known exactly what insect Milton intended by "grey-fly." The time indicated is noon.

29. *Battening*; feeding, fattening; usually an intransitive verb. Cf. Hamlet, "Batten on this moor."

33. *Tempered to the oaten flute*; "tempered" probably modifies "satyrs," not "ditties." It means, therefore, "swayed by the rhythm of," or something of the sort.

40. *Gadding vine*; the epithet is a happy one to describe the luxuriant wandering of the vine. It had not in Milton's day its present derogatory sense.

50-55. Milton here addresses the Muses, whose haunts he places, for the purpose in hand, near the scene of King's shipwreck. The "steep" is either Penmænmawr or the Druid sepulchres at Kerig y Druiddin in Denbighshire; Mona is the island of Anglesey, now bare of trees, but mentioned as covered with groves by poets previous to Milton, especially William Browne in his *Britannia's Pastoral*, and Michael Drayton in his *Polyolbion*. Deva, or the Dee, is called a "wizard stream" because of a tradition that the shifting of the channel toward the Welsh or the English side portended good fortune to one or the other nation.

56. *Fondly*; vainly, foolishly.

59-63. *The Muse herself, for her enchanting son, etc.*; the Muse is Calliope, mother of Orpheus, the semi-mythical Thracian poet. Sadened by the loss of his wife Eurydice, Orpheus refused to join in the Bacchic orgies, and was torn in pieces by infuriated maenads.

67-69. *As others use*; Milton is looking at the Cavaliers, the gay hedonists of his generation.

70. *Clear spirit*; "clear" probably means "free from worldly taint."

75. *Blind Fury*; Atropos, not one of the Furies, but one of the Fates; her sisters were Clotho and Lachesis. She is not usually represented as blind.

77. *Touched my trembling ears*; a gesture of deep significance, intended here to rebuke the poet and remind him of something he has forgotten. Milton probably had in mind Virgil's

*Cum canerem reges et proelia, Cynthus aurem
Vellit et admonuit.*

Notice how finely the broken construction above suggests the quickness of Apollo's interruption.

79. *Glistening foil*; "foil" was the term applied to a kind of gold or silver leaf placed be-

hind a gem to throw it into relief. Some such figure is here intended.

83. *Lastly*; the adverb is used emphatically, meaning "at the last Judgment."

85, 86. *Arethuse* was a fountain in Sicily, connected traditionally with the Sicilian pastoral poetry, as the River Mincius was with Virgil's *Elegies*.

89, 90. The "herald of the sea" is Triton, whose business it was to summon together the marine deities. He is said to "come in Neptune's plea," i. e. to present Neptune's plea of innocence in the case of King's death.

96. *Hippodates*; Aeolus, son of Hippotes.

99. *Panope*; one of the daughters of Nereus; her sisters were forty-nine in number.

100-102. This might seem to imply that King's vessel foundered merely because it was unseaworthy. It appears from other sources that the vessel struck a rock during a gale.

103. *Camus*; it had long been the custom of the Cambridge poets to personify the river Cam; "footing slow" suggests the sluggish motion of that stream; "inwrought with figures dim" may be meant to suggest the dim traditions connected with the ancient university.

106. *Sanguine flower*; the hyacinth, which sprang from the blood of Hyacinthus, and was inscribed with the Greek exclamation of lament, *ai, ai*.

109-111. The Pilot (i. e. fisherman) of the Galilean Lake is St. Peter, to whom was given the keys of the kingdom of Heaven. Dante gives him two keys, one gold and one silver, both of which admit to Heaven, Purg. X.

119. *Blind mouths*; the immense compression of the phrase contributes to its power of suggesting passionate indignation. The spiritual blindness and the gluttony of the hired ministry are the two thoughts thus powerfully welded together.

123. *Lean and flashy songs*; unedifying and insipid sermons. Flashy is not the modern word meaning "showy," but is from O. E. *flasshe*, a pool. It means literally "watery."

126. *Rank mist*; false doctrine.

128. *Grim Wolf with privy paw*; an allusion to the Catholic conversions, which about this time spread much consternation among the Puritans.

130. *Two-handed engine*; this famous *crux* has been explained in numberless ways; the two-handed engine has been interpreted (1) as the "axe that is laid unto the root of the tree," St. Matthew iii. 10; (2) as the two-handed sword of Revelation i. 16; (3) as the two Houses of Parliament; (4) as the sword of St. Michael; (5) as the secular and the spiritual power, etc., etc. The obscurity of the figure only adds to its terror.

136. *Use*; dwell, frequent.

142. *Raite*; early, whence "rather," originally a comparative form of the adjective.

160. *Fable of Bellerus*, i. e. fabled Bellerus; Bellerus is a name invented by Milton from Bellerium, the Latin name for Land's End in Cornwall. He first wrote Corineus, the name

of a mythical king of Cornwall in the time of Brut, and substituted Bellerus afterwards as more musical. He probably meant it to stand for some mythical king or giant of the region.

161. *Vision of the guarded mount*; St. Michael's Mount, opposite Penzance, on which there were the ruins of an old Norman stronghold and an ancient abbey. A craggy seat, looking out upon the sea, was called St. Michael's Chair; there the apparition of the Archangel was fabled to appear. It is to this ghostly guardian that Milton refers.

162. *Namancos and Bayona's hold*; both these places were in Spain, Namancos in Galicia, east of Cape Finisterre, Bayona a little farther south, on the sea. Verity notes that Namancos is given only in two editions of Mercator's Atlas, and that the later of these, published in England in 1636, the year before Lycidas was written, was doubtless the one Milton used. In that edition the site of Namancos is marked on the map by a drawing of a tower, and that of Bayona by a castle. St. Michael is made, in his character of guardian angel and warrior, to look toward Spain, England's ancient enemy; looking on the map for some definite localities to mention, Milton's eye fell on these two, and he selected them, not because of their importance, but because of the musical value of the names.

176. *Unexpressive, inexpressible*. Compare this whole passage with the close of the Epitaphium Damonis. The idea of the nuptial song is a working over of the passage in Revelation concerning the "marriage of the Lamb." Rev. xix. 6-7.

186. *Uncouth*; from Anglo-Saxon *uncið*, unknown. It will be remembered that in 1637 Milton was still an "unknown" poet. Perhaps there is also a tinge of the modern meaning.

189. *Doric lay*; cf. Sir Henry Wotton's letter to Milton, where he praises a "certain Doric delicacy in the songs."

192. *Twitched*; caught up from the ground, or perhaps pulled closer round his shoulders because of the coolness of evening.

LATER SONNETS.

Page 74. WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.

10-12. The story is told by Pliny, in his Natural History, vii. 19, that Alexander the Great, after conquering Thebes (the city in which Pindar spent most of his life), commanded that the house of the poet should be spared from destruction. One reason for this action was that Pindar had praised in his odes Alexander of Macedonia, an ancestor of Alexander the Great. *Emathian* is from Emathia, a province of Macedonia, where the monarchy originally had its seat.

12-14. "Plutarch relates, that when the Lacedæmonian general Lysander took Athens [B. C. 404], it was proposed in a council of war entirely to raze the city, and convert its site into a desert." But while the matter was still undecided, "at a banquet of the chief officers, a certain Phocian sang some fine [verses] from

a chorus of the Electra of Euripides; which so affected the hearers, that they declared it an unworthy act to reduce a place, so celebrated for the production of illustrious men, to total ruin and desolation. It appears, however, that Lysander ordered the walls and fortifications to be demolished." — WARTON. The verses in question were part of the first chorus of the Electra, 167 et seq.

Speaking of Milton's learning, Johnson says: "The books in which his daughter, who used to read to him, represented him as most delighting, after Homer, which he could almost repeat, were Ovid's Metamorphoses and Euripides" (Life of Milton). A copy of Euripides with MS. notes by Milton is extant, and one of his textual emendations — $\eta\delta\omega\tau$ for $\eta\delta\omega\mu$ in the Bacchæ, 188 — is universally adopted. See Dr. Sandy's edition (1892) of the Bacchæ (Cambridge Press), where in the notes on 188, 234-236 and 314-318 several interesting parallels between Comus and parts of Euripides are pointed out. — VERITY.

Page 74. TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.

2. *The broad way and the green*; Matthew vii. 13, 14: Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction . . . and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life.

4. *Hill of Heavenly Truth*; cf. Par. Reg. II. 217. "Seated as on the top of Virtue's Hill."

5. See Luke x. 42; Ruth i. 14-17.

8. Notice the repetition of the same rhyme-word as above; purists object to this license.

11. *Hope that reaps not shame*; "Hope maketh not ashamed," Romans v. 5.

Page 74. TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.

6. *Dishonest*; disgraceful, Lat. *inhonestus*.

8. Isocrates, the Athenian orator, on hearing of the battle of Charonea, B. C. 338, put an end to his life. The title of Milton's Areopagitica is taken from the *Logos Areopagiticus* of Isocrates.

9-10. Milton was sixteen when James Ley was made Lord High Treasurer.

Page 74. ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES.

1. *Tetrachordon*: This pamphlet was published in March, 1645. The title signifies "four-stringed," and is explained on the title-page: "Expositions upon the four chief places in Scripture which treat of marriage, or nullities in marriage."

4. *Numbering good intellects*; since, because of the close-weaving of its matter, form, and style, only intelligent persons would read it.

7, 8. *Mile-End Green*; so called because it lay about a mile from the centre of old London. Masson says, "it was a common in Milton's time and the favorite terminus of a citizen's walk." It lay in the region now called Whitechapel.

8, 9. The Scotch names are selected because the Scotch Presbyterians were most scandalized by the divorce pamphlets. When the sonnet was written the chief topic of talk was Montrose's campaign. Professor Masson says,

"Among Montrose's most influential adherents in his enterprise there were several *Gordons*, of whom the most prominent were George, Lord Gordon, the eldest son of the Marquis of Huntly, and his next brother Charles Gordon, Viscount Aboyne." He also says that the three names in line 9 all belonged to the same person, the younger Alexander Macdonald, called Colkitto, i. e. the Left-handed, an officer of Montrose. See Scott's Legend of Montrose, chap. xv.

11. *Quintilian*; the Roman rhetorician, author of the famous treatise *De Institutione Oratoria*. He flourished in the second half of the first Christian century.

12-14. *Sir John Cheek* held the first professorship of Greek at Cambridge, established by Henry VIII. He was afterward tutor to Edward VI. and the young Princess Elizabeth. There is a special reason for the reference to him here; he had been a member of a commission appointed by Edward VI. to formulate an ecclesiastical code, which, among other reforms, advocated relaxation of the church laws of divorce.

Page 75. ON THE SAME.

1. *Clogs*; a peculiarly contemptuous tone is given by this word, which literally means weights or encumbrances put upon beasts to prevent them from straying.

4-7. Latona, after the birth of her children Apollo and Artemis, wandering through Lycia, stopped to drink from a pool. Some peasants tried to prevent her, whereupon she changed them into frogs. The haughtiness of Milton is emphasized by the parallel.

14. *Waste of wealth and loss of blood*, i. e. in the Civil War.

Page 75. ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE UNDER THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

For the peculiar form of this sonnet (sonnetto codato) and the uses to which it was commonly put, see introduction, Milton's Later Sonnets. The following from Pattison will explain further: "It is of the form called 'colla coda,' a form which seems to have been introduced as early as the fifteenth century, and was much used by a Rabelaisian Florentine satirist who went by the name of Burchiello. From him was derived the denomination Burchiellechi, applied to a species of homely and familiar verse. This form went out of fashion during the sixteenth century, but was revived at the beginning of the seventeenth, and Milton may have met with sonnets of this burlesque form in circulation at Florence. At any rate, in this sonnet alone we have sufficient evidence that Milton went to Italian models for his sonnets."

1, 2. In October, 1646, Parliament formally abolished episcopacy ("prelate lord"), having previously forbidden the public or private use of the Book of Common Prayer ("renounced his Liturgy").

3. *Widowed whore plurality*; Pluralism, i. e. the holding by the same minister of more than one living, without rendering service therefor, was as flagrant under the Presbyterian system as it had been under the Episcopal.

5. *Adjure the civil sword*; the Presbyterians were quite willing to call in the power of the state to enforce submission to their rule.

7. *Classic hierarchy*; "Under the Presbyterian organization the *classis* is the synod or council composed of all the ministers and elders of a town or district. It has certain powers over the ministry and religious affairs of the district which it represents. When Presbyterianism was established in England, the country was divided into provinces instead of dioceses, and each province was subdivided according to *classes*. The province, i. e. diocese, of London had twelve of these *classes* or syndics." — VERITY.

8. *Mere A. S.*; Adam Steward, a pamphleteer champion of strict Presbyterianism against Independency. He always signed his pamphlets, A. S. Samuel Rutherford was one of the four Scotch ministers who, in the Westminster Assembly of Divines, drew up a Presbyterian scheme for England.

12. *Shallow Edwards and Scotch What'd ye call*; Thomas Edwards, in a pamphlet entitled *Gangrenæ*; or a Catalogue of many of the Errors, Heresies, Blasphemies, and pernicious Practices of the Sectaries of this Time (1645-46), had taken occasion to attack Milton for his views on divorce. By "Scotch what'd ye call" is intended George Gillespie (see p. 71), or Rev. Robert Baillie, another Scottish member of the Westminster Assembly, and author of a pamphlet entitled *Dissuasive from the Errors of the Time*, in which Milton's theory of divorce was also animadverted against.

14. The meaning is that the Westminster Assembly was "packed" with Presbyterians as badly as the Council of Trent (1545-63) had been with Roman Catholics.

15. "More than once the Parliament had rebuked the over-officiousness of the Westminster Assembly, and reminded it that it was not an authority in the realm. . . . Especially in April, 1646, there had been a case of this kind, when the Commons voted certain proceedings of the Assembly to be a breach of privilege, and intimated to the Divines that a repetition of such proceedings might subject them individually to heavy punishment." — MASSON.

17. *Clip your phylacteries*; i. e. rebuke your hypocritical pretension. *Phylacteries*, meaning in the Greek, "amulet" or "safeguard," was a piece of parchment inscribed with passages from the Mosaic law, and worn by priests on the forehead or wrist. The size of these phylacteries came to stand as a gauge of the wearer's hypocrisy. Professor Masson comments on this line: In its original form the line ran, "Crop ye as close as marginal P —'s ears": an allusion "to the celebrated William Prynne, the Lincoln's Inn Lawyer, who had been twice pilloried and had his nose slit and his ears cut off for anti-Prelatic pamphlets by sentence of the Star-Chamber. . . . Since his release from prison at the opening of the Long Parliament in 1640, Prynne had been a conspicuous Presbyterian, enforcing his views in tract after tract

of a dry and learned kind, always with references to his authorities running down the margins of the pages. Prynne's want of ears and the labored margins of his pamphlets were subjects of popular jest; but Milton had a special grudge against him on account of a reference to himself in one of the 'marginal' oddities. It was clearly in good taste, however, to erase the allusion in the Sonnet, referring as it did to a cruelty unjustly endured, under a tyrannical Government, by a brave, though thick-headed, man."

17. *Baulk*; pass over, spare; an allusion to the punishment inflicted upon Prynne.

19. *In your charge*; in the charge which will be brought against you.

20. *New Presbyter* is but old *Priest writ large*; it is so etymologically, since "priest" is a contraction of the Greek *presbyteros*.

Page 75. *To Mr. H. LAWES ON HIS AIRS.*

Title. For an account of Lawes, see opening note to *Comus*.

1-4. A very precise and musically description of Lawes's songs. He was content to make his music subordinate to the words, preserving their rhythm and accent with fidelity; so that the poetry, not the music (very often a kind of recitative), was the chief element. This quality explains his great popularity with the poets of the period, many of whom, e. g. Herrick, Cartwright, and Waller, had songs set to music by him.

4. *Midas' ears*; Midas, king of Phrygia, serving as judge between Apollo and Pan as to which were the better musician, gave the verdict to Pan, whereupon his ears were changed by Apollo into asses' ears.

4. *Committing*; matching.

11. *Story*; there is a specific reference here to a poem of Cartwright's, entitled *The Complainte of Ariadne*, which Lawes set to music.

12-14. "Dante, on his arrival in Purgatory, sees a vessel approaching the shore, freighted with souls under the conduct of an angel, to be cleansed from their sins and made fit for Paradise. When they are disembarked, the poet recognizes in the crowd his old friend Casella, the musician. In the course of an affectionate dialogue, the poet requests a soothing air; and Casella sings Dante's second canzone [in the] *Convito*. . . . The Italian commentators say that Casella, Dante's friend, was a musician of distinguished excellence. He must have died a little before the year 1300." — WARTON.

"If a new law takes not away from thee memory or use in the amorous chant which was wont to quiet all my wishes, let it please thee therewith to comfort somewhat my soul, which coming here with its body is so wearied." *Love, which discourses in my mind to me*, then began he so sweetly, that the sweetness yet sounds within me. My Master [Virgil], and I, and that folk who were with him appeared so content, as though naught else touched the minds of any; We were all fixed and intent on his notes. — *Purgatorio*, Butler's version.

14. *Milder shades*; i. e. milder than those of

the Inferno, through which Dante and Virgil had just passed.

Page 76. *ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS. CATHERINE THOMSON.*

Title. About 1650 Milton lived for a time at the house of a Mr. Thomson, near Charing Cross; it has been conjectured that the subject of the present sonnet was a member of this family.

10. *Purple*; a word of wide application when Milton wrote; any rich or lustrous color.

Page 76. *ON THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX.*

The sonnet was written in 1648, between June 13, when Fairfax laid siege to Colchester, and August 17, when Cromwell defeated the Scottish army; see note on line 8. In 1648 the Royalists made a fresh and final effort. There were "new rebellions" (line 6) in the king's behalf in Kent, the west of England and Wales, and Scotland sent an army to his aid. Defeated by Fairfax at Maidstone, the surviving leaders of the Royalists in the east retreated to Colchester, which was besieged from June 13 to August 27. This poem therefore was prompted by, and surely breathes the spirit of, a national crisis.

It is addressed to the commander-in-chief of the Parliamentary forces — Thomas, the third Lord Fairfax; born 1612, died 1671. Milton and he were contemporaries at Cambridge, Fairfax being of St. John's College.

Fairfax was distinguished by extreme personal courage; several of his contemporaries make mention of it; Cromwell (*Letter xxix.*) specially commended his bravery at the battle of Naseby. Compare, too, Milton's words in the *Second Defence*, where, enumerating the great leaders on the side of the Commonwealth, he says: "Nor would it be right to pass over the name of Fairfax, who united the utmost fortitude with the utmost courage; and the spotless innocence of whose life seemed to point him out as the peculiar favourite of Heaven." — *Prose Works*, i. 286, 287. — *VERITY.*

7. *Hydra heads*; to slay the Lernean Hydra was one of the labors of Hercules. As soon as he cut off one head another grew in its place.

7, 8. *False North displays her broken League*; the Scottish army under Hamilton was at this moment entering England to support the king, in contravention of the Solemn League and Covenant.

9. *Imp*; a hawking term, i. e. to put new feathers in.

Page 76. *TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.*

This sonnet and the preceding one were for obvious political reasons not printed in the edition of Milton's poems issued in 1673. They first appeared, inaccurately printed, in Edward Phillips's *Life of Milton*, 1694.

Title. "The committee for the propagation of the gospel was a committee of the Rump Parliament. It consisted of fourteen members, and had general administrative duties in church affairs, specially that of supplying spiritual desti-

tution in the parishes. The *proposals of certain ministers* were fifteen proposals offered to the committee by John Owen, and other well-known ministers, in which they asked that the preachers should receive a public maintenance." — PATTISON.

7. *Darwen stream*; referring to the battle of Preston, August 17, 1648. The Darwen flows near Preston.

8. *Dunbar field*; here, Sept. 3, 1650, Cromwell routed the Scottish army under Leslie.

9. *Worcester*; here Cromwell won a crowning victory, Sept. 3, 1651.

Page 77. To SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER.

First printed, ten years after its composition, in the *Life and Death of Sir H. Vane*, by George Sikes. Vane was forty years old when the sonnet was written. He had been Governor of Massachusetts and afterwards a leading member of the Long Parliament. At the Restoration he was excluded from the Act of Indemnity, and put to death June 14, 1662.

3, 4. The wisdom of the Senate, rather than the force of the Roman armies, defeated Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, when he invaded Italy; afterwards Hannibal the Carthaginian was repulsed, Milton affirms, by the same agency.

12. *The bounds of either sword*; the limits of the civil and military power.

Page 77. On THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

4. *When all our fathers worshiped stocks and stones*; i. e. before the Reformation, when England was a Catholic country.

12. *Triple Tyrant*; the Pope, so called from his tiara surrounded by three crowns.

14. *Babylonian Woe*; the woe which will be visited upon Babylon (interpreted as the Church of Rome) at the day of Judgment. Cf. Rev. xviii.

Page 77. On HIS BLINDNESS.

2. *Ere half my days*; Milton was forty-four when his blindness became total. He either speaks loosely or else expected to live to a ripe old age.

3. For the parable of the talents, see Matthew xxv. 14-30.

8. *Fondly*: foolishly.

12. *Thousands*; i. e. of heavenly messengers.

Page 77. To MR. LAWRENCE.

4, 5. The construction is, "Gaining what we may (what may be won) from the hard season."

6. *Favonius*; the spring wind from the southwest.

10-12. To the close of his life Milton kept up daily practice in music, especially playing on the organ. "Tuscan" is used in a general sense = Italian.

13, 14. *Spare to interpose*; abstain from interposing.

Page 78. To CYRILSK SKINNER.

1-3. Skinner's grandsire was Sir Edward Coke, author of the *Reports* and *Institutes of the Laws of England*.

2. *Themis*; goddess of Justice.

7. *Let Euclid rest, etc.*; Skinner was a mathematician and also an amateur of politics.

8. *What the Swede intend and what the French*; Charles X. of Sweden was then at war with Poland and Russia, and Louis XIV. was overcoming the Spanish in the Netherlands.

Page 78. To THE SAME.

1, 2. The little touch of vanity on Milton's part concerning his personal appearance is characteristic. Salmasius had twitted him upon his "eyes guttering prevalent rheum," and he replied with proud asperity that "so little do they betray any external appearance of injury that they are as unclouded and bright as the eyes of those who see most distinctly."

8. *Bear up*; nautical term, used metaphorically. Cf. Othello, "A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus." This is clearly, from what follows, the sense here, rather than the common modern one of enduring steadfastly.

Page 78. On HIS DECEASED WIFE.

2-4. *Alcestis*; wife of Admetus, king of Phœras in Thessaly, who accepted death in her husband's stead, but was brought back to life by Herakles, "Jove's great son." The story is beautifully told in the *Alcestis* of Euripides.

5, 6. The reference is to the ceremonies of purification after child-birth, enjoined by the Mosaic law. See *Leviticus* xii.

10. *Her face was veiled*; so also was the face of Alcestis when she appeared to Admetus.

Page 89. PARADISE LOST.

Page 102, line 6. *Heavenly Muse*.

Not one of the nine Muses of the classic poets, but the heavenly power which inspired Moses on Sinai and David on Zion. Milton elsewhere names this Muse of sacred song *Urania*, i. e. "the Heavenly."

Page 102, line 7. *Oreb*.

Oreb, or more properly *Horeb*, was the name given to the whole range of which Sinai formed a part.

Page 102, line 9. *In the beginning*.

This modifies "rose," not "taught."

Page 102, line 11. *Siloa's brook*.

The pool or brook of Siloa (Shiloah) was at the foot of Mt. Moriah, on which stood the temple of Jerusalem. The whole passage is colored by classical reminiscence, the definite parallel being probably with the "dark-colored spring" which, according to Hesiod, flowed from beneath the seat of Jove. It will be interesting to compare *Lycidas*, 15, 16.

Page 102, line 15. *The Aonian Mount*.

Helicon in Boeotia, sacred to the Muses; Milton means therefore that he will surpass the classic poets, who drew their inspiration thence.

Page 102, lines 20, 21. To the conception of the spirit of God moving upon the face of the deep Milton joins that of the descent of the Holy Ghost "in bodily shape like a dove" at the baptism of our Lord.

Page 102, line 24. *Argument*.

Here, as very frequently, Milton clings to the literal etymologic signification; Latin *argumentum* = theme, subject.

Page 102, line 25. *Assert*.

Vindicate. The first edition inserts "th" before *Eternal*.

Page 102, line 29. *Grand*.

First, original; compare *grandfather*.

Page 102, lines 31, 32. The punctuation here given, that of all the early editions, compels us to take "for" in the sense "because of;" modern editions often insert the comma after "will" instead of after "restraint," in which case "for" means "except for."

Page 103, line 57. *Witnessed*.

Gave evidence of.

Page 103, line 58. *Obdurate*.

Milton invariably places the emphasis on the penult in this word.

Page 103, line 59. Some late editions wrongly print "Angel's ken;" ken is not a noun, but a verb.

Page 103, line 68. *Urges*.

Here again Milton clings to the original signification; Latin *urgere*, to afflict, to ply.

Page 103, line 72. *Uter*.

That is, outer, the usual meaning in the seventeenth century.

Page 103, line 73. *The utmost pole*.

That is, the terrestrial poles projected outward through the intervening spheres to the Primum Mobile. See on the Cosmology of *Paradise Lost*, p. 96.

Page 103, line 81. *The Arch-Enemy*.

Satan, in Hebrew, means "adversary."

Page 104, line 109. The meaning is, "In what, if not in the determination never to yield to the conqueror, lies the test of not being conquered?" *That glory* means the glory which would be found to God from Satan's submission.

Page 104, line 144. *Of force*.

Perforce.

Page 104, line 148. *Suffice*.

Satisfy, slake.

Page 104, line 152. *Gloomy deep*.

Chaos.

Page 104, line 157. *Cherub*.

This word did not have in Milton's day its present diminutive force.

Page 104, line 167. *Fail*.

Latin, *fallor*: "If I mistake not."

Page 105, line 198. *Briareos, Typhon*.

Briareos was one of the Titans, Typhon one of the giants; the latter are here called "earth-born," because they were the offspring of Uranus and Ge (Earth). It was the giants only who "warred on Jove."

Page 105, line 199. *Den by ancient Tarsus*.

An elaboration of a line of *Aeschylus*, in which Typhon is described as living in a "Cilician den." Tarsus was the capital of Cilicia.

Page 105, line 204. *Night-founder'd*.

Benighted, — brought to a stand by the coming on of night.

Page 105, line 235. *Sublimed*.

Changed from a solid to a vapor by the action of heat.

Page 105, line 257. *All but less than*.

This is slightly illogical, the meaning being "only less than," or "all but equal to."

Page 106, line 266. *Astonished*.

Latin *extonare*, to thunder. Astonished approaches the meaning "thunder-struck."

Oblivious. Used in the now unusual causative sense of "inducing forgetfulness."

Page 106, line 289. *Fiesole*.

Now Fiesole, a hill on the outskirts of Florence.

Page 106, line 290. *Valdarno*.

The valley of the river Arno, in which Florence lies.

Page 106, line 294. *Ammiral*.

Admiral, here transferred to the ship in which he sails, the flag-ship.

Page 106, line 299. *Nathless*.

Nevertheless.

Page 106, line 304. *Scattered sedge*.

The Hebrew name for the Red Sea signifies Sea of Sedge.

Page 106, line 305. *Orion*.

Orion, in classic myth, was a great hunter, and when placed among the stars, was given a girdle, sword, and club; hence the epithet "armed."

Page 106, line 307. *Busiris*.

Busiris, really an earlier king than Pharaoh, is here made to stand for him.

Page 107, line 353. *Rhene*.

Rhine: the older form has survived in the adjective Rhenish.

Page 107, line 353. *Danaw*.

Danube. The allusion is to the invasion of the Roman Empire by the Goths and Vandals.

Page 107, lines 364-373. These lines are a prelude for the remarkable passage which follows, in which Milton, by a bold invention, links the Biblical narrative with pagan myth and legend.

Page 107, line 392. *Moloch*.

Called in Scripture the "abomination of the children of Ammon," he was a nature-god, typifying the destructive power of the sun.

Page 107, lines 397-399.

Rabba was the capital of the Ammonites; *Argob* a district of the mountain range of Bashan, here called *Basan*, and *Arnon* a boundary river to the east of Jordan. Here, as throughout the following two hundred lines, Milton uses proper names for their grandiloquent sound and vague but rich suggestion, rather than for any definite purpose of conveying information.

Page 107, lines 407-411.

The towns and mountains mentioned here all lie on or near the Dead Sea, called the "asphaltick pool" from the bitumen or asphaltus which it contains. *Seon* was king of the Amorites.

Page 107, line 413. *Israel in Sittim*.

See Numbers xxv.

Page 108, line 415. *Orgies*.

Used in the classic sense of rites, observances.

Page 108, line 446. *Thammuz*.

An important figure in Phoenician mythology. He was slain by a boar in Lebanon, but came to life again each spring, his death and resuscitation symbolizing the destructive forces of winter and the quickening forces of spring. When the river Adonis became reddened by the mud brought down from Lebanon by the spring torrents, it was believed to be the flow-

ing afresh of Thammuz's wounds which caused the change of color.

Page 108, line 462. *Dagon*.

A sea-god, the national deity of the Philistines, who dwelt along the seashore. See 1 Samuel v.

Page 108, line 484. *Rebel king*.

Jeroboam, who rebelled against Rehoboam; he made two calves of gold, setting one in Bethel and the other in Dan.

Page 108, line 487. *When he passed*.

That is, when Israel passed out from bondage in Egypt.

Page 108, line 488. *Equalled*.

Used in the sense of levelled, struck down. The reference is to the tenth plague, the smiting of "all the first-born in the land of Egypt. . . and all the first-born of cattle."

Page 109, line 495. *Eli's sons*.

See 1 Samuel ii. 12-17.

Page 109, line 502. *Flown*.

Flushed.

Page 109, lines 503-505.

For the allusion, see Genesis xix., Judges xix.

Page 109, line 509. *Gods*.

Uranus (Heaven) and Ge (Earth) had as offspring the Titans. One of these, Cronos (Saturn in Roman mythology), dethroned his father, and was in turn dethroned by his son Zeus (Jove), whose mother was Rhea. Milton's scholarship seems at fault here in supposing that there was an individual giant named Titan, who, instead of Uranus, was father of the twelve Titans.

Page 109, line 516. *Middle air*.

Mr. Verity has recently pointed out that this phrase was not loosely used by Milton to mean all the air between Heaven and Earth, but that it signifies merely the middle one of the three-belts of air which were believed to be superimposed one upon the other. The middle belt, known to scientists of the seventeenth century as "media regio," reached from the point where the reflected rays of the sun lose their force upward to the tops of the highest mountains.

Page 109, line 517. *Delphian cliff*.

A part of Mt. Parnassus, and seat of the famous oracle of Apollo.

Page 109, line 518. *Dodona*.

At Dodona, in Epirus, there was an oracle of Zeus.

Page 109, line 521. *The Celtic*.

The Celtic land—a Greek idiom.

Page 109, line 523. *Damp*.

Depressed.

Page 109, line 528. *Recollecting*.

Re-collecting.

Page 109, line 546. *Orient*.

Bright, lustrous. The word seems to have been a technical jeweller's term.

Page 109, line 550. *The Dorian mood*.

Grave and stern, in contrast with the softer Lydian mode.

Page 109, line 551. *Recorder*.

A kind of flageolet.

Page 110, line 568. *Traverse*.

Across.

Page 110, line 581. *Armoric knights*.

Knights of Brittany. Aspramont in Provence, Montalban in Languedoc, and Trebisond in Cappadocia, were all famous in the annals of chivalry; Damasco (Damascus) was the scene of many heroic combats during the Crusades. In mentioning Marocco Milton had in mind the struggles between the Spaniards and the Moors. It is indicative of his subtle feeling for names that he should use the form Damasco when speaking of the mediæval, and Damascus when speaking of the Biblical city.

Page 110, line 603. *Considerate*.

Thoughtful.

Page 110, line 605. *Remorse and passion*.

Remorse approaches the meaning of pity; *passion* here means strong emotion, not anger.

Page 110, line 611. *Faithful how they stood*.

Supply the verb from line 605. His eye cast, etc., to behold how faithful they stood in spite of all.

Page 111, line 674. *Sulphur*.

In the seventeenth century and earlier, sulphur was believed to be the formative element of metals.

Page 111, line 686. *Centre*.

Here, as elsewhere, "centre" means the Earth, the centre of the terrestrial universe, according to the Ptolemaic system of astronomy.

Page 111, line 694. *Works of Memphian kings*.

The Pyramids.

Page 112, line 737. *Hierarchy, orders*.

Milton accepted the mediæval division of all celestial beings into three Hierarchies, each comprising three Orders or Choirs. The lowest Hierarchy comprised the Angels, Archangels, and Principalities; the next higher the Powers, Virtues, and Dominations; the highest the Thrones, Cherubim, and Seraphim.

Page 112, line 738. *His name*.

In Greece it was Hephaestus; in Italy (the Ausonian land) he was called Mulciber, i. e. the welder, from *mulcere*, to soften. He was thrown from Olympus for taking the part of Juno in a dispute with Jove.

Page 113, line 795. *Recess*.

Retirement.

Page 113, line 797. *Frequent*.

Crowded, numerous.

Page 113, *Book II*.

Page 113, line 2. *Ormus*.

Now Hormuz, an island in the Persian Gulf; in the seventeenth century a rich emporium of the East India trade.

Page 113, line 9. *Success*.

Issue, outcome.

Page 114, lines 76-77. *Descent and fall to us is adverse*.

It was one of the tenets of the scholastic philosophers that angels are not subject to the ordinary natural laws, such as that of gravitation. Their tendency is upward, not downward.

Page 114, line 106. *Denounced*.

Indicated, threatened.

Page 115, lines 151-153.

The meaning is: Even granted that death is to be desired, who knows whether God has the power or the willingness to destroy angelic substances?

Page 115, lines 199-202.

The meaning seems to be, "The strength we have will enable us to bear the punishment of our deeds, just as it enabled us to perform those deeds; and the law which ordains that we should do so is not unjust; it would have been well to make up our minds to this endurance when we entered upon so hazardous an enterprise as rebellion."

Page 117, line 278. *Sensible*.

Sense. Compare line 97.

Page 117, line 292. *Field*.

Battle.

Page 117, line 329. *What*.

To what end, why.

Page 117, line 330. *Determined*.

Made an end of, undone.

Page 118, line 387. *Infernal States*.

So in Troilus and Cressida, Alneas, addressing the assembled warriors, says, "Hail all you states of Greece."

Page 118, line 407. *Uncouth*.

Used here with its original meaning of "unknown," "strange."

Page 118, line 409. *Vast Abrupt*.

That portion of Chaos separating the Earth from Hell, which space is apparently conceived of as a sort of chasm or gulf.

Page 118, line 410. *Arrive the happy Isle*.

Preposition omitted after verb of motion.

Page 119, line 439. *Unessential*.

Having no real essence or being, mere vacuity and negation.

Page 119, line 457. *Intend*.

Consider.

Page 119, line 468. *Lest, from his resolution raised*.

Lest, encouraged by his firm bravery.

Page 119, line 483.

Understand before "lest" some phrase of transition, such as "I say this."

Page 119, lines 488-495.

This characteristic simile shows how thoroughly Milton had absorbed the spirit of classic imagery. The elaborate working out of the figure into a detached and self-sufficient picture, common in Homer and Virgil, is foreign to the spirit of English poetry.

Page 120, line 508. *Paramount*.

Lord, chief. Old French, *paramont*, "at the top," "above."

Page 120, line 512. *Globe*.

To be taken literally; angelic bodies, moving with ease through the air, would as naturally arrange themselves in the form of a globe as human bodies in the form of a compact circle.

Page 120, line 513. *Horrent*.

Bristling.

Page 120, line 518. *Explained*.

Filled.

Page 120, line 570. *Gross*.

Large.

Page 121, lines 575-580.

Milton borrows details from the classical conception of Hades. The characterization of the four infernal rivers corresponds to the etymologic signification of their names, which come from Greek verb stems, meaning respectively "to hate," "to sorrow," "to lament," and "to burn."

Page 121, line 641. *The wide Ethiopian*.

"Ethiopian Sea," Indian Ocean.

Page 122, line 665. *Lapland*.

Long held to be the especial home and rendezvous of witches.

Page 122, line 688. *Goblin*.

Used in the generic sense of demon or fiend.

Page 122, line 709. *Ophiuchus*.

A large constellation of the northern hemisphere.

Page 124, line 842. *Buxom*.

Here used properly, in the sense of "bending," "yielding."

Page 125, line 889. *Redounding*.

Rolling in billows; Latin, *redundare*, to overflow.

Page 125, line 904. *Barca, Cyrene*.

Cities of northern Africa.

Page 125, line 927. *Vans*.

Wings, from Italian *vanni*.

Page 126, line 939. *Syrtis*.

The name of some sandbanks and quicksands off the north coast of Africa; it came to be used generally for any region of the sort.

Page 126, line 945. *Pursues the Arimaspians*.

The Arimaspians, according to the legend, were a one-eyed people of Scythia, who fought constantly with the griffins, half-eagle, and half-lion, for the gold of the mines which these monsters guarded.

Page 127, line 1017. *When Argo passed*.

The allusion is to the voyage of Jason to Colchis in search of the Golden Fleece. His boat was named the Argo. The "justling rocks" are the Symplegades, which moved together to crush boats sailing between.

Page 127, line 1029. *Utmost Orb*.

The outermost of the ten concentric spheres surrounding the earth. See Introduction, on the Cosmology of *Paradise Lost*.

Page 127, line 1043. *Holds*.

Makes for.

Page 127. *Book III.*

Page 127, line 1. *Hail, holy Light*.

Hitherto the scene has been laid amid the darkness of Hell and the obscure confusion of Chaos; now it mounts into the cheerful sun-illuminated spaces of our universe and into the clear radiance of Heaven. The reference which Milton makes in this "Hymn to Light" to his own blindness gains from the context both pathos and dignity.

Page 127, line 3. *Express thee unblamed*.

The meaning is, "May I without incurring blame call thee coeternal with God?" In the lines that follow he seeks to justify the epithet.

Page 128, line 7. *Hear'st thou rather*.

Dost thou prefer to be called.

Page 128, line 16. *Utter and middle Darkness*.

Utter darkness, outer darkness, Hell; middle darkness, Chaos.

Page 128, line 21. *Rare.*

Seldom accomplished.

Page 128, line 25. *Drop serene.*

A technical term, Latin *gutta serena*, for the affection of the optic nerve which caused Milton's blindness.

Page 128, line 32. *Nor sometimes forget.*

That is, "And often recall."

Page 128, lines 35, 36.

Thamyris, an obscure Thracian bard, mentioned by Homer (*Iliad*, ii, 595-600); *Maeonides*, Homer, so called from *Maeonia*, the ancient name of *Lydia*; *Tiresias*, the blind Theban seer who figures in the *Oedipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles; *Phineus*, a blind king and prophet of Thrace.

Page 128, line 75. *Without firmament.*

Without sky, because the sky is inside the Primum Mobile, or opaque outer shell on which Satan is about to alight.

Page 129, line 93. *Glozing.*

Deceitfully flattering.

Page 129, line 107. *What pleasure.*

The meaning seems to be, "What pleasure could I receive from Man's obedience, if both his reason, by which he is enabled to discern the right, and his will, by which he is enabled actively to follow it, were deprived of free play and made the passive instruments of necessity?"

Page 129, line 143. *Which uttering.*

Expressing in his countenance compassion, love, and grace.

Page 130, line 216. *Charity so dear.*

So costly, involving so much sacrifice.

Page 130, line 219. *Patron.*

The use of this word in its Latin sense of "defender at law" is in keeping with the legal wording of the passage.

Page 130, line 231. *Unprevented.*

Used in the difficult sense of "unanticipated by prayer or effort;" from Latin *prævenire*, to come in advance, to anticipate.

Page 131, line 299. *Giving to.*

Submitting to.

Page 132, line 371. *Part.*

Part-song, made up of treble, bass, and mean.

Page 133, line 389. *Transfused.*

Diffused, poured out.

Page 133, line 416. *Above the Starry Sphere.*

Heaven is not only above the starry sphere (the eighth sphere, or sphere of the fixed stars), but also above the crystalline sphere and the Primum Mobile. From the point of view of the earthly singer, however, it is natural to think of the sphere of the stars as the limit of the universe.

Page 133, lines 418-421.

The opaque "convex" of the Primum Mobile shuts in the nine luminous orbs or spheres that encircle the earth, protecting them from the violent tempests, and extremes of heat and cold, of Chaos.

Page 133, lines 431-439.

The geography of this passage has caused

much dispute among commentators. *Imans* has been usually taken to mean the Himalayas, and in this case the bird in flying toward the sources of the Ganges would not pass over *Sericana*, which was supposed to occupy the northwest corner of the Chinese Empire. The difficulty has been recently solved by Mr. Verity, who finds in the English edition of Mercator's *Atlas*, published in the first half of the seventeenth century, and doubtless well known to Milton, a range of mountains marked *Imans Mons*, running north and south from the northeast corner of the modern Afghanistan to the Frozen Ocean. "The northern part of *Imans Mons*," says Mr. Verity, "does 'bound' the Tartar, separating his country from Russia; and a vulture starting from this northern part and flying southward to the Ganges would pass over the northwest plains of the Chinese Empire. Judged, therefore, from the seventeenth-century standpoint the passage is quite correct."

Page 133, line 439. *Their cany wagons.*

Todd quotes from Staunton's *Embassy to China*, published in 1797, "Those *cany* wagons are small carts, or double barrows, of bamboo, with one large wheel between them. When there is no wind . . . it is drawn by a man, who is regularly harnessed to it, while another keeps it steady from behind. . . . The sail, when the wind is favorable, saves the labor of the former of these two men."

Page 134, line 463. *Hither.*

To the outer surface of the Primum Mobile.

Page 134, line 467. *Sennar.*

Usually written *Shinar*. Milton always avoids the sound *sh* in proper names; cf. *Siloa* for *Shiloh*, *Beersaba* for *Beersheba*.

Page 134, line 473. *Cleombrotus.*

A philosopher of Ambracia in Epirus, who was induced by reading Plato's description of Elysium to drown himself, in order to achieve a happier existence.

Page 134, line 475. *White, black, and grey.*

Milton mentions three of the four great monastic orders, the Carmelites, the Franciscans, and the Dominicans, named in England respectively White, Gray, and Black Friars, from the colors of their dress. The Augustinian or Austin Friars he does not mention.

Page 134, line 481. *The planets seven.*

In ascending from the earth, the spirits would pass in order through the spheres of Mercury, Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and the Moon, all which Milton groups together as "the planets seven," then through the sphere of the Fixed Stars (understand "stars" after "fixed"), then through the crystalline sphere, the swaying back and forth or uncertain motion (balance) of which was supposed to cause the precession of the equinoxes, technically known as "trepidation," and lastly through the Primum Mobile (first moved) to the Fool's Paradise on the outside of the universe.

Page 134, line 502. *Degrees.*

Steps.

Page 134, line 516. *Mysteriously was meant.*

Had a symbolic meaning.

Page 134, lines 518-522.

The stairs extended down through the opening in the outer or tenth sphere to the ninth or crystalline sphere, which was conceived of as a sea of limpid waters, corresponding to "the waters that be above the heavens," of Scripture. Spirits rising from the earth would of course have to pass this sphere.

Page 135, lines 557-561.

He views the universe first from west to east of the Zodiac, then from north to south. The "fleecy star," Aries, the Ram, is said to bear Andromeda because Andromeda lies above it in the heavens.

Page 135, line 562. *The World's first region.*

The upper of the three layers or strata into which medieval physicists believed the air to be divided. See note to line 516, Book I. Satan really descends through the Primum Mobile and the crystalline sphere to the sphere of the Fixed Stars, as is shown by the lines which follow. In traversing this sphere he must "wind his oblique way" in order to avoid the "innumerable stars" with which it is studded.

Page 135, line 575. *Hard to tell.*

Milton says it is hard to tell whether in going toward the Sun Satan is going "by centre" (i. e. toward the centre of the universe) or "eccentric" (i. e. away from the centre), and this has been interpreted as a statement of doubt as to whether the sun is or is not the centre of the universe. It seems more probable that he still thinks of the earth as the centre, and uses the phrase "by centre or eccentric" still further to emphasize the deviousness of Satan's course implied in "up or down" and "oblique way."

Page 135, line 598. *In Aaron's breast-plate.*

See Exodus xxviii.

Page 135, lines 602-605. *Bind volatile Hermes.* That is, solidify and fix mercury (Latin, Mercurius = Greek, Hermes). Proteus, according to the legend, when seized by Menelaus, transformed himself into various shapes to escape giving prophecy, but at last was compelled to return to his native form. Milton likens the changes which a chemical substance undergoes in the alembic (limbec) of the natural philosopher to these supernatural transformations.

Page 136, line 606. *What wonder then.*

What wonder if here (in the sun) fields breathe forth that "elixir vita" which philosophers have sought to find in order to prolong human life? The "elixir vita" was believed to exist in the form of "potable gold," to which line 608 contains a reference.

Page 136, line 643. *For speed succinct.*

That is, girt up, so as to leave the limbs free.

Page 137, line 716. *This ethereal quintessence.*

Besides the four elements known directly to the senses, earth, water, air, and fire, Aristotle speaks of a fifth element, ether, which fills the celestial spaces and of which the stars and the spheres are made. Milton says that at the creation this element flew upward, spirited or animated with something that we can conceive of

as whirlpools of denser material, which finally turned to stars. The theory has striking elements in common with the nebular hypothesis of modern cosmology.

Page 137, line 721. *Walls this Universe.*

The rest of the ether which remained after the stars were made went to form the outer sphere of the universe, the Primum Mobile.

Page 137, line 730. *Her countenance triiform.*

The moon had three mythic embodiments, Diana, Luna, and Hecate, corresponding to her three phases, crescent, full, and waning. Hence the epithet, *triiformis*, which Milton borrows.

Page 137, line 742. *Niphates.*

A mountain of Armenia, on the borders of Assyria.

Page 138. *Book IV.*

Page 138, line 1. *O for that warning voice.*

See Revelation xii. 7-12.

Page 138, line 10. *The accuser.*

"Devil" is from the Greek δαίμονος, slanderer or accuser. The reference is to Revelation xii. 10, where Satan comes to earth as the "accuser of the brethren."

Page 138, lines 32-41.

These lines were written as early as 1642, as the opening verses of a contemplated tragedy.

Page 138, line 39. *Above thy sphere.*

Since the sphere of the sun was only fourth in the upward succession of the Ptolemaic spheres, Lucifer had dwelt in the Empyrean.

Page 139, line 115. *Thrice changed with pale.*
Ire, envy, and despair paled his face thrice with their successive agitations.

Page 139, line 123. *Couched.*

Coupled.

Page 140, line 132. *Eden, where delicious Paradise.*

Eden is the whole region where Man was destined to dwell, Paradise a blissful garden set apart on its eastern side. See below, lines 208-215.

Page 140, line 162. *Sabean odours.*

From Saba, a city of Arab Felix.

Page 140, line 168. *Asmodeus with the fishy fume.*

Asmodeus, an evil spirit, in love with a Jewish maiden Sara, was driven from her by the smell of a fish which Raphael had instructed Tobias, her betrothed, to burn. Fleeing into Egypt, Asmodeus was there bound by an angel. See Apocryphal Book of Tobit. The allusion seems forced.

Page 140, line 170. *With a vengeance.*

Almost in the modern cant sense.

Page 140, line 193.

Compare *Lycidas*, 113-131.

Page 140, line 211. *From Auran eastward.*

Auran, a district of Syria, lying south of Damascus; Seleucia, a city on the Tigris near the modern Bagdad. The region indicated is, roughly speaking, Syria and Mesopotamia.

Page 141, line 223. *Southward through Eden.*

The reader is to imagine a great river flowing south through Eden until it reaches the table-land upon which Paradise is placed. Under this it passes. A portion of its waters are

drawn up in the form of springs or fountains to water the garden; these rills, after flowing through Paradise, fall down the southern slope of the table-land, to join again the river, which here emerges from its subterranean passage.

Page 141, line 239. *Mazy error.*

Latin *errare*, to wander. The present literal meaning of the word was originally metaphoric.

Page 141, line 255. *Irriguo.*

Well-watered, full of rivulets.

Page 141, line 268. *Not that fair field, etc.*

This heaping up of rich allusion is very characteristic of Milton. The field of Enna was in Sicily. The spring of Castaly here spoken of is not the famous one upon Mt. Parnassus, but one in the vicinity of Antioch in Syria, near the sacred grove of Daphne, where the river Oronates flows into the Mediterranean. The Nyseian isle was in the Lake Tritonis, in northern Africa (Milton's version of the legend of Bacchus's parentage differs from the classic one). Mount Amara, according to old tradition, was a mountain in central Abyssinia, a day's journey high, on the summit of which were thirty-four palaces, where the princes of Abyssinia were educated in seclusion. *Ethiope line* = tropic of Cancer.

Page 142, lines 309-10.

Supply the words "when so" between *received* and *yielded*.

Page 142, line 323. *Adam the goodliest man, etc.*

Observe the inconsistency of statement; Milton had classical precedent for the idiom.

Page 142, line 332. *Compliant boughs.*

There is a union of the literal and derived meaning in the use of the adjective.

Page 142, line 348. *Insinuating.*

See last note.

Page 142, line 352. *Ruminating.*

Entirely literal, i. e. chewing the cud.

Page 144, line 486. *Individual.*

Latin *individuus* = inseparable.

Page 144, line 492. *General mother.*

"Common" is the expected word.

Page 145, line 537. *Sly circumspection.*

Literal meaning is probably here uppermost; perhaps the meaning is that Satan looked back over his shoulder as he walked away.

Page 145, line 541. *With right aspect.*

That is, directly in front.

Page 145, line 557. *Thwarts.*

Shoots athwart.

Page 146, line 592. *Whether the Prime Orb, etc.*

This is one of the passages where Milton hesitates between the old Ptolemaic and the new Copernican astronomy; Prime Orb is the Primum Mobile, the outermost of the ten circum-terrestrial spheres. See Introduction, on the cosmology of the poem.

Page 147, line 660. Milton's lack of humor may be detected in the extreme formality of these modes of address.

Page 148, line 716. *Unwiser son.*

Epimetheus, who married Pandora, sent by Jupiter to avenge the theft of fire from Heaven by Prometheus. Prometheus was "wiser"

than his brother Epimetheus, because he refused her.

Page 148, line 776. *Shadowy cone.*

The shadow of the earth thrown out into space is, of course, cone-shaped. The time indicated is half way between sunset and midnight.

Page 148, line 785. *Half wheeling, etc.*

Left, to shield-hand; right, to spear-hand.

Page 149, line 804. *Inspiring.*

Breathing in.

Page 150, line 911. *However.*

That is, however he may.

Page 151, line 931.

Supply "as to" or "concerning" after "experience."

Page 151, line 971. *Limentary.*

A word of Milton's coining; it means "set to guard certain limits," in allusion to Gabriel's phrase above, line 964.

Page 151, line 980. *Ported spears.*

Held, as Professor Masson explains, in both hands, and slanted to the left, ready to be brought down to the charge at the word of command.

Page 151, line 987. *Unremoved.*

Unmoved or unremovable; it is difficult to say which is meant.

Page 151, line 997. *Golden scales.*

The constellation Libra; a reminiscence of the golden scales in which Jupiter weighed the issue of events.

Page 152, *BOOK V.*

Page 152, line 5. *The only sound.*

An inverted construction; only the sound.

Page 154, line 142. *Discovering.*

That is, disclosing.

Page 154, line 150. *Numerous.*

Rhythmic, having the quality of number.

Page 154, line 177. *Five other wandering Fires.*

Really four, — Mercury, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, which, with Venus, the Sun, and the Moon, already addressed, made up the seven so-called "planets" of the Ptolemaic scheme. Uranus and Neptune were discovered later. *Wandering*, because of their irregular motions.

Page 154, line 178. *Not without song.*

The spheres revolving upon one another were thought to give forth harmonious sounds, which together made up the "music of the spheres," so often referred to by the poets.

Page 154, line 180. *Elements . . . that in quaternary run.*

Earth, air, fire, and water, continually changing in fourfold combination.

Page 155, line 214. *Pampered boughs.*

It is hard to say whether or not Milton had in mind the derivation of this word, French *pampre*, Latin *pampinus*, a vine-leaf. Perhaps it is to be taken much in the modern sense, i. e. richly nurtured by the soil.

Page 155, line 223. *Seven-times-wedded maid.*

Sara. See note above, Book IV., line 168.

Page 155, line 249. *Ardours.*

A synonym for Seraphim, which is from a Hebrew verb meaning to burn. Dante uses *ardori* in the same sense.

Page 156, line 261. *The glass of Galileo.*
The telescope was still of sufficiently recent invention to be an object of wonder.

Page 156, line 272. *Gazed.*

Gazed at.

Page 156, line 272. *Phænix . . . that sole bird.*

Only one specimen of this fabulous bird was supposed to exist at any given time. After 500 years of life it flew to the temple of the sun at Heliopolis (not Thebes, as Milton states) to die. From its ashes sprang its successor.

Page 156, line 274. *Sky-tinctured grain.*

Grain has two meanings, of which only one has survived in common use. One refers to texture, as the grain of wood, one to color, as in the phrase "dyed in grain," which originally meant dyed in the durable dark-red of the coccus insect (Latin *granum*, grain or seed, in apposition to the seed-like bodies of this insect). For further discussion, see *Lectures on the English Language*, by George P. Marsh. It is impossible to say which use Milton intends.

Page 157, line 341. *Alcnius.*

King of Phæacia (perhaps modern Corcyra), to which Odysseus came in his wanderings.

Page 157, line 345. *Meatis.*

Greek *μεθοῦ*, drink; English, mead.

Page 157, line 349. *Unfumed.*

Unexhaled.

Page 157, line 396. *No fear lest dinner cool.*

The prosaic suggestion jars curiously.

Page 158, lines 415-426.

Milton is here rehearsing certain theories of the scholastic philosophy, derived from Cicero's *De Natura Deorum* and other sources.

Page 158, line 438. *What redounds.*

What is superfluous.

Page 159, lines 488-89. *Discursive or intuitive.*

Discursive reason is that which arrives at its conclusion by comparison and reflection; intuitive reason is immediate insight; the first proper to man, the second to angelic beings.

Page 160, line 577.

Here, as Professor Masson observes, we have the true chronological beginning of the poem. This method of causing previous events to be narrated during a lull in the action, is a convention of the epic form.

Page 160, line 578. *These heavens.*

The ten circum-terrestrial spheres, not the Empyrean, or Heaven of Heavens, where the angels abide.

Page 150, line 583. *Heaven's great year.*

Some immense cycle, corresponding to the earthly year; perhaps Milton had in mind Plato's "great year of the Heavens," measured by a complete revolution of all the spheres from a given relation to each other until they again assumed the same relation.

Page 161, line 671. *His next subordinate.*

After his fall known as Beelzebub.

Page 161, lines 688-89. *Where we possess the quarters of the North.*

In Isaiah xiv. 12, 13, Lucifer is represented as saying, "I will sit upon the mount of the con-

gregation, in the sides of the north." From this a tradition arose that Lucifer possessed the north part of Heaven as his peculiar domain.

Page 163, line 799. *Much less for this.*

Warburton explains these words by making "for this" refer to the preceding phrase "introduce law and edict." The meaning then becomes, "much less for the end of introducing law and edict on us, can any one presume to be our Lord." At best the passage is puzzling and obscure.

Page 164. *BOOK VI.*

Page 164, line 19. *In procinct.*

In readiness. Latin *procinctere*, to gird in front, as a soldier draws tight his belt before action.

Page 165, line 62. *Quadrat.*

Either square or cube, as the celestial armies were not subject to the physical laws which reign on earth.

Page 165, line 84. *With boastful argument portrayed.*

Emblazoned with boastful mottoes or devices.

Page 165, line 93. *Hosting.*

Mustering.

Page 166, line 113. *Explores.*

Not in open speech, but in silent musing.

Page 166, line 115. *Realty.*

Some editors have changed this word to "lealty." No change is necessary; "realty" is from the Italian "reale," which sometimes means "loyal."

Page 169, lines 318-19. *Not need repeat, as not of power, at once.*

I.e. a stroke such as would not need immediate repetition because of its being unpowerful.

Page 169, line 326. *Shared.*

Cut open.

Page 169, line 329. *Griding.*

Smiting; Old English "gird," to strike.

Page 169, line 381. *And from just . . .*

From a just cause.

Page 170, line 429. *Of future.*

In future.

Page 171, line 514. *Adusted.*

From Latin "aduere," to scorch.

Page 171, line 518. *Found.*

Cast.

Page 172, line 541. *Sad.*

Used in the old sense, sober or earnest.

Page 172, line 544. *Borne even or high.*

On a level with the breast or above the head.

Page 172, line 553. *Impaled.*

Fenced in.

Page 172, line 555. *At interview.*

Gazing at each other; no idea of speech is intended.

Page 172, line 581. *Amused.*

At muse, musing.

Page 172, line 605. *Tire.*

Volley; cf. French *tirer*, to shoot.

Page 173, lines 623-24. *Amused them all and stumbled many.*

Cf. line 581, note. Both amused and stumbled are used in a double sense.

Page 174, line 898. *Dangerous to the main.*

Dangerous to the whole creation.

Page 177. Book VII.

Page 177, line 19. *The Aleian field.*

According to the myth, Bellerophon, having fallen from his horse Pegasus, wandered for the rest of his life in these fields. The name signifies "field of wandering." *Iliad* vi. 201.

Page 177, line 33. *Bacchus and his revellers.*

The allusion is to the dissipation of the cavaliers of Charles II.'s court.

Page 177, lines 34-38. *Thracian bard, etc.*

Orpheus, grieving over the loss of his wife Eurydice, was torn to pieces by the Mænads for refusing to sing.

Page 178, line 94. *Absolved.*

Completed.

Page 179, lines 153, 154. *To lose self-lost.*

To lose those who by their own deeds are already lost.

Page 179, line 162. *Meanwhile inhabit lax.*

Until the space left vacant by the rebel angels is filled by man, enjoy the roominess of depopulated Heaven.

Page 180, line 231. *Thy just circumference, O World.*

Christ circumscribes not the limits of the earth, but of the Mundus or Created Universe, of which the earth was the centre, and the outer circumference the Primum Mobile. See introduction on Cosmology of Paradise Lost.

Page 180, lines 261-274.

Milton attempts here, as throughout his account of the creation, to reconcile so far as may be the Biblical narrative with the Ptolemaic astronomy. The "firmament" is the whole expanse of circum-terrestrial space stretching outward to the eight sphere, that of the Fixed Stars. The "waters underneath" are those on the earth's surface, "the waters above," or "crystalline ocean," is the crystalline sphere, the ninth in order from the earth, between the sphere of fixed stars and Primum Mobile. The Mundus or World is said, by a rather bold and difficult figure, to be built on the waters of the crystalline ocean, as the earth, more intelligibly, is said to be built on the terrestrial waters. Some confusion arises from the fact that the word "firmament" was applied by the Ptolemaists, not to the whole expanse of space, but to the sphere of the fixed stars, here regarded as merely the outer limit of the firmament.

Page 180, line 299. *Torrent rapture.*

Rapture keeps its literal signification of a snatching or hurrying along. The reader must be constantly on the lookout for such uses of common words.

Page 181, line 366. *The morning planet gilds her horns.*

Interesting as showing Milton's acquaintance with the discovery, then recent, that Venus has phases like the moon. When between opposition and quadrature she is crescent-shaped.

Page 182, line 421. *Summed their pens.*

Grew their wings complete; Latin *penna*, wing.

Page 182, line 425. *Region.*

Upper air.

Page 183, line 457. *Wons.*

Dwells.

Page 183, line 467. *Libbard.*

Leopard.

Page 185, lines 618, 619. *Founded in view on the clear hyalin.*

See note to lines 261-274, end.

Page 185, line 620. *Almost immense.*

Immense keeps its original strong sense, immeasurable.

Page 185, line 640.

In the first edition this book and the next formed one.

Page 185. Book VIII.

Page 185, line 15. *When I behold, etc.*

The discussion which follows shows that Milton, although accepting the Ptolemaic cosmology for formal purposes, was still in doubt as to its ultimate truth. He may have introduced the passage to guard himself, in case the theories of Copernicus should be established.

Page 186, line 23. *Punctual.*

Tiny, as a mere point; Lat. *punctum*.

Page 186, lines 81-84. *How contrive to save appearances, etc.*

Milton here refers to the complicated devices resorted to by the Ptolemaic astronomers, to "save appearance," as successive objections to their theory arose in observed phenomena. To account for the varying rapidity of the sun's motion, they had assumed that the sun's sphere, instead of revolving around the earth as a centre (centric), was slightly displaced (eccentric) so as to revolve about a point outside the earth. Again, to account for the retrograde motion of the planets they had postulated that instead of being fixed immovably in their spheres, and performing exactly regular revolutions about the earth (cycles), they were in some cases free to move about within those spheres in smaller cycles of revolution (epicycles). The phrase "gird the sphere" refers to the Primum Mobile, which served as a kind of girdle for the universe.

Page 187, line 108. *Numberless.*

i. e. immeasurable.

Page 187, line 130. *Three different motions.*

i. e. revolution on its axis, revolution around the sun, and the oscillation from the line of the axis, which causes the precession of the equinoxes (cf. note on phrase "the trepidation talked," Book III., line 483). In line 131 the word "else" must be interpreted as "either." Raphael says there that movements of the heavenly bodies must be explained either by the old method of referring them to a series of spheres moving obliquely upon each other (thwart obliquities), or by the new method, in which the sun is saved the labor of journey about the earth, and even the "swift nocturnal and diurnal rhomb" of the Primum mobile, invisible except by the eye of imagination, is dispensed with.

Page 187, line 149. *With their attendant moons.*

Galileo had lately discovered the satellites of Jupiter and Saturn.

Page 187, line 158. *Obvious to dispute.*

Open to, inviting, dispute.

Page 191, lines 416, 417. *Not so is Man, but in degree, etc.*

The meaning seems to be, that Man is not perfect, but stands in a scale, with creatures above and below him.

Page 192, line 540.

Milton's doctrine of the essential inferiority of woman to man here finds its most open expression.

Page 192, line 556. *Occasionally.*

In response to an occasion.

Page 193, lines 608-610.

The meaning seems to be "I am not foiled (i.e. unbalanced, robbed of judgment) by the objects which my senses present to me under various forms."

Page 194, line 645. *Since to part.*

Condensed phrase for "Since it is necessary for you to depart."

Page 194. *BOOK IX.*

Page 194, lines 14-19. *Argument not less but more heroic than the wrath, etc.*

Milton refers to the three great epics of antiquity: the wrath of Achilles, as sung in the *Iliad*; Neptune's ire against Odysseus, as sung in the *Odyssey*; Juno's ire against Aeneas, son of Cytherea or Venus, and the rage of Turnus because Lavinia was promised to Aeneas, as celebrated in the *Aeneid*.

Page 194, lines 27, 28. *Not sedulous . . . to inde war.*

Nevertheless, Milton had long pondered the wars of Arthur as an epic subject.

Page 194, line 35. *Impres.*

Devices on a knight's shield or trappings.

Page 194, line 36. *Bases.*

Kilts or lower garments worn by a mediæval warrior.

Page 195, lines 64-66. *Thrice the equinoctial line he circled.*

The picture of Satan "riding with darkness," i.e. following the shadow of the earth through space, for seven nights, is one of the most simply majestic in the poem. To circle the equinoctial line he flew around the earth three times parallel with the equator. He then flew four times from pole to pole, along the great circles (colures) drawn from the poles through the solstices and the equinoxes.

Page 195, lines 71, 72.

The existence of this stream flowing beneath the garden of Paradise has already mentioned; see note, Book IV. line 223.

Page 195, lines 77-82.

Satan had first flown north from Eden to the *Pool Maeotis*; i. e. the sea of Azof in Russia; then northeast to Of, a river of Siberia. His westward journey had been from Orontes, a river of Asia Minor, across the Mediterranean and the Atlantic to the Isthmus of Darien, and onward across the Pacific to India.

Page 196, line 170. *Obnorous to.*

Open to harm or indignity from.

Page 197, line 245. *Wilderness.*

Wildness.

Page 197, line 249.

An Alexandrine, unless we count the last two

short syllables as extra-metrical. Cf. Book VIII. line 216.

Page 199, line 384. *So bent.*

I. e. but if he be bent on tempting the weaker of us.

Page 199, line 387. *Delia.*

Diana.

Page 199, lines 393-395.

Pales, goddess of pastures; Pomona, goddess of fruits; Ceres, goddess of husbandry.

Page 199, line 396. *Virgin of Proserpina.*

Not yet having borne Proserpina to Jove.

Page 199, line 438. *Hand of Eve.*

I. e. the work of Eve's hand, in apposition with preceding nouns.

Page 199, lines 439-443. *Those gardens feigned.*

The gardens of Adonis, though not mentioned by classic writers (with the exception of a dubious reference by Pliny), are spoken of by Spenser and Shakespeare. These, as well as the gardens of the Phœacian king Alcinous, the host of "Laertes's son" Odysseus, Milton speaks of as fabulous in contrast with the real garden of Solomon, where he entertained the daughter of Pharaoh.

Page 200, line 450. *Tedded grass.*

Mown and spread out to dry. The passage has a pathetic side, as a reminiscence of Milton's youth at Horton.

Page 200, line 506. *Hermione and Cadmus.*

Hermione, or Harmonia, and Cadmus, her husband, were at their own request changed into serpents, to escape the miseries of life. "Changed" is used in the difficult sense of "took the place of."

Page 200, line 507. *The god in Epidaurus.*

The god in Epidaurus is Aesculapius, who came to Rome in the form of one of the serpents sacred to his worship. Ammonian Jove or Jupiter Ammon was seen transformed to a serpent in company with Olympias, of whom he was enamored. Capitoline Jove was also seen in serpent shape with the woman who bore him Scipio Africanus, here called the "height of Rome."

Page 201, line 522. *Than at Circean call the herd disguised.*

Circe is fabled to have changed men into beasts by her enchantments, and kept the fantastic herd at her beck and call.

Page 201, line 549. *Glozed.*

Flattered.

Page 202, line 649. *The credit of whose virtue rest with thee.*

Rest is hortative. The meaning is, let it rest with thee, I will not put it to proof.

Page 202, line 668. *Fluctuates.*

Literal, bends or waves to and fro.

Page 204, line 815. *Safe.*

As regards any danger from him (Browne).

Page 205, line 845. *Divine of.*

Divining, being prescient of.

Page 215, line 846. *Faltering measure.*

I. e. the faltering beats of his heart in anxiety.

Page 206, line 945. *Not well conceived of God.*

I. e. it is not easy to conceive that God should lose his own labor.

Page 207, lines 1017-20. *Of sapience no small part, since, etc.*

Adam's witticism is a trifle abstruse and ponderous, depending on the double meaning of the Latin *sapere*, either to taste or to know. The word savour (taste), he says, we apply to intellectual things, and conversely apply to the discerning palate an intellectual epithet, judicious.

Page 208, lines 1102-10.

This description of the banyan tree is famous, especially line 1107, praised by Coleridge.

Page 209. *BOOK X.*

Page 210, line 38. *Foretold so lately, etc.*

An absolute construction. What would come to pass having been so lately foretold.

Page 210, line 49. *Death denounced that day.* In apposition with "sentence;" denounced = pronounced.

Page 211, line 84. *Conviction to the Serpent none belongs.*

The Serpent's guilt is too apparent to need proof, seems to be the meaning.

Page 212, lines 169-174. *More to know concerned not Man.*

It was not necessary for man to understand the "mysterious terms" of God's judgment on the Serpent, which referred to the brute instrument only symbolically, really to Satan; man knew not that Satan was his tempter, nor would such knowledge have altered his offence.

Page 212, lines 183-190. *When Jesus, son of Mary, etc.*

This passage is a curious conglomerate of allusions to Biblical texts: Luke x. 18; Eph. ii. 22; Col. iii. 15; Ps. lxviii.; Rom. xvi. 20.

Page 212, lines 217, 218. *Skins of beasts, or slain, etc.*

Milton leaves us in doubt whether, to obtain the skins with which Adam and Eve were clothed, beasts were slain, or whether skins were used which had been shed by their wearers, as the snake sheds his, to be "repaid" with a youthful coat.

Page 213, line 231. *In counterview.*

Gazing at each other.

Page 213, line 246. *Sympathy or some connatural force, etc.*

Because the fall of Man had "brought death into the world, and all our woe."

Page 213, line 279. *Feature.*

The derivation is from Latin *facere*, to make; Italian *fattura*, thing made. Here used in sense of shape or image.

Page 213, line 281. *Sagacious.*

From Lat. *sagax*, keen of scent.

Page 213, lines 290-293. *Cronian Sea, etc.*

The Cronian Sea is the Arctic Ocean; Petsora (modern Petchora) is a gulf of the Arctic in "northeastern Russia;" "imagined way" refers to the seventeenth-century hypothesis of a northeast passage to China (Cathay).

Page 213, lines 294-301. *Death with his mace petrific . . . smote.*

Death forms the beginning of the bridge between Hell and the Earth by striking into "Gorgonian rigor," i. e. stiffness like that

which seized upon those who beheld the Gorgon, the uncompounded matter of chaos. This he fastened at the mouth of Hellgate as firmly as Zeus fastened the floating isle of Delos to the bottom of the sea, that there Leto might bring forth Apollo and Artemis. By the same process of solidifying the crude floating substances of chaos he carries the bridge out toward the great ball of the Mundus or created universe, where it hung from Heaven.

Page 214, line 311.

When a storm destroyed the bridge begun over the Hellespont, Xerxes ordered the waves to be scourged.

Page 214, line 313. *Pontifical.*

The present meaning of the word comes from the fact that in ancient Rome the building of bridges was a sacred function, in the hands of priests, who were called pontifices, or bridge-makers.

Page 214, lines 320-329. *And now their way to Earth they had descried.*

We must imagine Sin and Death landing and mooring their bridge somewhere on the outer and upper surface of the opaque ball of the Primum Mobile, and proceeding thence to the opening into the interior of the universe at the foot of the heavenly stairway and directly underneath Heaven-gate. Here was the converging point of "three several ways," one leading upward to Heaven, a second downward to the Earth, the third across Chaos to Hell. Entering here they are about to fly inward through the successive spheres toward the earth ball, when they behold Satan steering upward toward them, keeping, perhaps, from fear of Uriel, as far as possible from the sun; between the constellations of Centaur and Scorpio, he would be separated by nearly the whole expanse of the Heavens from Aries, in which constellation the sun then was.

Page 214, line 348. *Pontifice.*

Bridge structure.

Page 214, line 381. *His quadrature, from thy orbicular world.*

Satan implies that Heaven is square or cubic form, in contrast with the spheric contour of the World. Milton probably had in mind the description of the New Jerusalem as "four-square," as Hume suggests.

Page 215, line 403. *My substitutes.*

I. e. as my substitutes or deputies.

Page 215, lines 431-436. *As when the Tartar from his Russian foe, etc.*

In writing these lines Milton had in mind recent conflicts between the Russians and Tartars on the one hand, and Persians and Turks on the other. Bactrian Sophi=Shah of Persia, Bactria forming a part of the Persian dominion, and Sophi (Soooffee, Suffavee), being the name of the reigning dynasty. The "realm of Aladule" is Greater Armenia, so called from its last king; this country the Persian would leave waste in retreating to his capital Tauris (Tebreez) or the fortified city of Casbeen (Kasveen). — KEIGHTLEY and MASSON.

Page 215, line 457. *Divan.*

Oriental term for council.

Page 216, line 475. *Uncouth.*

Unknown.

Page 216, lines 524-528. *Amphisbaena dire, etc.*

The Amphisbaena is a snake which, as the name implies, was believed to go either tail-first or head-first, at will; *hydrus* = water-snake; *dipsas*, a snake whose bite produced raging thirst. The drops of blood falling from the severed head of Gorgon upon the soil of Lybia engendered multitudes of serpents; *Ophiusa*, meaning isle of snakes, of doubtful situation.

Page 217, line 560. *Megara.*

One of the Furies.

Page 217, line 572. *Whom they triumphed once lapsed.*

Whom they triumphed over for a single transgression.

Page 217, line 579. *Purchase.*

Gain, profit.

Page 217, lines 581-584. *Ophion and Eury nome.*

Ophion and Eury nome (the latter word means wide - encroaching), according to an obscure myth, held the sovereignty of Olympus until driven out by Saturn. Milton supposes that the myth refers to Satan and Eve, and was propagated by the fallen angels, in their characters as heathen gods. *Dictean Jove*; so called from the mountain of Dicta in Crete.

Page 218, line 656. *Blanc moon.*

Pale; Italian *bianca*, white.

Page 218, lines 659, 661. *Sextile, square, and trine.*

Milton here uses the language of astrology, mentioning the five "aspects" or relations of the planets to each other which determined their good or evil influence. The first aspect, called here *Synod* (more commonly called "conjunction"), was presented by two planets in a line and in proximity on the same side of the sun; the second, third, and fourth aspects, *sextile*, *square*, and *trine*, by two planets separated respectively by one sixth, one fourth, and one third of the Zodiac; the fifth aspect, "opposition," was presented by two planets on opposite sides of the sun, and separated from each other by half the zodiacal signs. Of these aspects, those of *square* and *opposition* were commonly held malign, that of *synod* indifferent, and those of *sextile* and *trine*, benignant. Milton seems to consider them all capable of "noxious efficacy." It would be interesting to know how far he shared the popular belief of his day in astrology.

Page 218, lines 669-678.

Milton supposes that before the fall of Adam the plane of the ecliptic coincided with the plane of the equator, but that after that event, God, in order to bring in change of season, either tipped the earth to its present angle of 23½ degrees with the ecliptic, or caused the sphere, the fourth sphere, to revolve in such a way as to make the sun journey now north of the equatorial plane, from Aries up through Taurus (of which the Pleiades, called *Atlantic*, because daughters of Atlas, formed a part), thence through Gemini (the Spartan twins Castor and

Pollux), till he reached his farthest point north in Cancer (the Tropic Crab), then again southward till he reached his lowest point in Capricorn, 23½ degrees south of the equatorial plane.

Page 219, lines 681-687. *To them day, etc.*

The meaning is: If the axis of the earth had not been inclined, the days and nights would have been equal over the whole globe, except in the polar circle, where day would have been perpetual; there the sun to make up for his greater distance (greater by half the diameter of the earth) would have rolled perpetually just above the horizon. Also Greenland (Estotiland) and the corresponding southern portion of earth below the Straits of Magellan would not be afflicted with the severe winter which they now experience.

Page 219, line 688. *The sun, as from Thyestean banquet.*

The sun is represented as turning from the sight of man's sin as, according to fable, it turned from its course on beholding the flesh of Thyestes' sons served up to their father by Atreus.

Page 219, lines 695-706. *Norumbega.*

An old name for a portion of North America, corresponding roughly to New England; *Samoed shore*, the northeast shore of Russia. The four north winds named, rushing south, encounter the two south winds from the Sierra Leone mountains of Africa; at the "storm-centre" meet also the two west winds Zephyr and Tibecchio, and the east winds, Eurus and Sirocco. The names are introduced for their sonorous effect.

Page 219, line 720. *Miserable of happy.*

From being happy. O such misery after such happiness! would come near expressing the idea.

Page 221, line 834. *So might the wrath!*

I. e. would that the wrath might light on me, as does the blame.

Page 221, lines 898-908.

This seems a kind of cynical rewording of the well-known passage in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, beginning,

The course of true love never did run smooth.

Perhaps the words "his happiest choice too late shall meet" refer to his own meeting with Miss Davis, as Keightley suggests. In the lines below beginning with 909, Milton is believed to have had in mind his own reconciliation with Mary Powell.

Page 224, line 1075. *Tine.*

Kindle.

Page 224. *BOOK XI.*

Page 224, line 12. *Deucalion and Pyrrha*; the classical counterparts of Noah and his wife.

Page 225, line 74. *Heard in Oreb.*

When the Lord appeared to Moses in the burning bush on Mt. Horeb (Oreb) and commanded him to deliver his brethren from bondage.

Page 226, line 135. *Leucothea.*

The Greek goddess of morning.

Page 226, line 159. *Eve rightly called.*

Because Eve or Havah is from a Hebrew

verb meaning "to live;" hence an appropriate name for the mother of mankind.

Page 227, lines 185-189.

The birds pursued by the eagle and the hart and hind chased by the lion foreshadow the driving of Adam and Eve from the garden by Michael.

Page 227, lines 213, 214. *When the Angels met.*

"And Jacob went on his way, and the angels of God met him. And when Jacob saw them, he said, This is God's host: and he called the name of that place Mahanaim." — Gen. xxxii. 1, 2.

Page 227, lines 216-220. *On the flaming mount . . . in Dothan.*

And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." — 2 Kings vi. 17. The army sent by the king of Syria to apprehend Elisha was smitten with blindness.

Page 228, lines 242, 243. *Melibœan.*

From Melibœa, in Thessaly, where a fish was caught from which a famous purple dye was extracted. Sarra is the "Latinized form of Tsoor, or Tyre," the famous Tyrian purple is meant. For the word grain, see note on Book V. line 285.

Page 229, line 383. *Our second Adam.*
Christ.

Page 229, lines 385-411.

This is the most extended of the many passages in which Milton shows his delight in the sonority and dim but gorgeous suggestiveness of proper names. The less familiar of these are: Temir, better known as Tamurlaine, king of what is now Tartary; Paquin, Pekin, seat of the Chinese (Sinæan) kings; Agra and Lahor, in India; the golden Chersonese, i. e. the peninsula of Malacca; Ercoco, the northernmost port of Abyssinia, whose ruler has still the title of Negus; Momzaba, Quiloa, and Melind, on the east coast of Africa, seats of the less (i. e. lesser) maritime kings; Sofala, farther south, once thought to be the Ophir mentioned in the Bible, whence Solomon obtained his gold; Almansor, Susa (Tunis), and Tremisen, all in the Barbary States of North Africa. The Sultan is called "Turkestan-born" because the Turks, or Tartars, came from Turkestan. "Geryon's sons" are the Spaniards, so called from the monster Geryon, a mythic king of Spain.

Page 230, line 414. *Purged with euphrasy and rue.*

Euphrasy, "eye-bright," and rue were both believed to have the power of strengthening and spiritualizing the vision.

Page 230, line 433. *Sord.*

An old form of sword.

Page 231, line 487. *Marasmus.*

Consumption.

Page 232, line 573. *Fusil.*

Cast in a mould.

Page 232, line 574. *On the hither side a different sort.*

The sons of Seth are nearer Paradise than the sons of Cain.

Page 233, line 626. *Erelong to swim at large.*
I. e. in the Deluge.

Page 233, line 665. *Of middle age one rising.*
The patriarch Enoch, 365 years old.

Masson interprets these difficult lines by supplying words from preceding clauses: "To be styled great conquerors shall be held the highest pitch of triumph for glory achieved."

Page 235, line 773. *Which neither his foreknowing.*

Neither, without the following *nor*, a difficult construction in English, Milton imitates from the Latin.

Page 235, line 831. *Horned flood.*

A translation of the classic "tauriformis;" the sweeping of the water to either side as it meets an obstacle gave rise to the epithet.

Page 236, line 866. *Listed.*

Striped.

Page 237. Book XII.

Page 237, lines 1-5.

These five lines were added in the second edition, when the original tenth book was divided into two.

Page 237, line 24. *Till one shall rise.*

Nimrod, whose name Milton derives, line 36, from a Hebrew word meaning "to rebel."

Page 237, line 42. *The mouth of Hell.*

For a moment Milton loses sight of his cosmology and falls back into the classic conception of a subterranean Hell.

Page 238, line 85. *Dividua.*

Separate or separable.

Page 238, line 101. *The irreverent son.*
Ham.

Page 238, line 113. *One faithful man.*

Abraham, said to be "bred up in idol worship" because Terah, his father, "served other gods."

Page 239, line 153. *A son, and of his son a grandchild.*

Isaac and Jacob.

Page 239, line 160. *A younger son.*

Joseph.

Page 239, line 191. *The river-dragon.*

"Pharaoh king of Egypt, the great dragon that lieth in the midst of his rivers." — Ezekiel xxix. 3.

Page 241, line 310. *Joshua, whom the Gentiles Jesus call.*

As Joshua means Savior in Hebrew, the Greek writers frequently translated it by the word Jesus. The roots of the two words are identical.

Page 241, line 338. *Heaped to the popular sum.*

I. e. added to the sum of sins committed by the people.

Page 241, lines 355-360. *Their strife pollution brings.*

In the person of Antiochus Epiphanes, who, coming to Jerusalem to settle the dissension for the high-priesthood, polluted the temple by entering it. The "stranger," to whom the sceptre is lost, is Pompey. The ruler appointed

by Pompey had as son Herod, whose kingship of Judea "barred the Messiah of his right."

Page 242, line 401. *Appaid.*

Appeased, satisfied.

Page 242, line 452.

It is not necessary to emphasize the second syllable of "triumphing." The reversal of accent in the third foot by which a trochee is substituted for an iambus, breaks and accelerates the movement of the line consonantly with the sense.

Page 244, lines 539, 540. *The day of respiration.* Relief, as at the drawing of a deep breath after some constraint.

Page 244, lines 588, 589. *Top of speculation.*

In a double sense.

Page 245, line 635. *Adust.*

Parched, from Lat. *adurere*, to scorch.

Page 245, line 640. *Subjected.*

Of course literal, "lying beneath."

Page 247. *PARADISE REGAINED.*

Page 252. *Book I.*

Page 252, line 8. *Thou spirit.*

The same "Heavenly Muse" invoked at the beginning of *Paradise Lost*.

Page 252, line 14. *Wing full summed.*

Full-plumaged; cf. "summed their pens," *Par. Lost.* vii. 421.

Page 252, line 18. *The great Proclaimer.*

John the Baptist.

Page 252, line 43. *Sad.*

In the old sense, "sober, serious."

Page 253, lines 60-64. *If . . . by the head broken, be not intended, etc.*

The meaning is: if the prophecy that the seed of Eve shall bruise the serpent's head, does not mean that our power over the earth and the air shall be entirely reft from us.

Page 253, line 87. *Obtains.*

Holds.

Page 253, lines 89-93. *His first begot we know.*

Satan is ignorant of the identity of the Son of God in Heaven and the Messiah on earth.

Page 254, line 137. *Then told st.*

A bold omission of the subject, unless "then" is a misprint.

Page 254, lines 201-208. *When I was yet a child, etc.*

These lines have been pointed out as descriptive Milton's own boyhood and adolescence.

Page 255, line 255. *Just Simeon and prophetic Anna.*

See *Luke* ii. 25-39.

Page 256, line 402. *Such solitude before choicest society.*

A line of peculiar metre, a trochee being substituted for an iambus in the fourth foot, and two extrametrical short syllables added at the end. Such departures from the monotony of regular structure, more frequent in *Paradise Regained* than in *Paradise Lost*, mark the transition to the elaborate rhythmic system of *Samson Agonistes*.

Page 256, line 333.

The word "aught" is according to present

usage redundant; aught what happens = whatever happens.

Page 256, line 350. *Who fed our fathers here with manna.*

Not literally in the desert where Christ now is; "here" is to be taken generically.

Page 257, lines 368-370.

Job i. 6.

Page 257, lines 371-375.

And the Lord said, Who shall persuade Ahab, that he may go up and fall at Ramoth-gilead? . . . And there came forth a spirit . . . and he said, I will go forth, and I will be a lying spirit in the mouth of all his prophets. And he said, Thou shalt persuade him, and prevail also. 1 Kings xxii. 21, 22.

Page 257, line 428. *A liar in four hundred mouths.*

I. e. the four hundred false prophets who counselled Ahab to give battle at Ramoth-gilead.

Page 259. *Book II.*

Page 259, line 16. *The great Thisbite.*

Elijah, native of the town of Thisbe in Gilead.

Page 259, lines 87-91. *Trouble, as old Simeon foretold.*

An incident of the Presentation in the Temple. Luke ii. 34, 35.

Page 260, line 125. *So may we hold.*

"So" merely enforces the exclamatory wish; not to be taken adverbially.

Page 260, line 131. *Tasted him.*

Tried him; cf. French "tâter," to touch.

Page 261, lines 178-191.

"The sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose." Gen. vi. 2. Milton calls them "false titled" on the ground that they were the followers of Satan, roaming the earth as heathen deities. The names which follow mark some amours famous in the classical mythologies.

Page 261, line 196. *Pellean conqueror.*

Alexander the Great, born at Pella in Macedonia.

Page 261, line 199. *He surnamed of Africa.*

Scipio Africanus, who restored a Spanish girl, who had fallen into his hands, to her family.

Page 261, line 217. *Seated as on the top of Virtue's Hill.*

"Seated" refers grammatically to the noun (or pronoun) latent in the possessive "his" in the preceding line.

Page 262, lines 266-276.

See the seventeenth and nineteenth chapters of *Kings*.

Page 262, lines 306-311. *Others of some note, etc.*

The desert where Hagar wandered with Ishmael (Nebaioth, Ishmael's son, is named apparently by oversight), and to which Elijah the Thisbite (Thebez for Thisbe) retired, is here confused with the great desert farther south. Exactness of geography is unimportant for the poet's purpose.

Page 263, line 344. *Grisamber-steamed.*

Ambergris was formerly used as a flavoring in sumptuous cookery.

Page 263, line 347. *Lucrine bay.*

Lake Lucrinus, near Baiae in Italy, famous for its shell-fish.

Page 263, line 353. *Hylas.*

A youthful follower of Herakles.

Page 263, line 356. *Amalthea's horn.*

Endowed by Jupiter, whom Amalthea had nursed in infancy, with the power to pour out fruits and flowers in inexhaustible abundance.

Page 263, lines 360, 361. *Knights of the Round Table.*

Familiar to Milton from the *Morte d'Arthur* of Sir Thomas Malory. Logres, a vague name for Britain; Lyones, Cornwall.

Page 264, line 423. *Antipater the Edomite.*

Father of Herod, appointed governor of the Jews by Pompey.

Page 264, line 458. *Yet not for that a crown, etc.*

"For that" = because. The meaning is: I do not reject your offer because of the cares of kingship, since they constitute the duty and the glory of such an office; but he who rules himself is more a king than he who rules others.

Page 265. *BOOK III.*

Page 265, line 14. *Urim and Thummim.*

Gems worn in the breast-plate of the High Priest, and consulted on important occasions as oracles, somewhat as the beryl-stone of mediæval superstition.

Page 267, lines 165-170. *So did not Machabeus, etc.*

Judas Maccabæus, who with his father and brothers led the revolt of the Jews against the king of Syria, and made himself ruler of Judea.

Page 267, line 213. *Whatever, for itself condemned.*

I. e. Whatever my crime may have been, it was condemned, etc.

Page 268, line 234. *And once a year Jerusalem.*

"Now his parents went to Jerusalem every year at the feast of the passover."

Page 268, lines 270-309.

To arouse Christ's ambition Satan points out to him the cities and lands held by successive dynasties, Assyrian, Persian, and Macedonian, and now included in the great Parthian empire, founded by Arsaces. The power of this empire, made more tangible by the spectacle of the army issuing to battle, he offers to put in Christ's hand; or, as an alternative, the power of the Roman Empire, sovereign in the West as the Parthian in the East. The reader should not allow the erudition of the passage to interfere with his enjoyment of the gorgeousness and pomp of the marshalled names. *Salmanassar*, who carried the Ten Tribes to captivity in Assyria. *Him who twice led captive*, etc., Nebuchadnezzar.

Page 269, lines 316-321.

The places named range from the northern limit of the empire, Iberia, between the Euxine

and the Caspian, to the southern coast town of Balsara, on the Persian Gulf.

Page 269, line 329. *Indorsed.*

From Latin *dorsus*, back.

Page 269, line 330. *Pioners.*

Pioneers, soldiers who preceded the army, to prepare the way; hence the modern application of the term.

Page 269, lines 336-344.

The reference is to a famous Italian romance, the *Orlando Innamorato* of Boiardo, which Ariosto carried on in his *Orlando Furioso*. Agricane, king of Tartary, in order to win Angelica, besieged her father Gallaphrone, king of Cathay, with an army of more than two million men.

Page 269, lines 366, 367.

Hyrcanus II., of the dynasty of the Maccabees, was deposed and taken captive by the Parthians while Palestine was under Roman protection. Antigonus, his nephew, was not taken captive, as Milton supposes, but succeeded to his uncle's throne with the aid of the Parthians.

Page 270, lines 409-12.

Satan having "provoked David" to take the census of Israel, the Lord gave David his choice of punishment, three years' famine, three months of defeat in battle, or three days' pestilence. 1 Chron. 1-14.

Page 270. *BOOK IV.*

Page 271, line 40. *Parallax.*

Not used in the strict astronomical sense, but as a synonym for refraction. Rome, being below the horizon, could be seen only by some deflection of the light rays from a straight line.

Page 271, line 66. *Turms.*

Lat. *turma*, a body of about thirty horse.

Page 271, lines 70-79.

The survey is first southward, to Eyene, in southern Egypt, marking the limit of Roman rule; and to Meroë, still further south, below the tropic of Cancer; thence westward to the states of northern Africa ruled over by Bocchus, father of Jngurtha, to Mauritania and the Moorish Sea, southeast across Asia to Malacca (Golden Chersoness) and Ceylon (Taprobane); then westward to Spain (Gades = Cadiz), and thence in a wide circle north and east to the Sea of Azof in Russia (Tauric pool).

Page 272, line 115. *Atlantic stone.*

Numidian marble, according to Keightley.

Page 272, line 119. *Myrrhine.*

Porcelain.

Page 272, line 142. *Scene.*

Theatrical presentation; Latin *scena*, stage.

Page 274, lines 251-253. *The schools of ancient sages*, etc.

The Lyceum was a gymnasium at Athens where Aristotle taught his followers the Peripatetics; the Stoæ was a public portico, adorned with pictures of the battle at Marathon; it was frequented by Zeno, founder of the Stoic school of philosophers.

Page 274, line 270. *Shook the arsenal.*

A phrase still unexplained by commentators.

Page 276, line 411. *Abortive.*

To be taken in an active sense, i. e. tending to destroy or render abortive the growths of nature.

Page 276, line 427. *Amice.*

Properly a linen cloth worn by a priest during mass, but here used in the general sense of "robe" or "habit."

Page 276, line 457. *The main.*

The entire universe, or macrocosm, contrasted with man, the microcosm (less universe).

Page 276, line 463. *And seem to point.*

We must understand either, "at whose head they seem to point," or "and seem to be pointing out or prophesying something."

Page 278, lines 563-568.

The reference is to one of the twelve heroic "labors" of Hercules.

Page 278, line 572. *Theban monster.*

The Sphinx, whose riddle was solved by Cedi-pus.

Page 278, line 605. *Debel.*

Beat down in war.

Page 279, line 624. *Abaddon.*

The "fiend of the bottomless pit," here put for Hell itself.

Page 279, lines 626-632. *He, all unarmed, shall chase thee.*

Milton applies to the final "binding of Satan," or expulsion of the satanic influences from the world, the phraseology of the miracle by which Christ afterward cured the man "tormented by a devil."

Page 281. *SAMSON AGONISTES.*

Page 294, lines 28, 29. *And from some great act, etc.*

This clause is best construed with "ascended," and as correlative with "from off the altar."

Page 294, line 38. *Lower than bondslave.*

A contracted expression, due perhaps to the fact that the intervention of the concrete word "beast" has obscured the speaker's recollection of the abstract word "strength."

Page 295, line 144. *Foreskins.*

Uncircumcised Philistines.

Page 295, line 147. *Azza.*

An alternative form of Gaza.

Page 295, line 148. *Hebron, seat of giants.*

I. e. of the descendants of Anak.

Page 295, line 150. *Whom the Gentiles feign.*

I. e. Atlas, the mythical supporter of the world.

Page 296, line 181. *Eshtao and Zora.*

Places on the sea-coast between Joppa and Gaza. The "camp of Dan," where Samson grew up, was "between Zorah and Eshtao."

Page 297, lines 278-289.

Judges viii. 4-9; xii. 1-6.

Page 297, lines 321-325. *Unclean, unchaste, etc.*

Dalila, being a heathen woman, is unclean, under the Mosaic law, and is to be held so in spite of reason, which sees no moral force in the judgment; her unchastity, which was subsequent to her marriage, Samson could not foresee, hence that forms no part of his venal stain in marrying her.

Page 298, line 349. *What not in man deceivable.*

What is there in man which is not deceivable.

Page 300, lines 499-501.

The allusion is probably to Tantalus, punished for revealing the secrets of Zeus.

Page 301, line 624. *Apprehensive tenderest parts.*

The apprehending mind, with its delicate organization.

Page 302, lines 715-718.

Ships of Tarshish, in Cilicia, bound for the isles of Greece and for Cadiz, laden with the spices and silks of the East.

Page 306, lines 988-990.

For the story of Jael and Sisera, see Judges, chapters iv. and v.

Page 306, line 1020. *Paranymph.*

The bridegroom's companion on the wedding day.

Page 307, line 1080. *Og, or Anak and the Emims old.*

Giants of the early Hebrew mythology : Og, king of Bashan ; Anak, father of the giant race of the Anakim ; the Emims, "a people great and many and tall," defeated by Chedorlaomer in battle at Kiriataim.

Page 308, lines 1120-21.

Brigandine, shirt of mail ; habergeon, neck and shoulder piece ; vane brass (vane brace), arm-piece ; greves, leg-pieces. Of Goliath it is said, "The staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam, and his spear's head weighed six hundred shekels of iron."

Page 309, line 1242. *Astaroth.*

The Phoenician goddess of the moon.

Page 315, line 1619. *Cataphracts.*

Greek καταφράκτοι, protected, a term applied to cavalry when both horse and rider were heavily armed.

Page 316, line 1713. *Caphtor.*

The island of Crete, from which the Philistines were supposed to have come.

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